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HYMNS OF BLESSING
for

THE LIVING CHURCH

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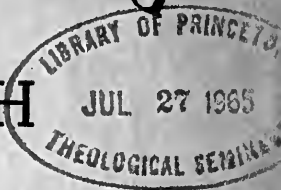
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11

HYMNS OF BLESSING

FOR THE

LIVING CHURCH



Bentley D. Ackley, comp.

The best of the old, and the latest of the new,
suited to

THE CHURCH AND HOME

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE BROTHERHOODS

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

THE EVANGELISTIC SERVICES

HALL-MACK COMPANY

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21st and Arch Streets

Philadelphia, Pa.

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Foretoken

YES, another new hymn book, born of a need not met by any book compiled mainly for evangelistic occasions. The soul-felt cry of the leaders of the Church and Sunday School everywhere, is for a revival within our churches and Sunday schools.

The holding together of our memberships is the definite thing to work upon.

This book has been prepared carefully and prayerfully to stir the Church up to its old-time singing level.

Praising God is the sure road to blessing—so said our old friends Moody, Bishop Simpson, Theodore L. Cuyler, J. Russell Miller, and their long-time associates say it now with hearty emphasis.

John Hamaker

Geo. F. Pulever

And uniting with them in commending this book are

W. G. Landes

and it's compiler,

Bentley D. Ackley.

Hymns of Blessing

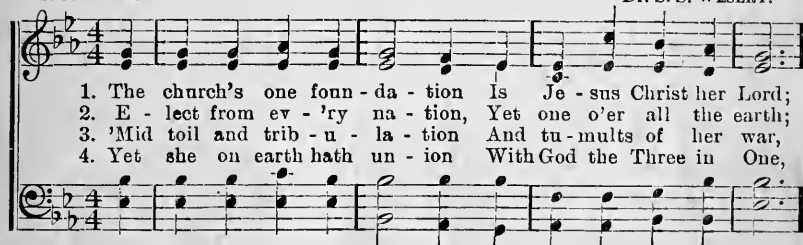
FOR THE

Living Church

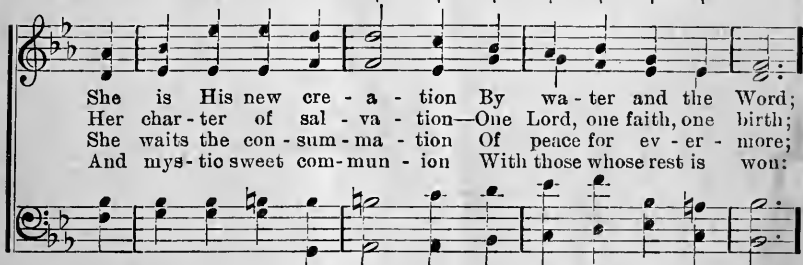
1 The Church's One Foundation.

S. J. STONE.

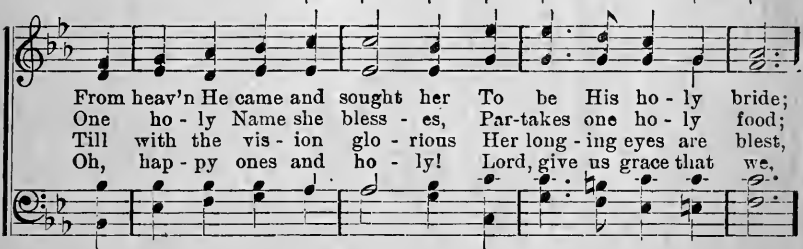
Dr. S. S. WESLEY.



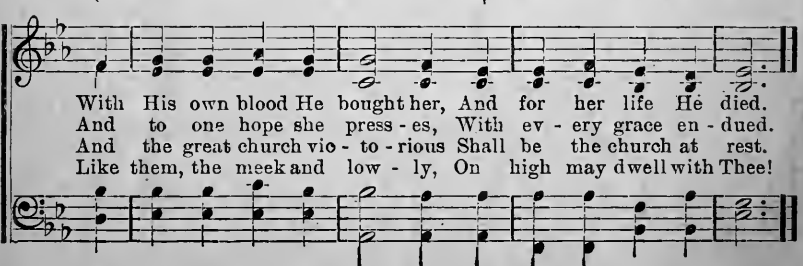
1. The church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth;
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion And tu - mults of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word;
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion—One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
And mys - tio sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food;
Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
Oh, hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,



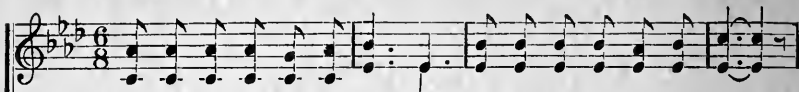
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
And the great church vio - to - rious Shall be the church at Rest.
Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee!

Showers of Blessing.

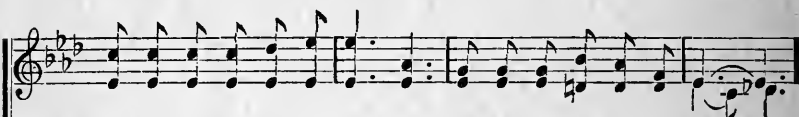
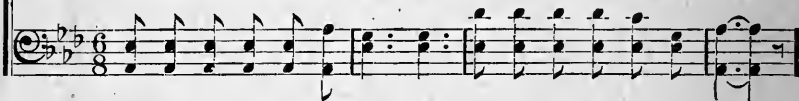
Copyright, 1888, Mrs. L. E. Sweeney, Etc. By per.

JENNIE GARNETT.

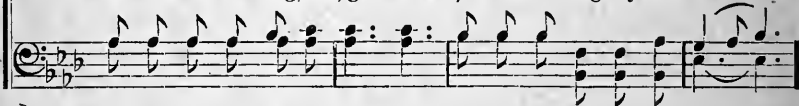
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Here in Thy name we are gath-ered, Come and re-vive us, O Lord;
2. O that the show-ers of bless-ing Now on our souls may de-scend,
3. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing, - Promise that nev-er can fail;
4. Show-ers of blessing, - we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;



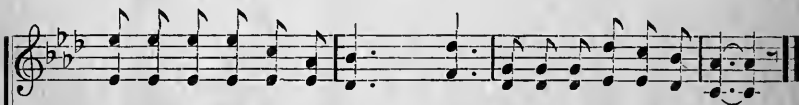
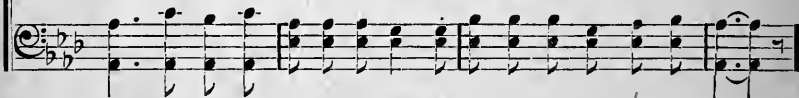
"There shall be show-ers of bless-ing" Thou hast declared in Thy word.
 While at the foot-stool of mer-cy Plead-ing Thy promise we bend!
 Thou wilt re-gard our pe-ti-tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.
 Show-ers of bless-ing, - oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.



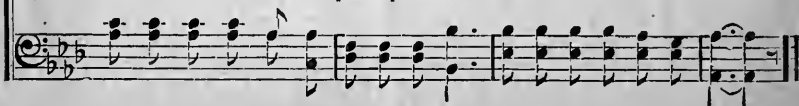
CHORUS.



Oh, gracious-ly hear us, Gracious-ly hear us, we pray:
 gra-ciously hear us



Pour from Thy win-dows upon us Show-ers of blessing to-day.
 Lord pour up-on us



Tell Somebody.

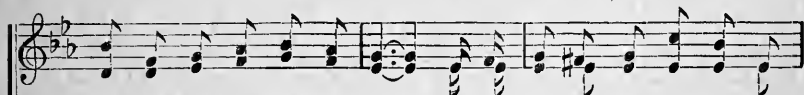
LIZZIE DEARMOND.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.



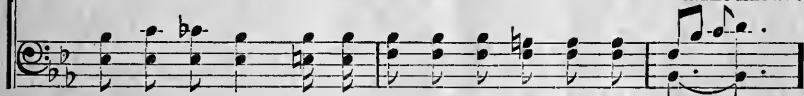
1. Are you trust-ing the love of the Sav - iour di - vine, Does His
2. Are you rest-ing to - day 'neath the shel - ter - ing rock, Have you
3. Is there vic - to - ry now where there once was de - feat, Bless-ed



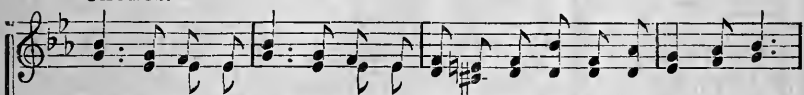
smile make the dark-est day bright? Are you lay - ing on Him all the
 giv - en your Lord full con - trol; Are you glad in the love that re-
 tri-umph through Je-sus a - lone? Tell some-bod - y to - day of a



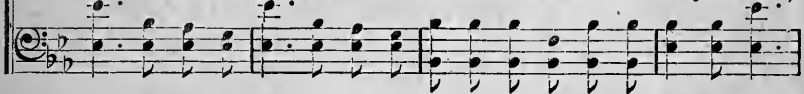
bur-dens that fret, Does the cross that He gave you seem light? . . .
 deemed you from sin, Has He spok-en His peace to your soul? . . .
 Mas-ter and Friend, And His won-der-ful mer-cy make known? . . .
 seem light?
 your soul?
 make known?



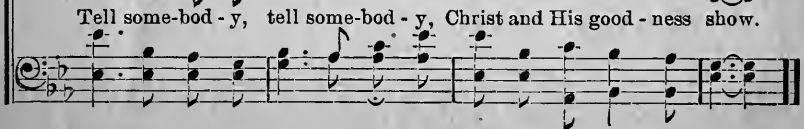
CHORUS.



Tell some-bod-y, tell some-bod-y, All of the won-der-ful love you know;



Tell some-bod - y, tell some-bod - y, Christ and His good - ness show.



A Silver Lining.

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Aakley.

B. D. AAKLEY.

1. Ev - 'ry cloud has a sil - ver lin - ing, Ev - 'ry storm has a
 2. Ev - 'ry night has a star of glo - ry, Shin - ing on till the
 3. Al - ways, somewhere, the flowers are springing; Buds of prom - ise un -

rain - bow bright, When His love in my heart is shin - ing, When the
 dawn of day; When I sing His sal - va - tion sto - ry; Je - sus
 fold for me; Al - ways, somewhere, the birds are sing - ing. Je - sus

CHORUS.

Lord is my liv - ing light.
 bright - ens the dark - est way. } Ev - 'ry cloud has a sil - ver
 smiles, and the shad - ows flee.

lin - ing, Rain - bows bright will His grace pro - claim, When His love

Rit

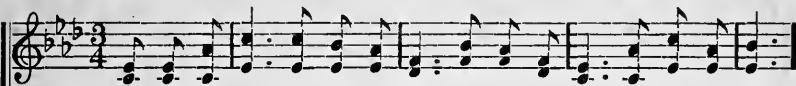
in my heart is shin - ing, I will praise His ho - ly name.

Higher Ground.

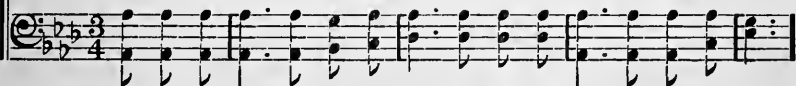
Copyright, 1898 by J. Howard Entwisle. John J. Hood, owner. By per.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



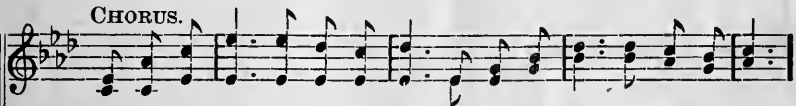
1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright;



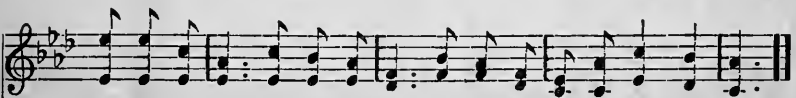
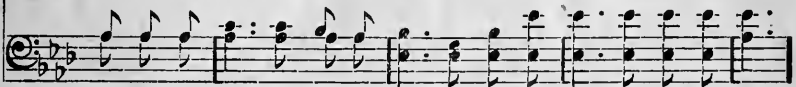
Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
 For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
 But still I pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



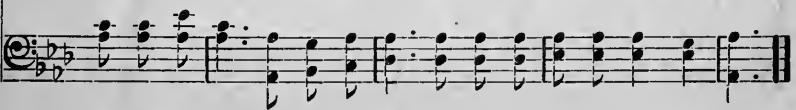
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land.



A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.



Have You Prayed it Through.

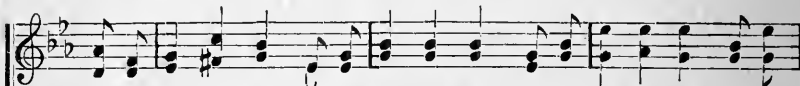
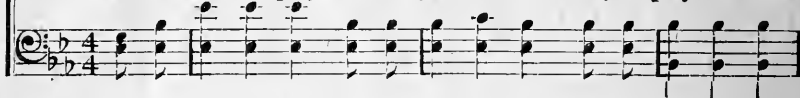
Rev. W. O. POOLE.

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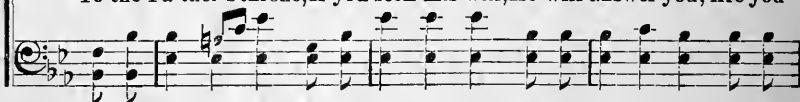
B. D. ACKLEY.



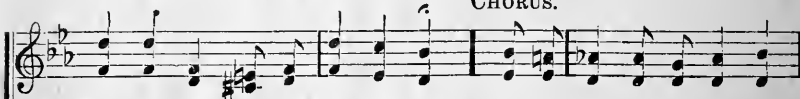
1. Have you pray'd all night, Till the break of day, And the morn-ing light
2. Did you pray it through Till the an-swer came? There's a prom-ise true
3. As the Mas - ter pray'd In the gar - den lone, Let your pray'r be made



Drove the dark a-way? Did you lin-ger there, Till the morning dew, In pre-
For your faith to claim, At the place of pray'r, Je-sus waits for you, Did you
To the Fa-ther's throne, If you seek His will, He will answer you; Are you



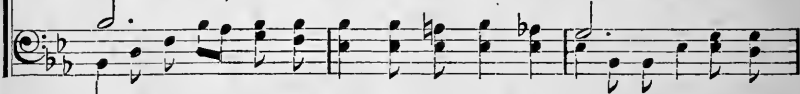
CHORUS.



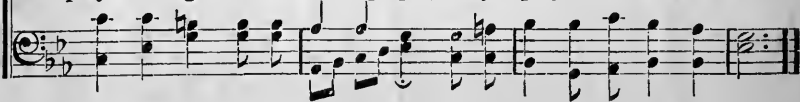
vail-ing pray'r—Did you pray it through? }
meet Him there, Did you pray it through? } Did you pray till the an-swer
trusting still, Have you pray'd it through? }



came, Did you plead in the Sav-iour's name? Have you
till it came, in His name,



pray'd all night till the morning light, Did you pray till the answer came?



He Will Abundantly Pardon.

E. E. HEWITT.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Let the wick-ed for - sake his way, God will a - bun-dant - ly
 2. Come, ye thirst - y, O drink and live, God will a - bun-dant - ly
 3. O how pre-cious His thoughts of love! God will a - bun-dant - ly
 4. He will lead you to joy and peace; God will a - bun-dant - ly

par - don; Let him turn to the Lord to - day, He will a -
 par - don; Life e - ter - nal, He'll free - ly give; He will a -
 par - don; High - er still than the heav'ns a - bove, He will a -
 par - don; All rich bless-ing to you in - crease, He will a -

CHORUS.

bun-dant - ly par - don. Come to this won - der - ful Sav - iour,

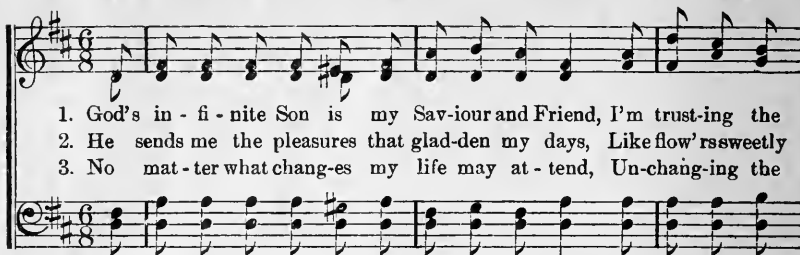
Je - sus so faith - ful and true;..... He will a -
 so faith - ful and true;

bun-dant - ly par - don, He will have mer - cy on you.....
 have mer - cy on you.

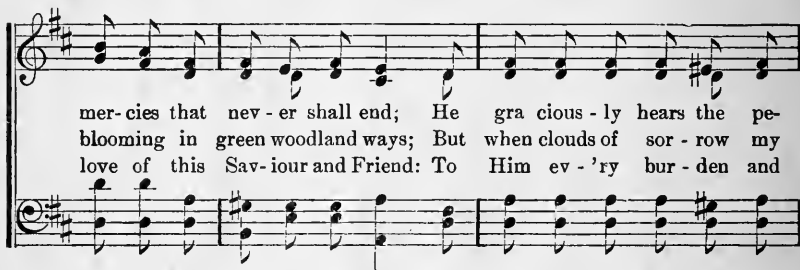
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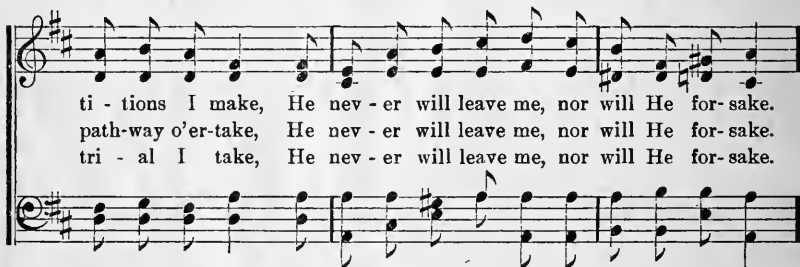
B. D. ACKLEY.



1. God's in - fi - nite Son is my Sav-iour and Friend, I'm trust-ing the
 2. He sends me the pleasures that glad-den my days, Like flow'rs sweetly
 3. No mat-ter what chang-es my life may at-tend, Un-chang-ing the

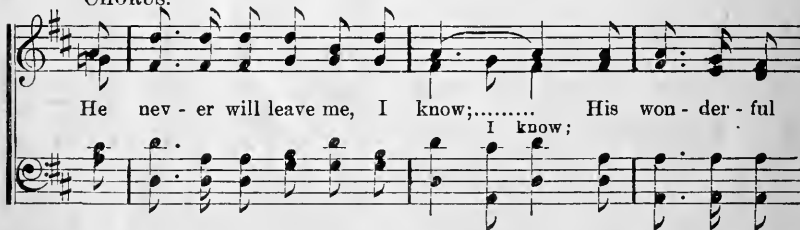


mer-cies that nev - er shall end; He gra-cious - ly hears the pe-
 blooming in green woodland ways; But when clouds of sor - row my
 love of this Sav-iour and Friend: To Him ev - 'ry bur - den and

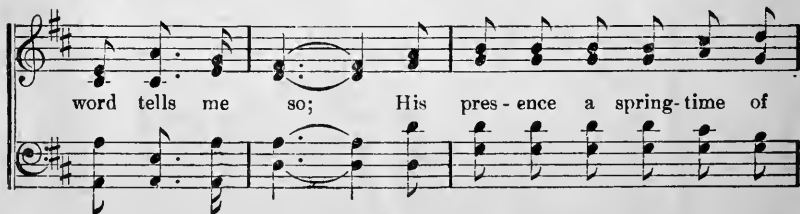


ti - tions I make, He nev - er will leave me, nor will He for-sake.
 path-way o'er-take, He nev - er will leave me, nor will He for-sake.
 tri - al I take, He nev - er will leave me, nor will He for-sake.

CHORUS.

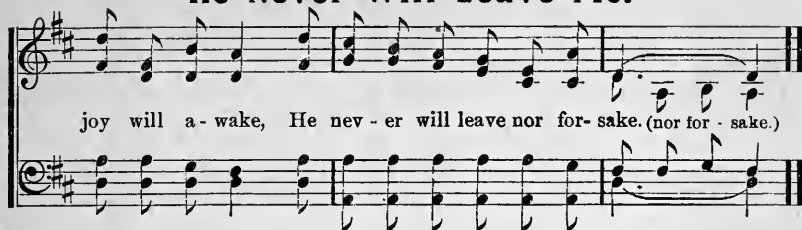


He nev - er will leave me, I know;..... His won - der - ful
 I know;



word tells me so; His pres - ence a spring-time of

He Never Will Leave Me.



joy will a - wake, He nev - er will leave nor for - sake. (nor for - sake.)

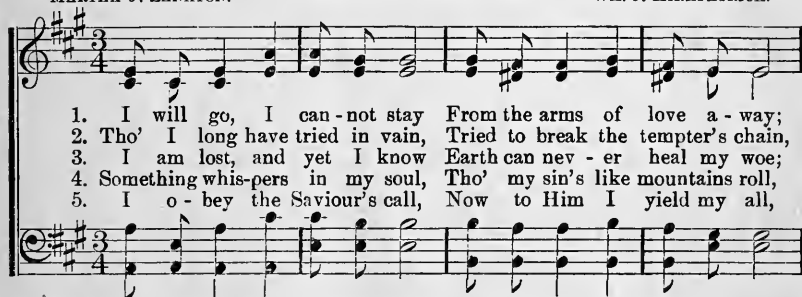
9

I Will Go.

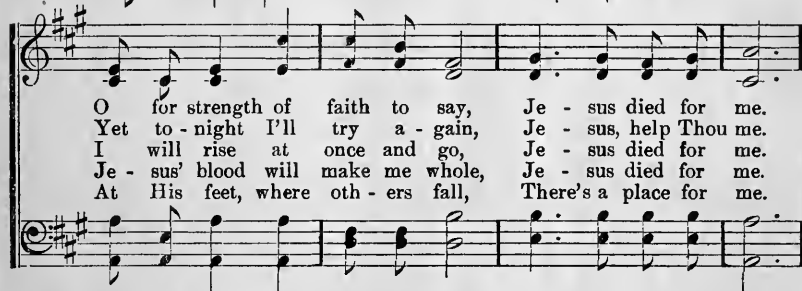
MARTHA J. LANKTON.

Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

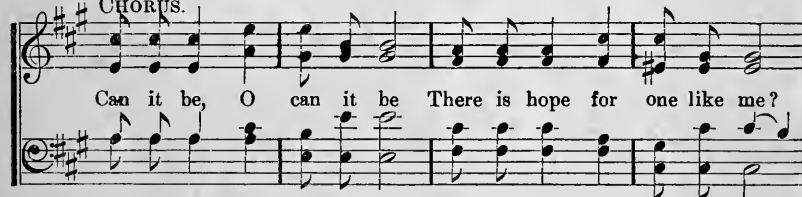


1. I will go, I can - not stay From the arms of love a - way;
 2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain,
 3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er heal my woe;
 4. Something whis - pers in my soul, Tho' my sin's like mountains roll,
 5. I o - bey the Saviour's call, Now to Him I yield my all,

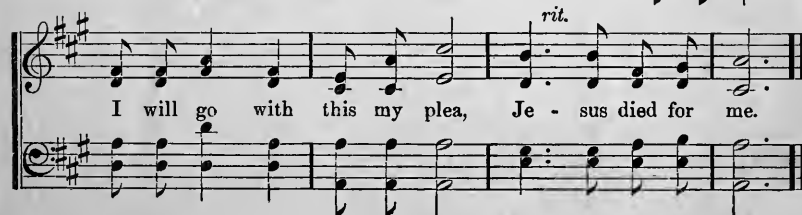


O for strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
 Yet to - night I'll try a - gain, Je - sus, help Thou me.
 I will rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me.
 Je - sus' blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
 At His feet, where oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.

CHORUS.



Can it be, O can it be There is hope for one like me?



rit.
 I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.

Wonderful Peace.

W. D. CORNELL, alt.

Copyright, 1892, by W. G. Cooper. Charles M. Alexander, owner.

W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir - it to-night Rolls a
 2. What a treas-ure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Bur-ied
 3. I am rest-ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Rest-ing
 4. And me-thinks when I rise to that cit-y of peace, Where the
 5. Ah, soul! are you here with-out com-fort and rest, March-ing

mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un -
 deep in the heart of my soul, So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweet-ly in Je - sus' con-trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood-ing my soul!
 ran-som'd will sing In that heav - en - ly king-dom will be:
 shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!

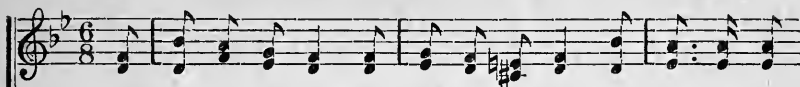
CHORUS.

Peace, peace, wonder-ful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove! Sweep
 o - ver my spir-it for-ev-er, I pray, In fath-om-less billows of love!

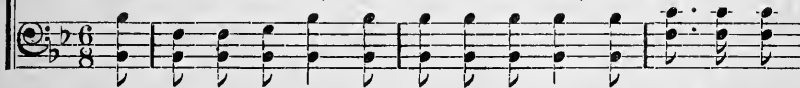
E. E. HEWITT.

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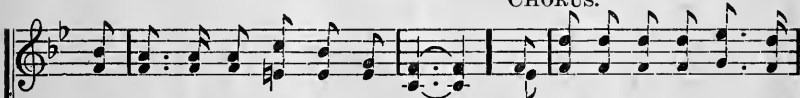
1. When Je - sus comes in, there's cleansing from sin; His blood mak-eth
2. When Je - sus comes in, a song will be - gin To ring ev - er -
3. When Je - sus comes in, life's bat - tle we'll win; His love will cast



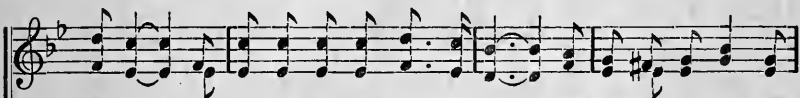
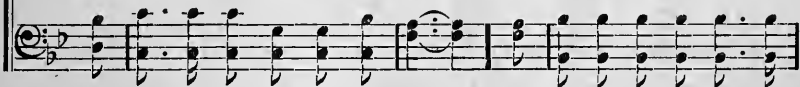
whit - er than snow; Though ills should increase, He giv - eth His peace;
 more to His praise; He bring - eth a light to shine in the night,
 out ev - 'ry fear; He'll guide us with night, temp - ta - tions to fight,



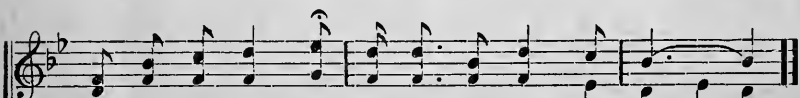
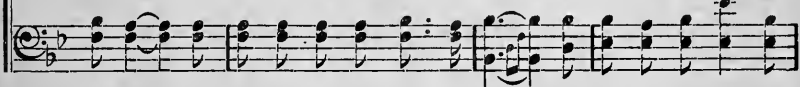
CHORUS.



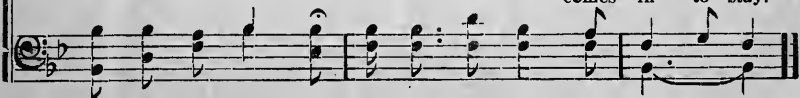
The rose in the des - ert will grow.
 And guide us a - right in His ways. } When Je - sus comes in, hal - le -
 And spread all a - round us good cheer. }

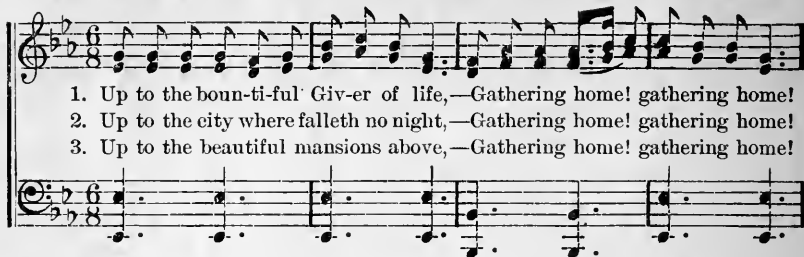


lu - jah! O, well may we sing "Happy Day!" There's joy in the heart earth

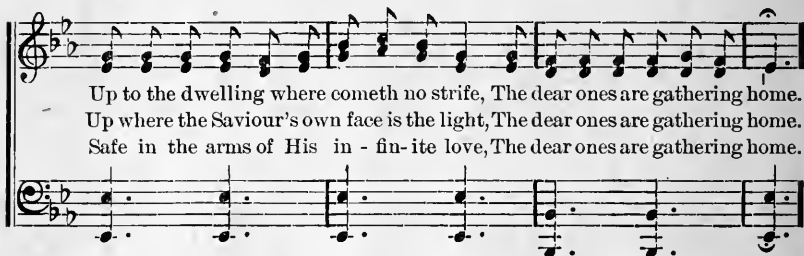


can - not im - part, When Je - sus comes in to stay.....
 comes in to stay.





1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

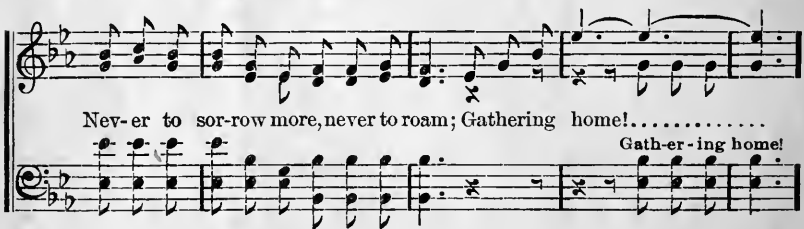


Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Safe in the arms of His in - fin - ite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.



Gath-er-ing home!..... gath-er-ing home!.....
 Gath-er-ing home! Gath-er-ing home!



Nev-er to sor-row more, never to roam; Gathering home!.....
 Gath-er-ing home!

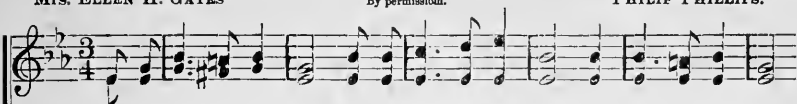


gath-er-ing home!..... God's child-ren are gather-ing home.
 gath-er-ing home!

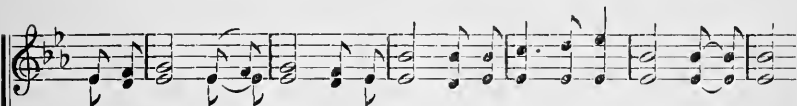
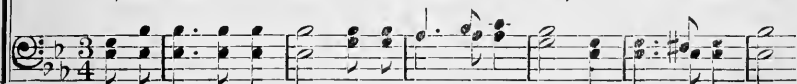
Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES

By permission.

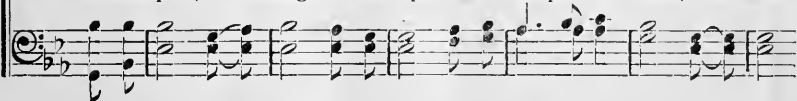
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



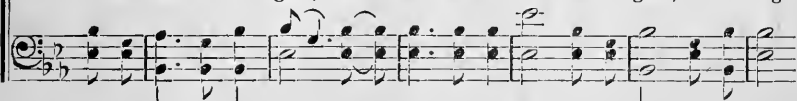
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis-ions and dreams, It's bright, jas-per walls
3. That un-chang-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-



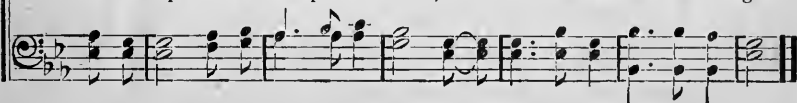
of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween ar-eth stands, The King of all king-doms for-ev-er is He, And He hold-row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet



of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms the fair cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan-eth our crowns in His hands; And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands; The King one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With songs



ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll. cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me. of all king-doms for-ev-er is He, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands. on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.



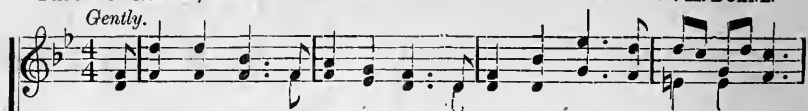
14 At Evening Time it Shall be Light.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1915.*

Copyright, 1915. by Wm. Howard Doane.

W. H. DOANE.

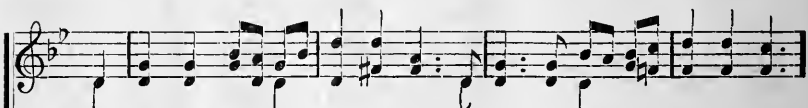
Gently.



1. At eve-ning time it shall be light; When fades the day of toil a - way,
2. At eve-ning time it shall be light; We'll gather flow'rs from rural bow'rs,
3. At eve-ning time it shall be light; No cares shall harm no fears a - harm;



No shadows deep, no wea-ry night, At eve-ning time it shall be light.
O sa-cred hope of glo-ry bright, At eve-ning time it shall be light.
If one in Christ, our souls u-nite; At eve-ning time it shall be light,



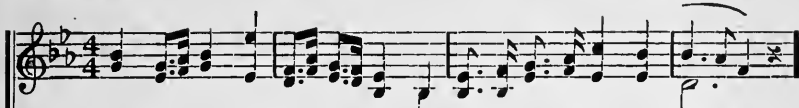
At eve-ning time it shall be light; Im-mor-tal love from realms a-bove,
At eve-ning time it shall be light; Sweet evening time of joy di-vine,
At eve-ning time it shall be light; The heart will glow, no tears will flow,



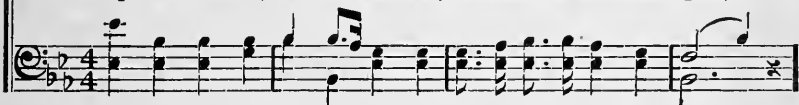
Is breathing now the promise bright, At eve-ning time it shall be light.
That makes the Christians life so bright, At eve-ning time it shall be light.
It can - not lose its promise bright, At eve-ning time it shall be light.



* The last hymn written by Fanny Crosby, 1915. Musical setting by W. H. Doane.



1. Up and onward, Christian soldier, Hear thy Lord's divine command;
2. Up and onward, Christian sol-dier, To the conflict and the strife;
3. Up and onward, be not wea-ry, Do not lay thy arm-or down,
4. Up and onward, firm and fearless, Like the vet'rans of the past;



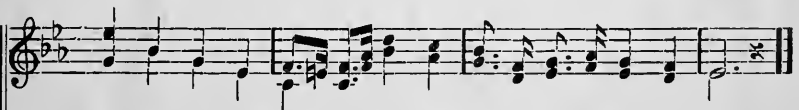
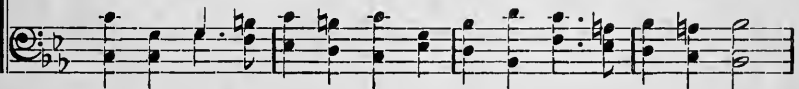
Be thou read-y when He calls thee In the foremost ranks to stand.
 God will test thy zeal and cour-age, Ere thou en-ter in - to life.
 Thou must fight the bat-tle brave-ly, Ere thy soul can wear a crown.
 Then, thro' Him whose grace redeems thee, Thou shalt overcome at last.



CHORUS.



Un-to death, O be thou faithful, Strong in Him, thy Strength and Shield;



Go thou forth where du-ty calls thee, Truth's eternal sword to wield.



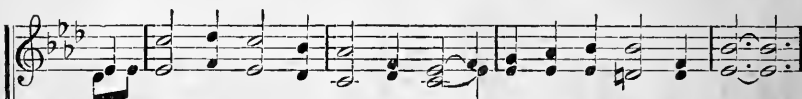
Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

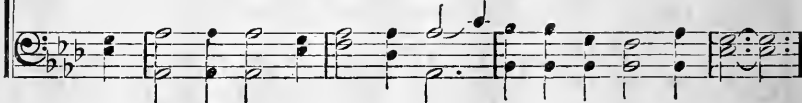
B. D. ACKLEY.



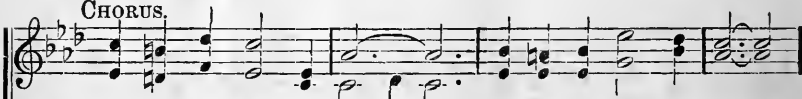
1. What great compassion Christ has shown, Why should He love me so?
2. I owe Him more than I can pay; Why should He love me so?
3. If I should false and sin - ful be, Why should He love me so?
4. In life, in death, to Him I'll cling, Why should He love me so?



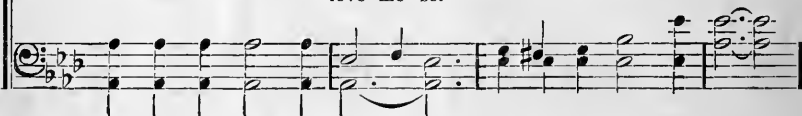
No great - er love the world has known, Why should He love me so?
 My debt is grow-ing day by day, Why should He love me so?
 There's naught can change His love for me, Why should He love me so?
 He is my Sav-iour, Lord and King, Why should He love me so?



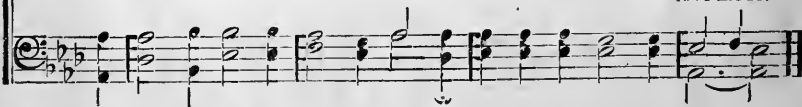
CHORUS.



Why should He love me so? . . . Why should He love me so?
 love me so?



It was for me He bled and died, O, why should He love me so? . . .
 love me so?

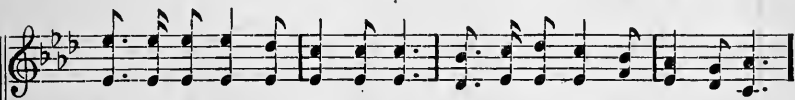
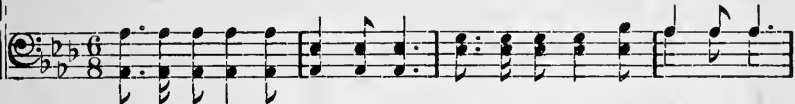


E. E. HEWITT.

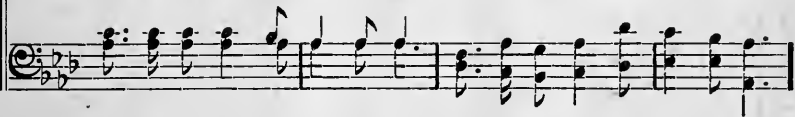
JNO. R. SWENEY.



- 1 More about Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More about Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;



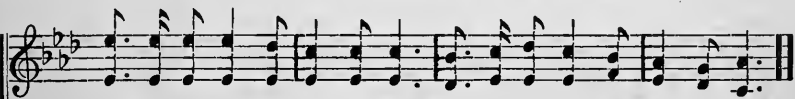
More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.



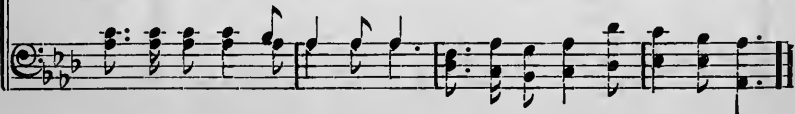
REFRAIN.



More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;



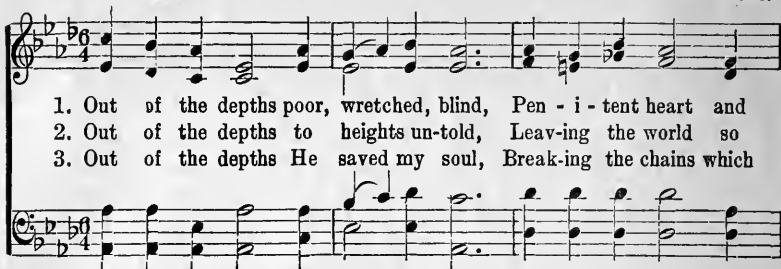
More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.



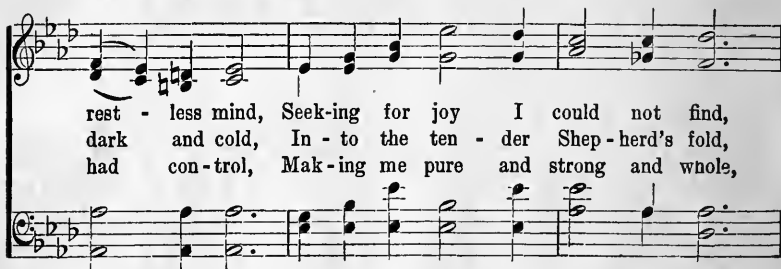
Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1912, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

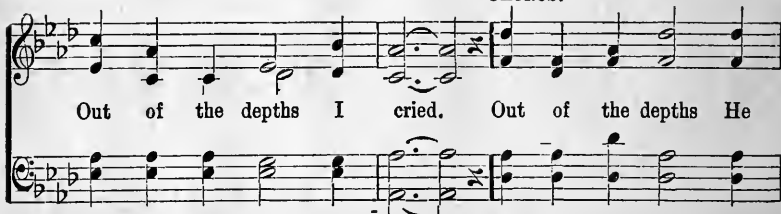


1. Out of the depths poor, wretched, blind, Pen - i - tent heart and
 2. Out of the depths to heights un-told, Leav-ing the world so
 3. Out of the depths He saved my soul, Break-ing the chains which

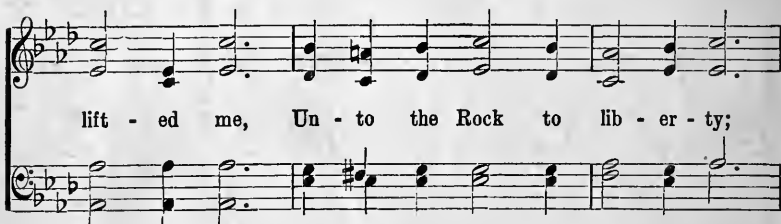


rest - less mind, Seek-ing for joy I could not find,
 dark and cold, In - to the ten - der Shep-herd's fold,
 had con-trol, Mak-ing me pure and strong and whole,

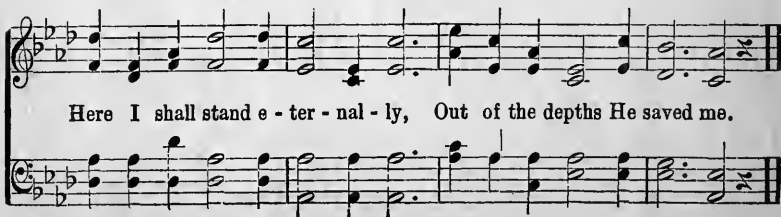
CHORUS.



Out of the depths I cried. Out of the depths He



lift - ed me, Un - to the Rock to lib - er - ty;

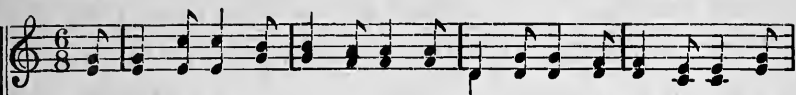


Here I shall stand e - ter - nal - ly, Out of the depths He saved me.

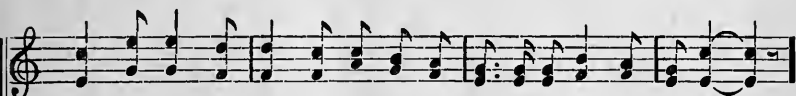
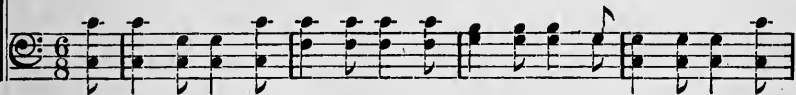
E. D. MEND.

From "Holy Voices," by per.

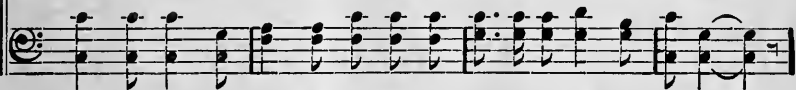
E. S. LORENZ.



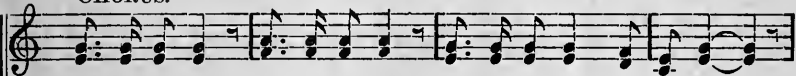
1. In vain in high and ho-ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in dark-ness light; In
3. My hope for par-don when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall; In



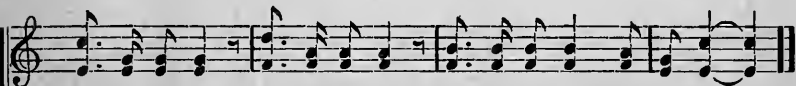
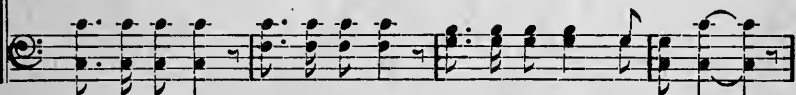
who can sing the wor-thy praise Of the won-der-ful love of Je - sus?
 pain a balm, in weak-ness might, Is the won-der-ful love of Je - sus.
 life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-der-ful love of Je - sus.



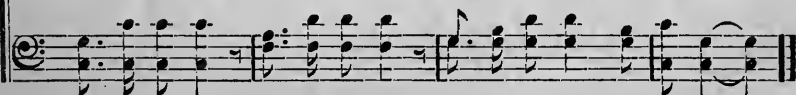
CHORUS.



Won-der-ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!



Won-der-ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!



There'll Be No Dark Valley.

Copyright, 1896, by The Biglow & Main Co. Used by per.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
 2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark valley when Je - sus comes
 sor - row when Je - sus comes; But a glo-rious mor-row when Je - sus comes
 weep-ing when Je - sus comes; But a bless-ed reap-ing when Je - sus comes
 greet-ing when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meet-ing when Je - sus comes

REFRAIN.

To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones

home, To gath-er His loved ones home; There'll be
safe home, *safe home;*

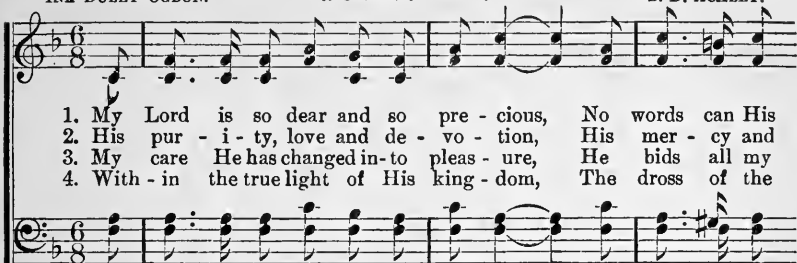
p no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes *m* To gath-er His loved ones home.

21 The Pearl from the Ocean of Love.

INA DULEY OGDON.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

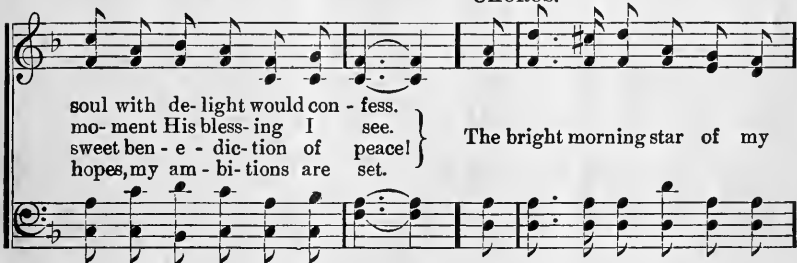


1. My Lord is so dear and so pre - cious, No words can His
 2. His pur - i - ty, love and de - vo - tion, His mer - cy and
 3. My care He has changed in - to pleas - ure, He bids all my
 4. With - in the true light of His king - dom, The dross of the



good-ness ex - press, The won - der - ful joy of His pres - ence; My
 kind-ness to me, Are themes of my heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Each
 trou - ble to cease, And breathes o'er my sin-wea - ry spir - it, The
 earth I for - get, In treas - ures for - ev - er un - fad - ing; My

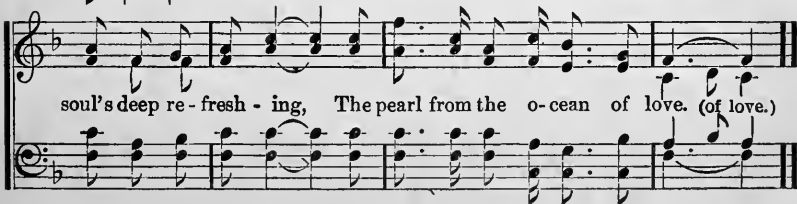
CHORUS.



soul with de - light would con - fess.
 mo - ment His bless - ing I see. } The bright morning star of my
 sweet ben - e - dic - tion of peace! }
 hopes, my am - bi - tions are set.



jour - ney, The beau - ti - ful heav - en - ly dove;..... The fount of my
 heav - en - ly dove;



soul's deep re - fresh - ing, The pearl from the o - cean of love. (of love.)

Keep the Light Burning.

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Keep the light burn - ing, the bil - lows are high, And
 2. Keep the light burn - ing, be con - stant in pray'r, Re -
 3. Keep the light burn - ing, the bea - con of love Streams
 4. Keep the light burn - ing, for af - ter the night, How

dark is the roll - ing wave; For out on the o - cean, a
 plen - ish the oil of grace; The mer - cy of Je - sus pro -
 out on the sea a - far, And guid - ing the wan - d'rer to
 blest will the meet - ing be With some one, who see - ing the

ship pass - es by, Be read - y a broth - er to save.
 claim ev - 'ry - where, And car - ry His joy in your face.
 hav - ens a - bove, It shines like a beau - ti - ful star.
 bea - con so bright, Was saved from life's dark storm - y sea!

CHORUS.

Keep the light burning, still burn - ing, A soul may be sink - ing to - night,

Keep the light burn - ing, still burn - ing, Stead - y and clear and bright.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Copyright, 1914, W. J. Kirkpatrick. Renewal. By per.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

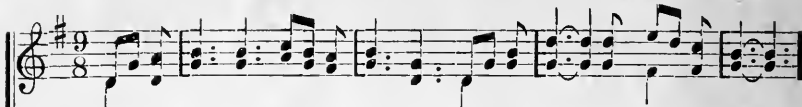
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steep and cross the waves,
 Sing ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,

On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com - mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

Copyright, 1906, James McGranahan. Renewal.
By per. Charles M. Alexander.

M. E. SERVOS.

JAMES MCGRAHANAN.



1. When the storms of life are rag-ing, Tempests wild on sea and land,
2. Tho' He may send some af-flic-tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;
3. En - e - mies may strive to in-jure, Sa - tan all His arts em-ploy;
4. So, while here the cross I'm bear-ing, Meet-ing storms and bil-lows wild,

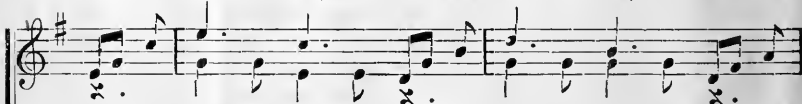


I will seek a place of ref - uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.
For in love and not in an - ger, All His chast-en-ings will come.
He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er - last-ing joy.
Je - sus for my soul is car - ing, Naught can harm His Father's child.



CHORUS.

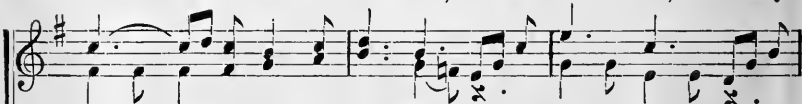
He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no



He will hide me, He will hide me,



harm . . . can e'er be-tide me; He will hide me, safe-ly



Where no harm can e'er be-tide me; He will hide me,



He Will Hide Me.

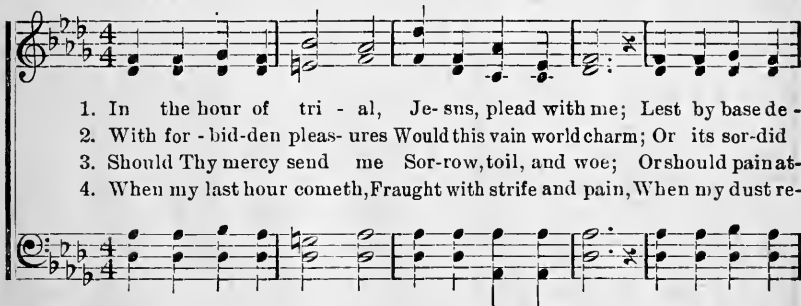
hide me In the shad - - - ow of His hand.



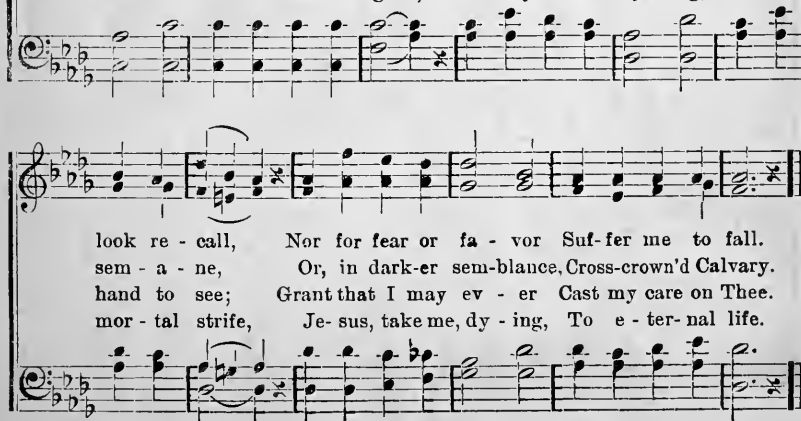
25 In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SPENCER LANE.



ni - al I de - part from Thee, When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a treasures, Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - membrance Sad Geth - tend me On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that

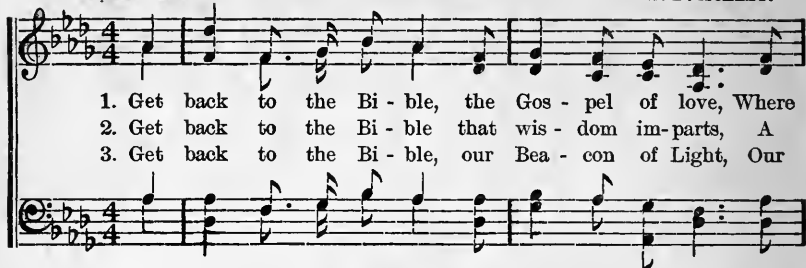


Get Back to the Bible.

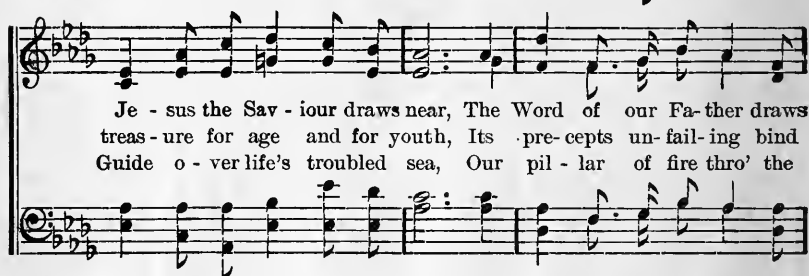
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LIZZIE DEARMOND.

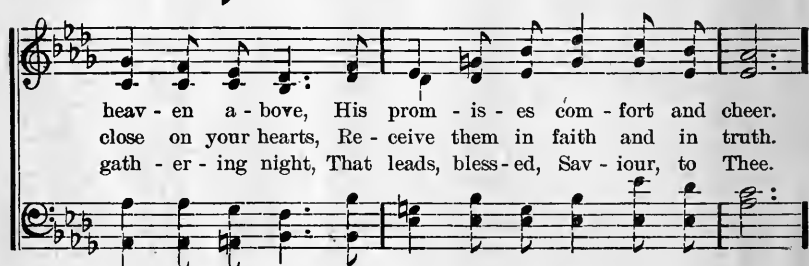
B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Get back to the Bi - ble, the Gos - pel of love, Where
 2. Get back to the Bi - ble that wis - dom im - parts, A
 3. Get back to the Bi - ble, our Bea - con of Light, Our

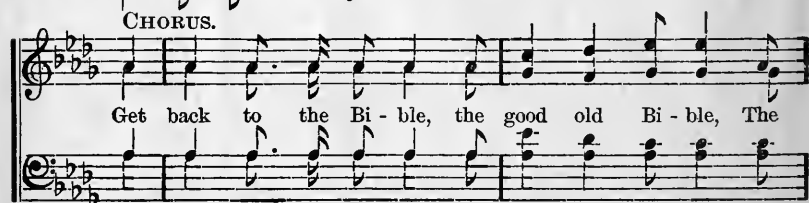


Je - sus the Sav - iour draws near, The Word of our Fa - ther draws
 treas - ure for age and for youth, Its pre - cepts un - fail - ing bind
 Guide o - ver life's troubled sea, Our pil - lar of fire thro' the

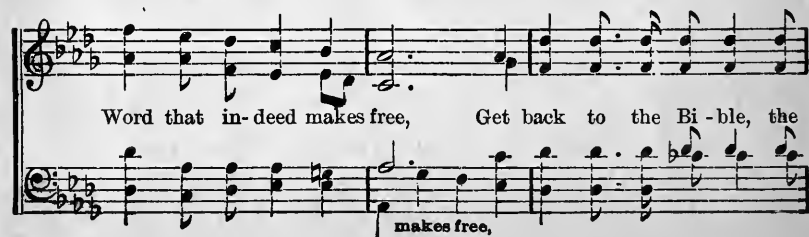


heav - en a - bove, His prom - is - es com - fort and cheer.
 close on your hearts, Re - ceive them in faith and in truth.
 gath - er - ing night, That leads, bless - ed, Sav - iour, to Thee.

CHORUS.

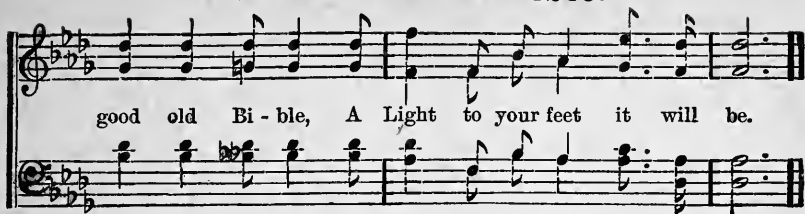


Get back to the Bi - ble, the good old Bi - ble, The



Word that in - deed makes free, Get back to the Bi - ble, the
 makes free,

Get Back to the Bible.



good old Bi - ble, A Light to your feet it will be.

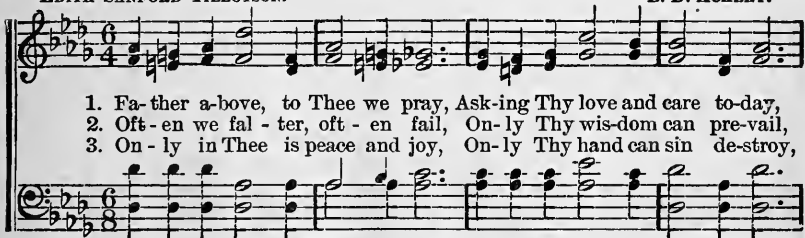
27

Hear Our Prayer.

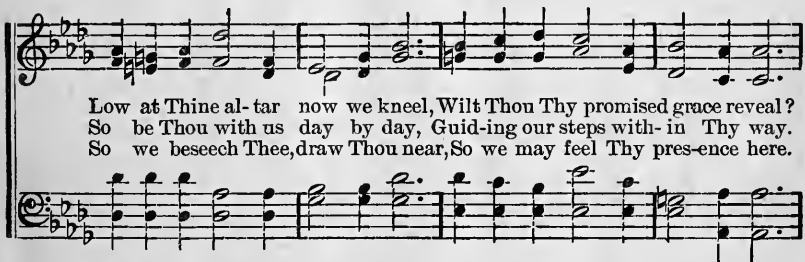
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EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

B. D. ACKLEY.

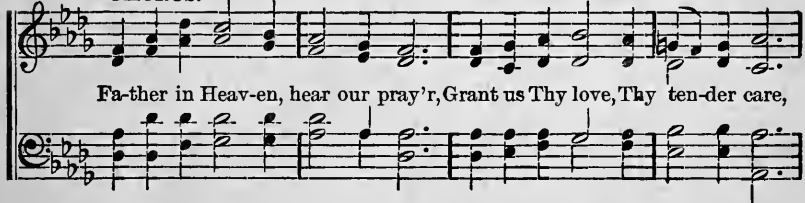


1. Fa - ther a - bove, to Thee we pray, Ask - ing Thy love and care to - day,
 2. Oft - en we fal - ter, oft - en fail, On - ly Thy wis - dom can pre - vail,
 3. On - ly in Thee is peace and joy, On - ly Thy hand can sin de - stroy,



Low at Thine al - tar now we kneel, Wilt Thou Thy promised grace reveal?
 So be Thou with us day by day, Guid - ing our steps with - in Thy way.
 So we beseech Thee, draw Thou near, So we may feel Thy pres - ence here.

CHORUS.



Fa - ther in Heav - en, hear our pray'r, Grant us Thy love, Thy ten - der care,



May we Thy peace and mer - cy share, Fa - ther, hear our pray'r.

What Jesus Is to Me.

JAS. ROWE.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

KATHERINE HOWE.

1. Wak-ing joy - ful car-ols in the midst of care, Light by which the
 2. Man-na for the hun-gry, an un-bound-ed tide, Where refreshed my
 3. One whose hand shall guide me till His face I view By the peace-ful

way I see; Friend a-bove all oth-ers, with me ev-'rywhere, That is
 heart may be; Ref-uge where my soul from ev-'ry foe may hide, That is
 crys-tal sea; For He died to save me and His love is true, That is

CHORUS.

just what Je-sus is to me. That is just what Je-sus is to me, to me,

That is just what He will al-ways be; Song and sunshine, light and
 will be;

love, on the earth or heav'n above, That is just what Je-sus is to me.

The Stranger at the Door.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be-hold a Stran-ger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked before,
 2. O love-ly at-titude,—He stands With melting heart and open hands;
 3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will,—the ver-y friend you need;
 4. Rise, touched with gratitude di-vine, Turn out His en-e-my and thine;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
 O match-less kindness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
 That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, Sin, And let the heavenly Stranger in.

CHORUS.

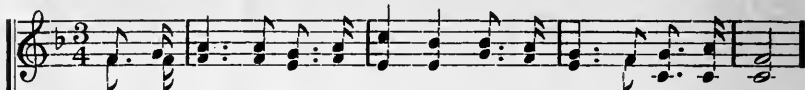
Oh, let the dear Saviour come in,..... He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh,
 come in, from sin;

keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in,.....
 come in.

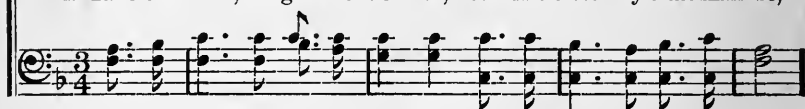
Copyright, 1907. Renewal. By per. L. E. Sweeney, Exo.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

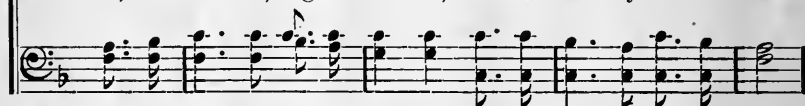
JNO. B. SWENEY.



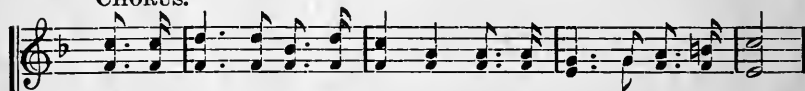
1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be,



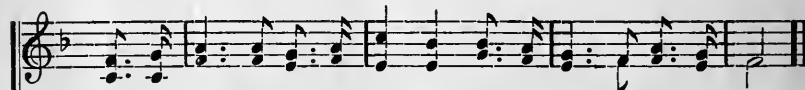
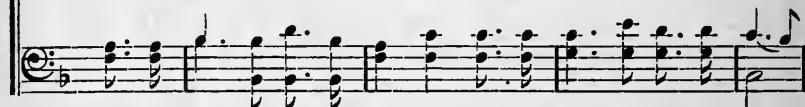
But His love a-bid-eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
 With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
 Then throughout my pil-grim jour-ney Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear - er, bright-er vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.



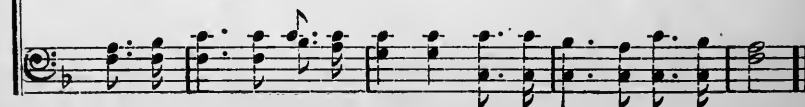
CHORUS.



Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!



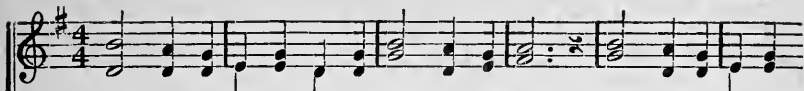
Oh, the full - ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!



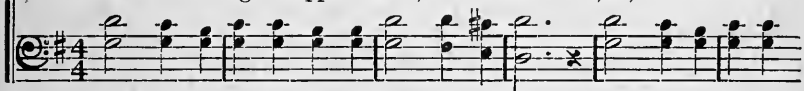
When Jesus Comes.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je - sus comes; We watch and wait and
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Je - sus comes; For Him my soul be
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Jesus comes; All peace and joy and
4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Jesus comes; All gloom His face will
5. He'll know the way was dreary, When Jesus comes; He'll know the feet grew
6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Jesus comes; Oh, how His arms will

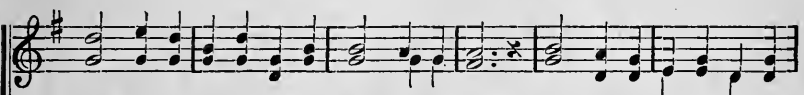


CHORUS.

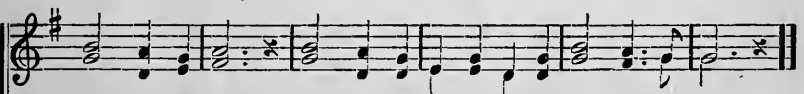
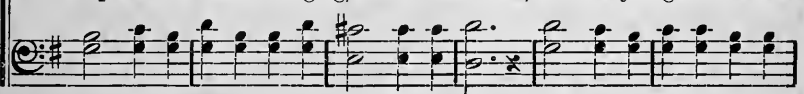


won - der, Till Je - sus comes.
yearning, When Jesus comes.
gladness, When Jesus comes.
ban - ish, When Jesus comes.
wea - ry, When Jesus comes.
rest me! When Jesus comes.

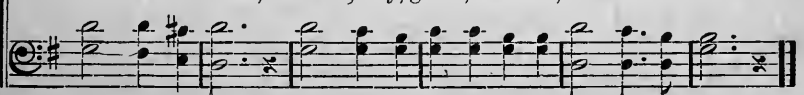
All joy His loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes;

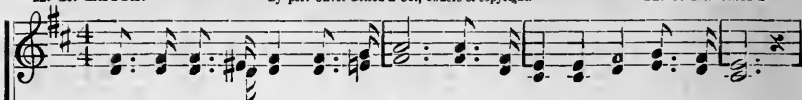


All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Jesus comes; All beauty bright and vernal

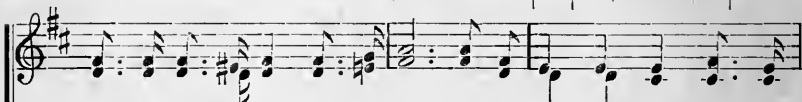
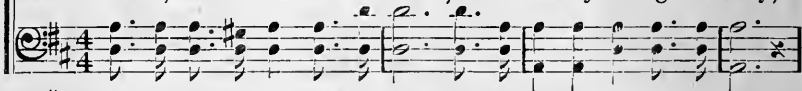


When Je - sus comes; All glo - ry, grand, e - ter - nal, When Jesus comes.

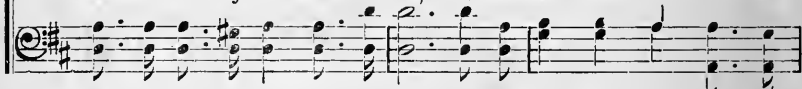




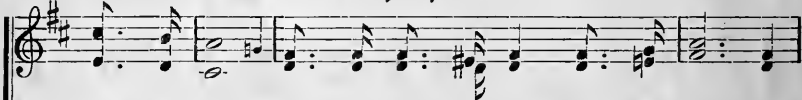
1. Bless-ed be the foun-tain of blood; To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fath-er, I have wandered from thee; Of-ten has my heart gone a-stray;



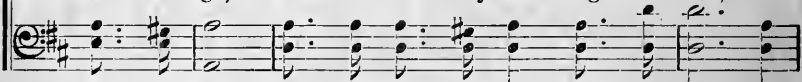
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God, On-ly by his stripes we are
Grie-vous were the sor-rows he bore, But he suff-ered not thus in
Crim-son do my sins seems to me, Wa-ter can-not wash them a-



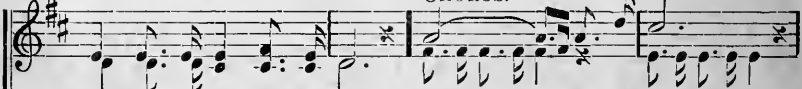
healed; Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bring-ing to my heart
vain; May I to that fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins
way; Je-sus to that fountain of thine, Lean-ing on thy prom-



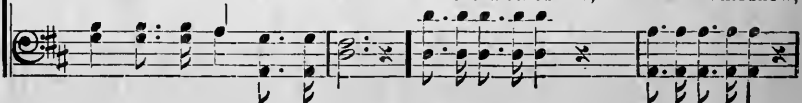
pain and woe; Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And
here be-low; Wash me in the blood that was shed, And
ise I'll go; Cleanse me with thy wash-ing di-vine, And



CHORUS.



I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than the snow;
Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow;



Blessed be the Fountain.

Whit - - er than the snow, Wash me in the blood
Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow,

of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
of the Lamb, than snow.

33 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fath-er's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or temp-est-tost,

But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har-bor, In the darkness may be lost.

D.C.—Some poor faint-ing struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

Mrs. C. H. M.

Copyright, 1905, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out; The cry, "To
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry: The bow of

arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
 leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the arm-or
 prom-ise spans the east-ern skies; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry

un-to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
 God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
 land shall honored be, The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray,..... With ar-mor gleam-ing, and col-ors streaming, The right and

The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast: If God be
for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry! Vic - t'ry!

35

O for a Soul!

W. J. K.

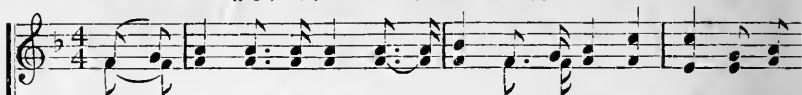
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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

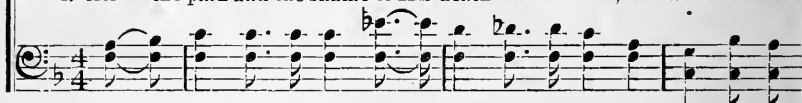
1. O for a soul a - glow with love, With love for God and man;
2. A soul so large that all man - kind Can be embraced there-in;
3. A soul so great that God a - lone Can ac - tu - ate its will;
4. A soul that loves his fel - low-man, No mat - ter what his need;
5. Lord, give us each a soul like this, To live and work for Thee,

Re - joic - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing day To fol - low God's own plan!
The high, the low, the good, the bad, Be count - ed all a - kin.
That ev - 'ry pulse shall beat for Him, His pur - pose to ful - fill.
That fol - lows out the Gold - en Rule, In thought, and word, and deed.
And do our best to el - e - vate En - tire hu - man - i - ty.

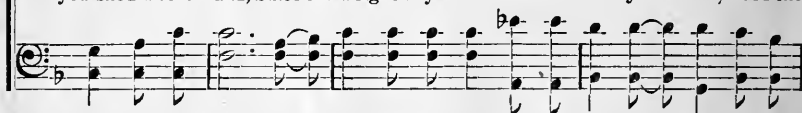
JOHN R. CLEMENTS. Copyright, 1897, by Mrs. L. E. Sweney, Executrix. Used by permission. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Dost thou know at thy bolt - ed heart's-door to-night, The Sav-iour In
2. Out - side he has stood thro' the length of the years, Since Mother the
3. You turn not away when a friend's at your door, Here's one there's none
4. All the pain and the shame of His death on the tree, A wel-come from



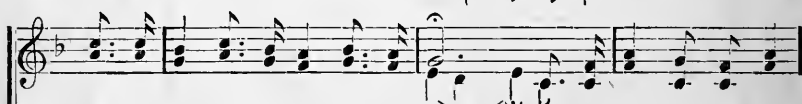
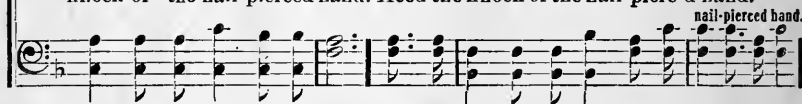
meek-ness doth stand, And longs for ad-miss-ion? pray, lis-ten now To the
love-flame first fann'd; You have spurn'd and reject-ed, O give heed tonight To the
like in the land, Who asks to come in to for-ev-er-a-bide; Heed the
you should com-mand, Since the weight of your sins in His bod-y He bore; Heed the



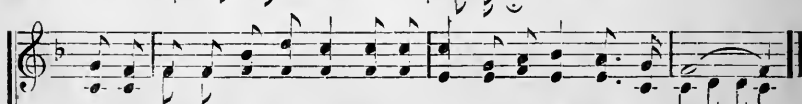
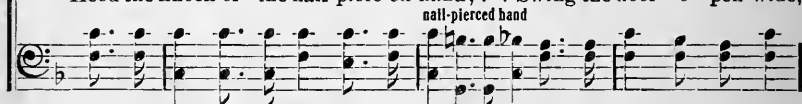
CHORUS.



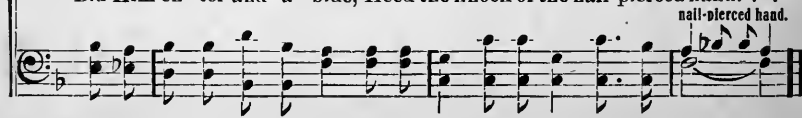
knock of the nail-pierced hand. Heed the knock of the nail-piere'd hand.



Heed the knock of the nail-pierc-ed hand; . . . Swing the door o - pen wide,



Bid Him en - ter and a - bide, Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand. . . .



When Jesus Holds My Hand.

Rev. A. H. AOKLEY.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. AOKLEY.

1. The way of sin is filled with pain, Its hope is false, its
 2. His love sub-dues my ev-'ry fear, His grace re-news my
 3. And when the path I can-not see, I'll trust in Him—He

prom-ise vain; I find that life is on-ly gain When
 hope and cheer, Why should life's way be dark and drear, When
 lead-eth me, Thro' dark-est night tho' it may be, When

CHORUS.

Je - sus holds my hand. . . . } When Je - sus holds my
 Je - sus holds my hand? . . . }
 Je - sus holds my hand. my hand. When He se - cure - ly

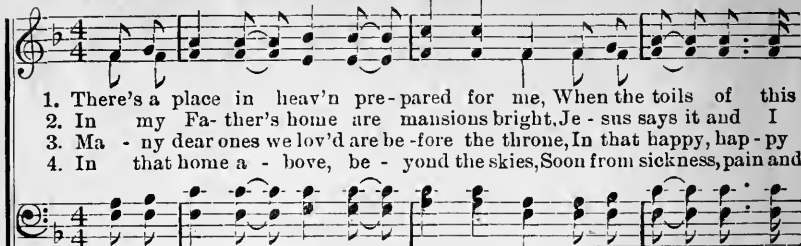
hand, When Je - sus holds my hand; My
 holds my hand, When He se - cure - ly holds my hand;

heart is filled with ec - sta - sy, When Je - sus holds my hand.

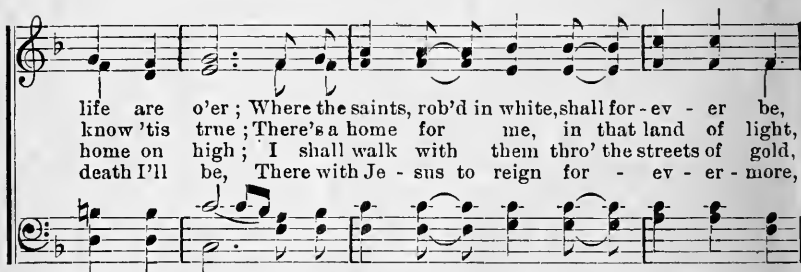
H. LUTTON.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.

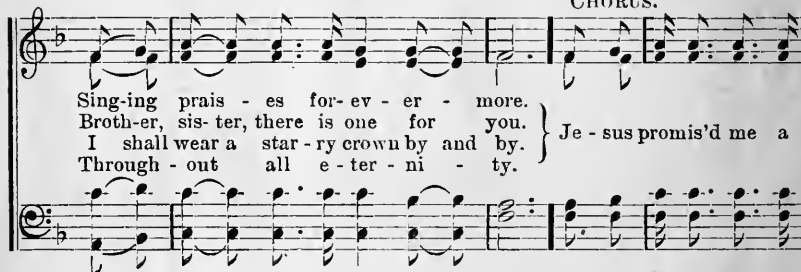


1. There's a place in heav'n pre-pared for me, When the toils of this
 2. In my Fa-ther's home are mansions bright, Je - sus says it and I
 3. Ma - ny dear ones we lov'd are be-fore the throne, In that happy, hap-py
 4. In that home a - bove, be - yond the skies, Soon from sickness, pain and



life are o'er; Where the saints, rob'd in white, shall for - ev - er be,
 know 'tis true; There's a home for me, in that land of light,
 home on high; I shall walk with them thro' the streets of gold,
 death I'll be, There with Je - sus to reign for - ev - er - more,

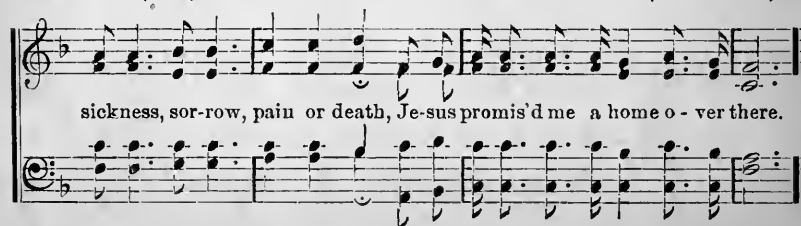
CHORUS.



Sing-ing prais - es for - ev - er - more.
 Broth-er, sis-ter, there is one for you. } Je - sus promis'd me a
 I shall wear a star-ry crown by and by. }
 Through - out all e - ter - ni - ty.



home o - ver there, Je - sus promis'd me a home o - ver there; No more

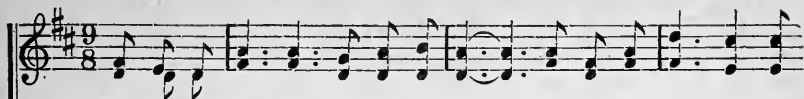


sickness, sor-row, pain or death, Je - sus promis'd me a home o - ver there.

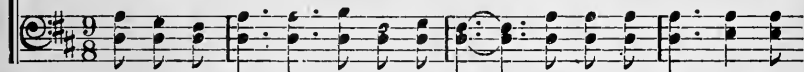
39 Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY.

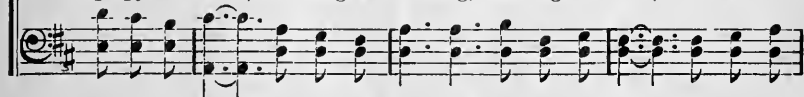
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



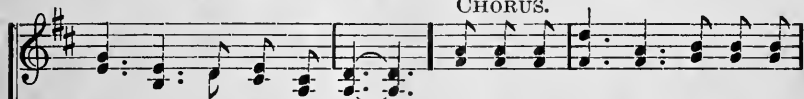
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am



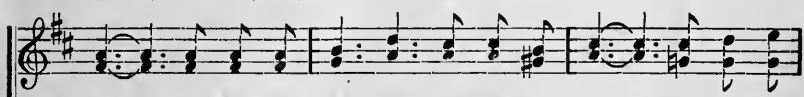
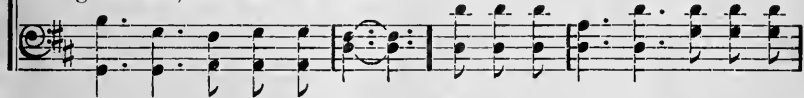
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-vation, purchase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His



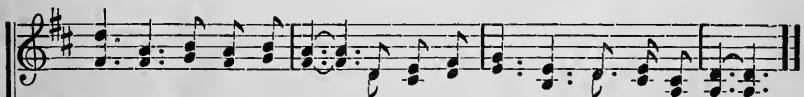
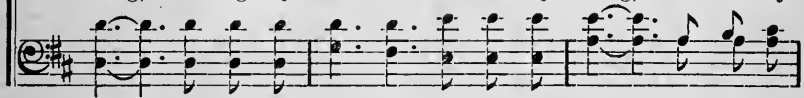
CHORUS.



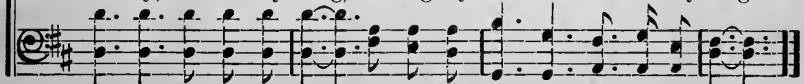
Spir-it, washed in His blood.
mer-cy, whis-pers of love. } This is my sto-ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love. }



song; Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

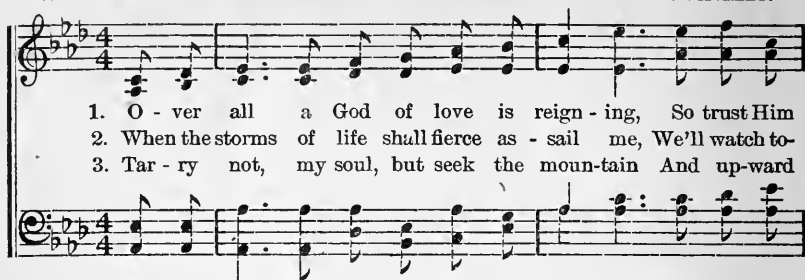


40 Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining.

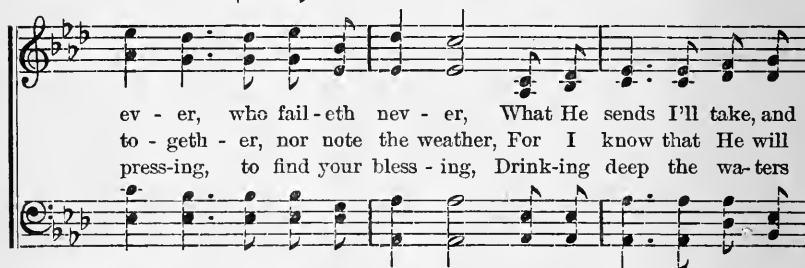
O. AUSTIN MILES.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Aokley.

B. D. AOKLEY.



1. O - ver all a God of love is reign - ing, So trust Him
 2. When the storms of life shall fierce as - sail me, We'll watch to -
 3. Tar - ry not, my soul, but seek the moun - tain And up - ward



ev - er, who fail - eth nev - er, What He sends I'll take, and
 to - geth - er, nor note the weather, For I know that He will
 press - ing, to find your bless - ing, Drink - ing deep the wa - ters

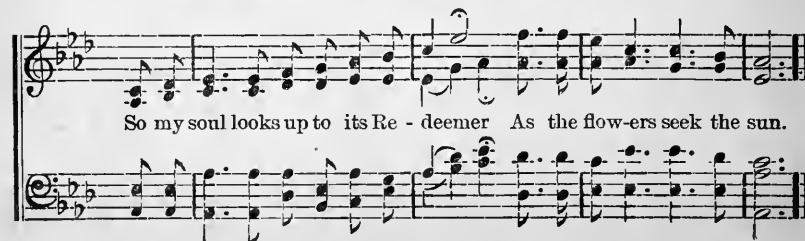


not com - plain - ing Shall seek a per - fect faith in Him.
 nev - er fail me, And so I put my trust in Him.
 of that foun - tain Of per - fect love which dwells with Him.

CHORUS.



Ev - 'ry cloud has a sil - ver lin - ing, Per - fect love by faith is won;



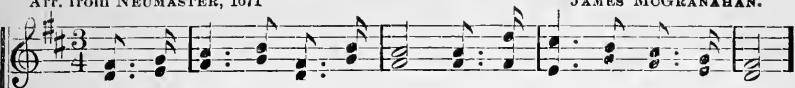
So my soul looks up to its Re - deemer As the flow - ers seek the sun.

Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

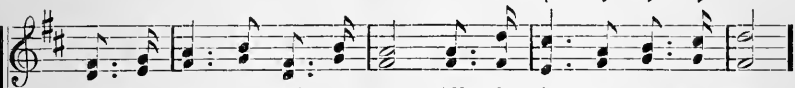
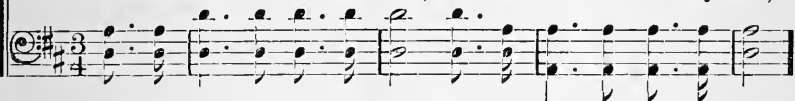
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Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671

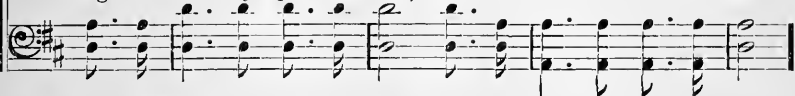
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



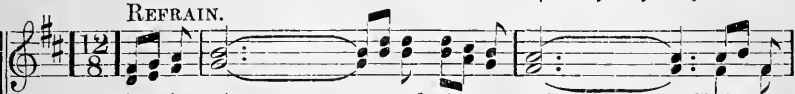
1. Sin- ners Je - sus will re-ceive; Sound this word of grace to all,
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be-fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re-ceive - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;



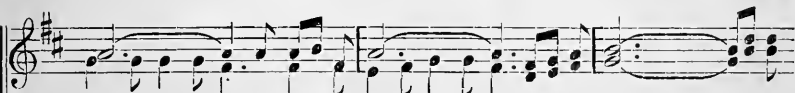
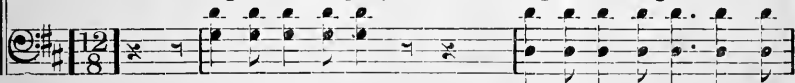
Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re-ceive - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleans'd me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de-mand.
Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.



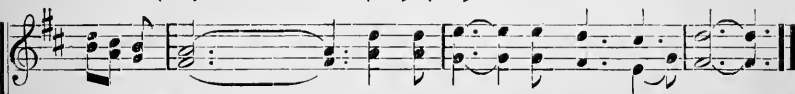
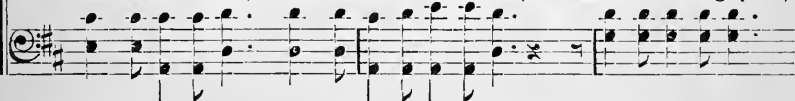
REFRAIN.



Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain; Christ re -
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain: re -

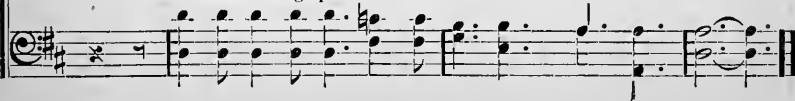


ceiv - - eth sin - ful men; Make the mes - - sage
ceiv-eth sin-ful men, Christ re-ceive-eth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,



clear and plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

Make the message plain




Is It the Crowning Day?

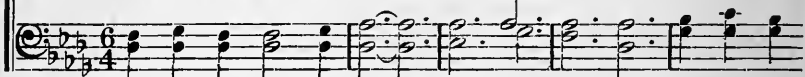
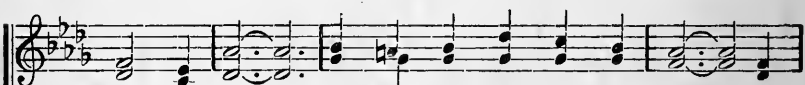
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GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB.


CHARLES H. MARSH.



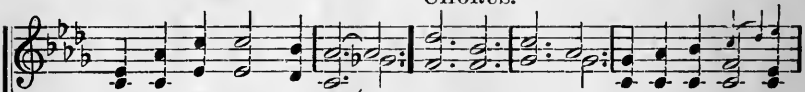
1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
 2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
 3. Why should I anx-i-ous be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
 4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will

see my Friend; Dan-gers and troub-les would end If
 hear their song; Hail to the ra-di-ant throng! If
 on the shore, Storms will af-fright nev-er-more, For
 free-ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

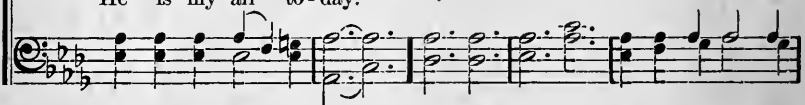
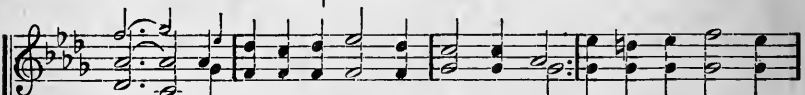


CHORUS.

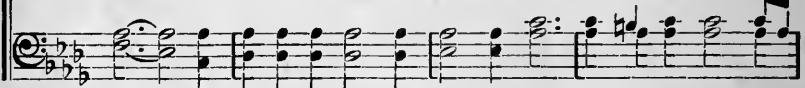
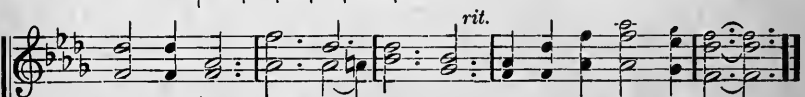


Je-sus should come to-day.
 I should come home to-day.
 He is "at hand" to-day.
 He is my all to-day.

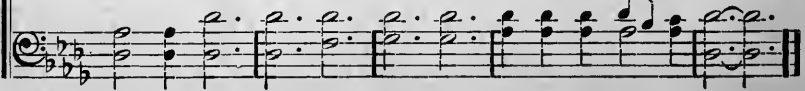
Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning

day? I'll live for to-day, nor anx-i-ous be, Je-sus, my Lord, I

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning day?

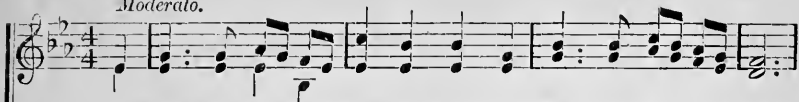


I Know Whom I Have Believed.

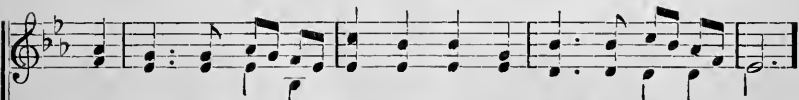
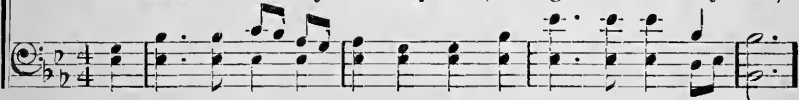
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EL. NATHAN.

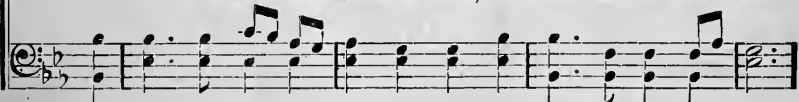
JAMES MCGRAHANAN.

Moderato.

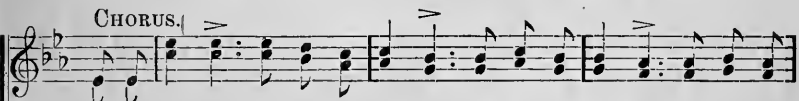
1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir-it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,



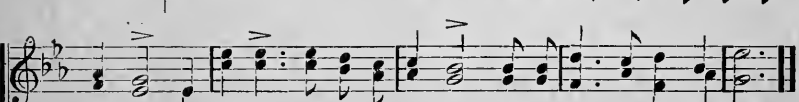
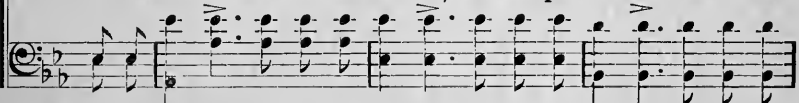
Nor why un-wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be-liev-ing In His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."



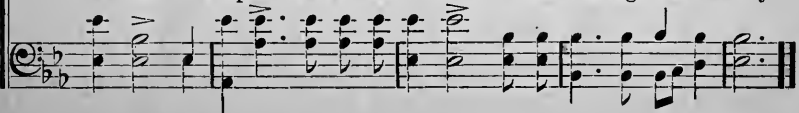
CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have be-liev-ed, And am per-suad-ed that He is



a - ble To keep that which I've committed Un-to Him a-against that day."



Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

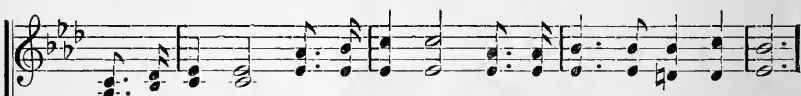
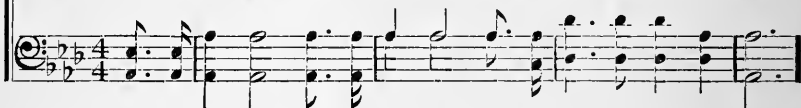
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ADA R. HABERSHON.

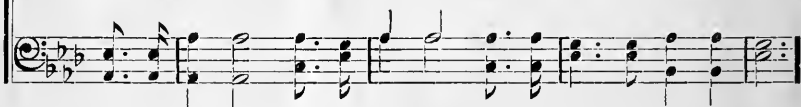
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



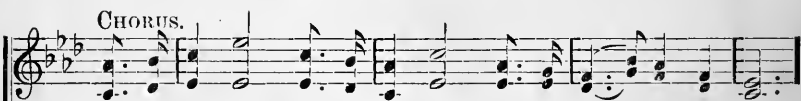
1. There are lov'd ones in the glo - ry Whose dear forms you of-ten miss,
2. In the joy - ous days of childhood, Oft they told of wondrous love,
3. You re-mem-ber songs of heav-en, Which you sang with childish voice,
4. You can pic - ture hap - py gath'ings Round the fire-side long a - go,
5. One by one their seats were emptied, One by one they went a - way,



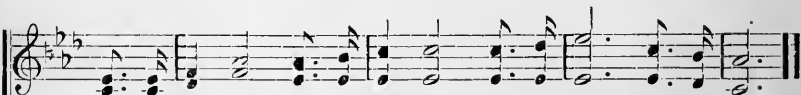
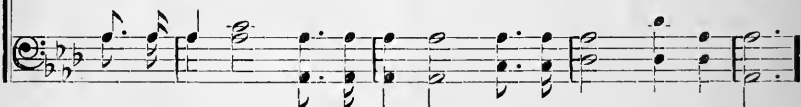
When you close your earth - ly sto - ry Will you join them in their bliss?
Point-ed to the dy - ing Sav-iour, Now they dwell with Him a - bove.
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
And you think of tear - ful part-ings, When they left you here be - low.
Now the fam - i - ly is part-ed, Will it be complete one day.



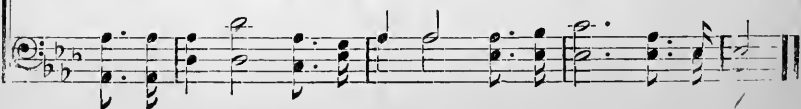
CHORUS.



Will the cir - cle be un-brok-en By and by, by and by?



In a bet - ter home a - wait-ing In the sky, in the sky?

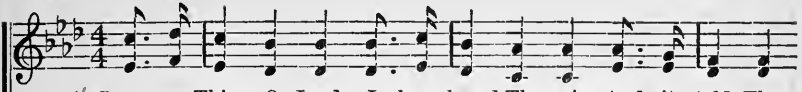


Draw Me Nearer.

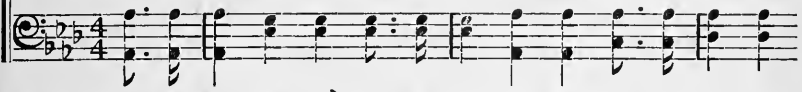
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FANNY J. OROSBY.

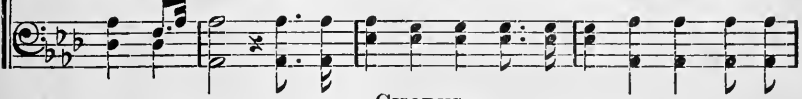
W. H. DOANE.



1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the



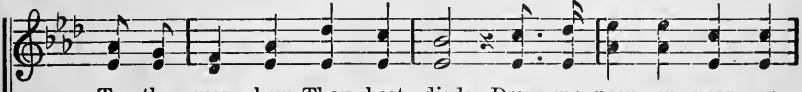
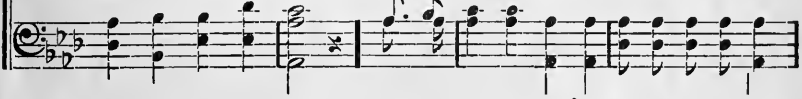
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I com -
nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I



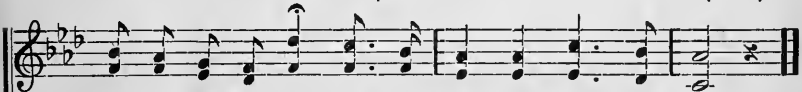
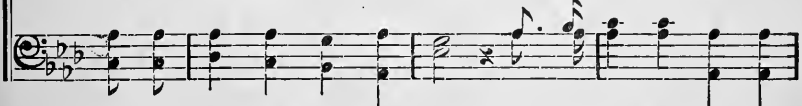
CHORUS.



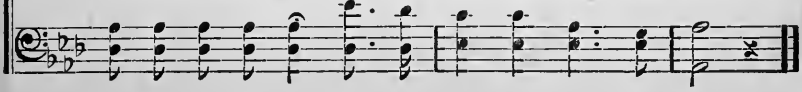
clos - er drawn to Thee. } Draw me near - er, near - er blessed Lord,
will be lost in Thine. }
mune as friend with friend. }
rest in peace with Thee. } near - er, near - er,



To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,

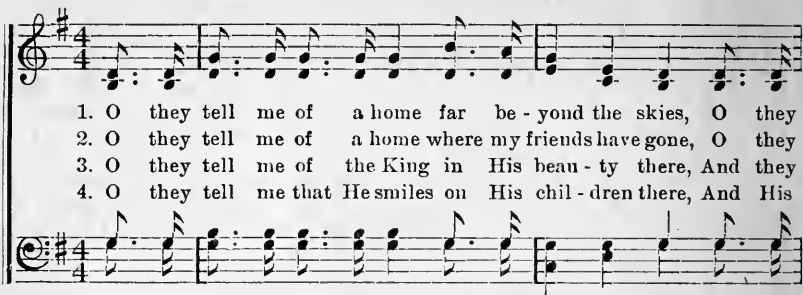


near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy prec - ious bleed - ing side.



J. K. A.

Rev. J. K. ALWOOD.

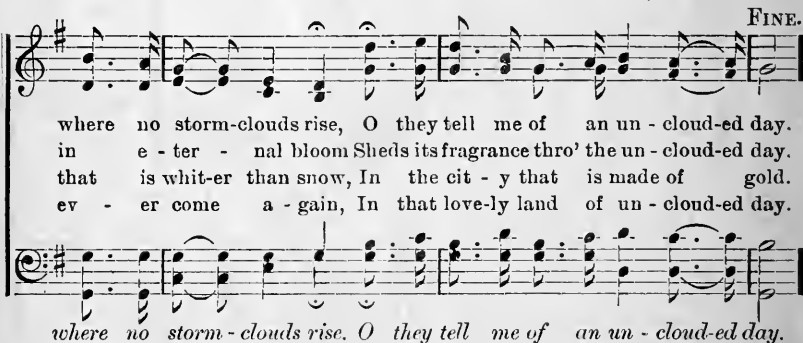


1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
 3. O they tell me of the King in His beau - ty there, And they
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His



tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
 tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life
 tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold, Where He sits on the throne
 smile drives their sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.— O they tell me of a home



where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
 in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un - cloud-ed day.
 that is whit-er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
 ev - er come a - gain, In that love-ly land of un - cloud-ed day.

where no storm - clouds rise. O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.

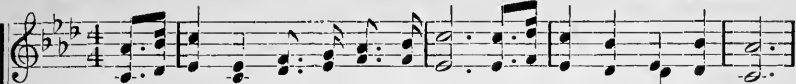


CHORUS. *D. S.*
 O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky;

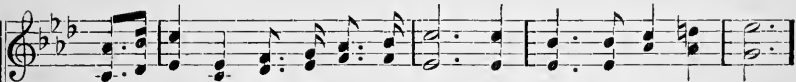
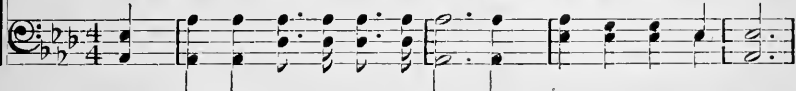
E. E. HEWITT.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near.
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



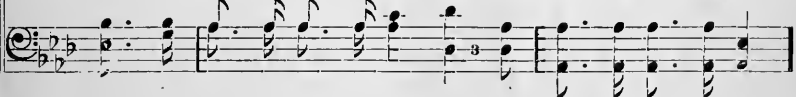
Than glows in an - y earth-ly skies, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



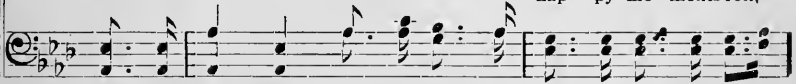
REFRAIN.



O there's sun - - shine, bless - ed sun - - shine,
 O there's sun-shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
 hap - py mo - ments roll;



When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sunshine in the soul.

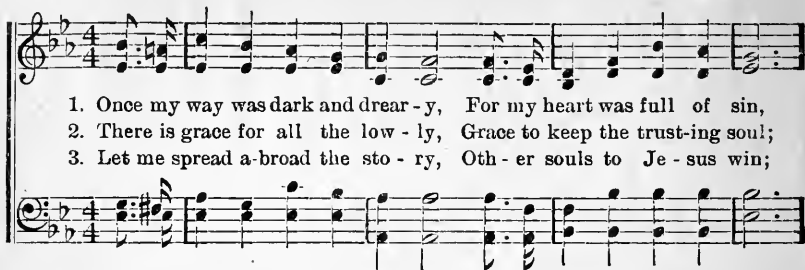


48 Since the Fulness of His Love Came In.

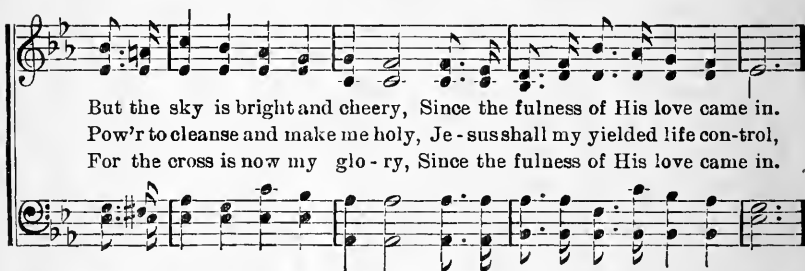
E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Once my way was dark and drear - y, For my heart was full of sin,
2. There is grace for all the low - ly, Grace to keep the trust-ing soul;
3. Let me spread a-broad the sto - ry, Oth - er souls to Je - sus win;

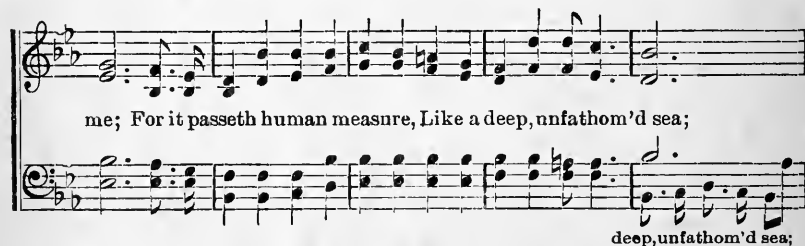


But the sky is bright and cheery, Since the fulness of His love came in.
Pow'r to cleanse and make me holy, Je - sus shall my yielded life con-trol,
For the cross is now my glo - ry, Since the fulness of His love came in.

CHORUS.



I can nev - er tell how much I love Him, I can nev - er tell His love for



me; For it passeth human measure, Like a deep, unfathom'd sea;
deep, unfathom'd sea;



'Tis redeeming love in Christ my Sav-iour, In my soul the heav'nly joys be-

Since the Fulness of His Love Came In.

gin; And I live for Jesus on - ly, Since the fulness of His love came in.

49

Battling for the Lord.

By permission.

T. E. PERKINS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

1. We've 'list - ed in a ho - ly war. Batt - ling for the Lord!
2. We've gird - ed on our arm - or bright, Batt - ling for the Lord!
3. We'll stand like he - roes on the field, Batt - ling for the Lord!
4. And when our glo - rious war is o'er, Batt - ling for the Lord!

SEMI-CHORUS.

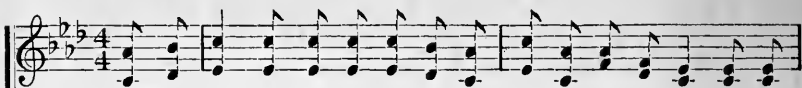
CHORUS.

E - ter - nal life, our guid - ing star, Batt - ling for the Lord!
 Our Captain's word our strength and might, Batt - ling for the Lord!
 And no - bly fight, but nev - er yield, Batt - ling for the Lord!
 We'll shout sal - va - tion ev - er - more, Batt - ling for the Lord!

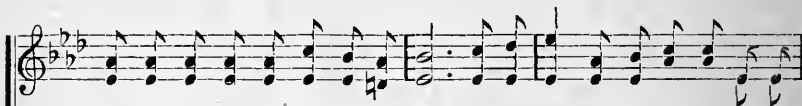
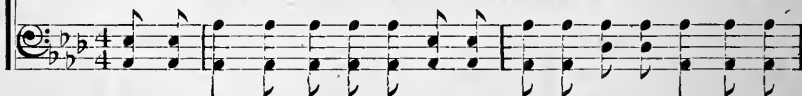
FULL CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll

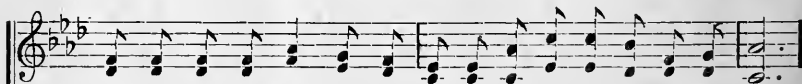
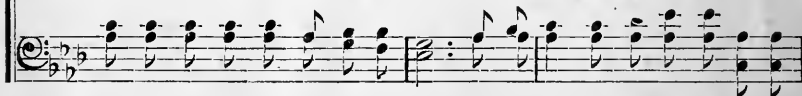
work till Je sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.



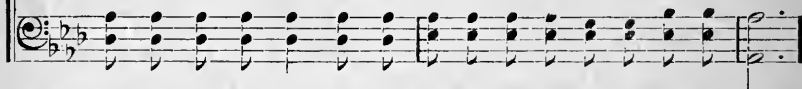
1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view his blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will



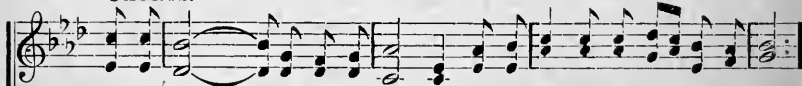
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
lustre of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



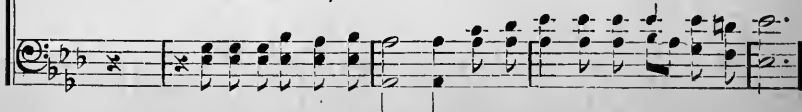
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.



CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, As redeem'd by His side I shall stand.
I shall know Him,



My Saviour First of All.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

51

Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

Copyright property Mary Runyon Lowry. By per.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY,

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll gath - er at the riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiver With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er, -

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

Verily, Verily.

Copyright, 1906, by Mrs. Addie McGranahan. Renewal. Charles M. Alexander, owner.
International Copyright Secured.

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, what a Sav-iour, that He died for me! From con-dem-
2. All my in-iq-ui-ties on Him were laid, All my in-
3. Tho' poor and need-y I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and
4. Tho' all un-wor-thy, yet I will not doubt, For Him that

na-tion He hath made me free; "He that be-liev-eth on the
debt-ed-ness by Him was paid; All who be-lieve on Him, the
sin-ful I be-lieve His word; O glad mes-sage! ev-'ry
com-eth, He will not cast out; "He that be-liev-eth," Oh, the

CHORUS.

Son," saith He, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
Lord hath said, "Have ev-er-last-ing life."
child of God, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life." } "Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly,
good news shout, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."

I say un-to you, Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly," mes-sage ev-er new;

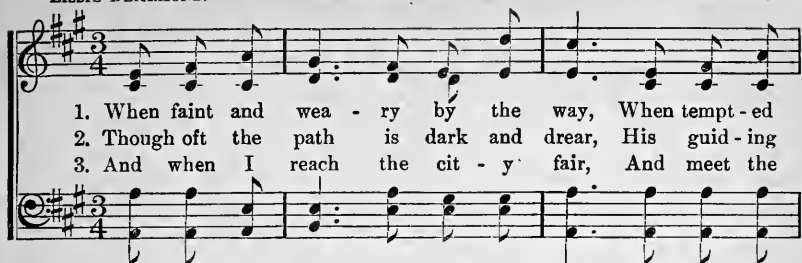
"He that be-liev-eth on the Son," 'tis true, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."

53 The Christ Who Bore the Cross.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

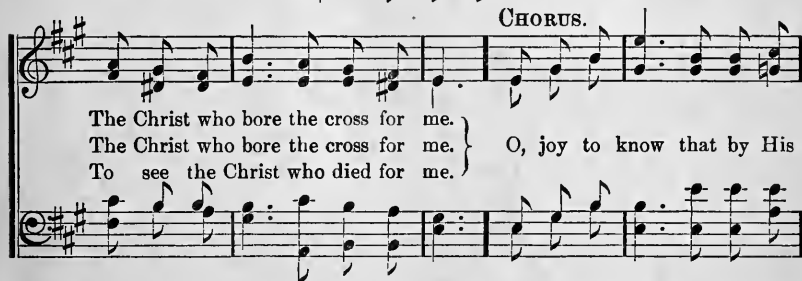


1. When faint and wea - ry by the way, When tempt - ed
2. Though oft the path is dark and drear, His guid - ing
3. And when I reach the cit - y fair, And meet the

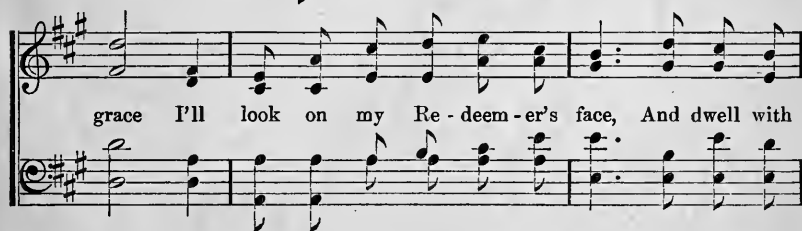


oft from Him to stray, I trust the Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
voice I al - ways hear, My Friend and "pres - ent help" is He,
dear ones o - ver there; The great - est joy of heav'n will be,

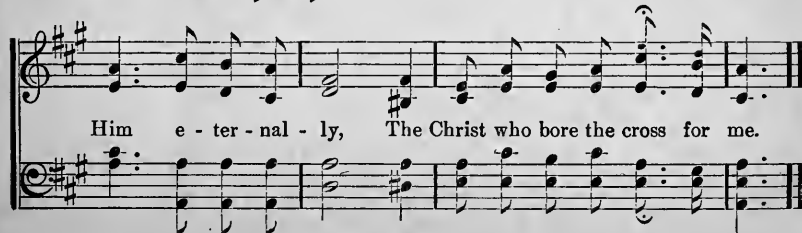
CHORUS.



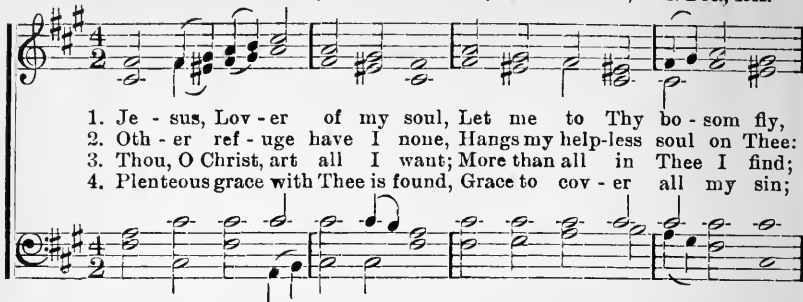
The Christ who bore the cross for me.
The Christ who bore the cross for me. } O, joy to know that by His
To see the Christ who died for me.



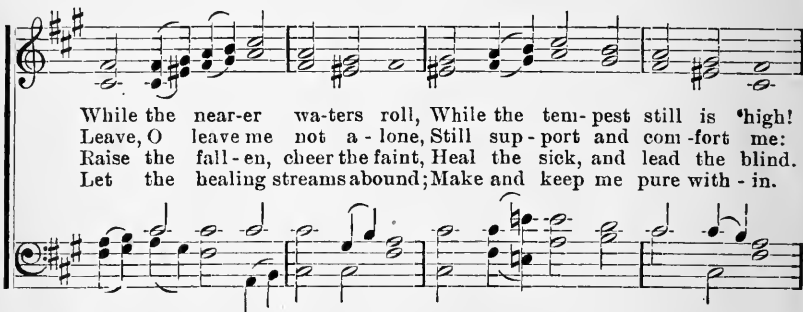
grace I'll look on my Re - deem - er's face, And dwell with



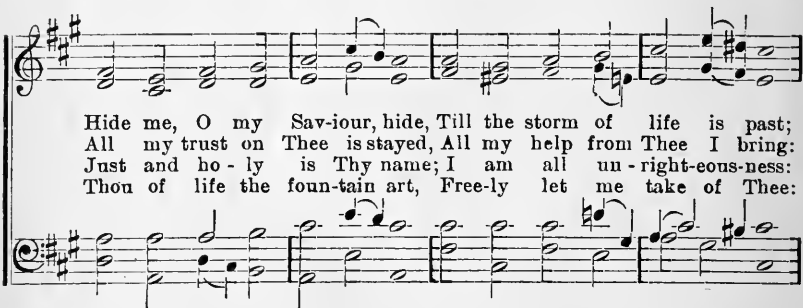
Him e - ter - nal - ly, The Christ who bore the cross for me.



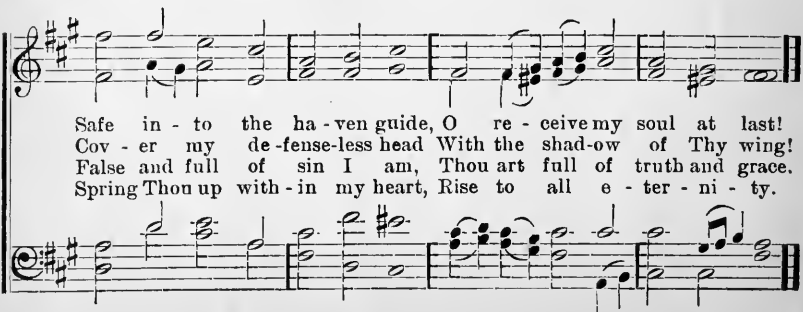
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is 'high!
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring:
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness:
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:

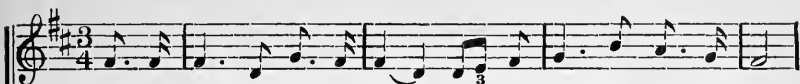


Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

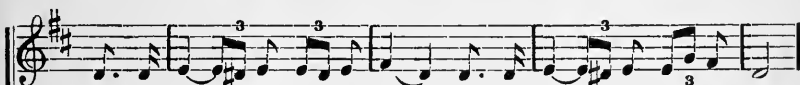
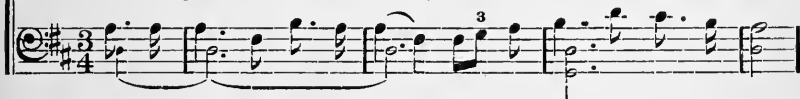
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

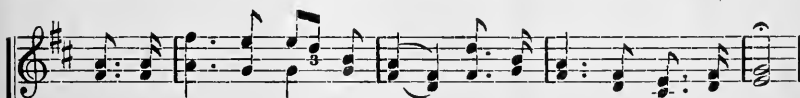
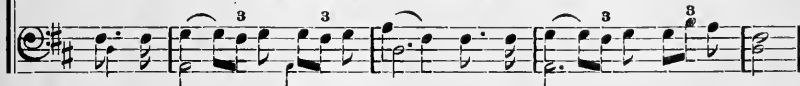
JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



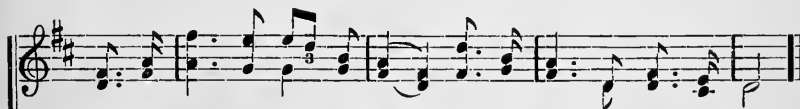
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



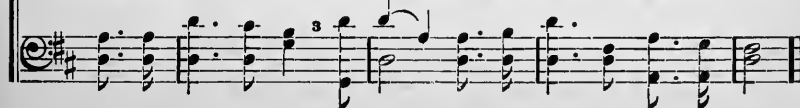
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the fountain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



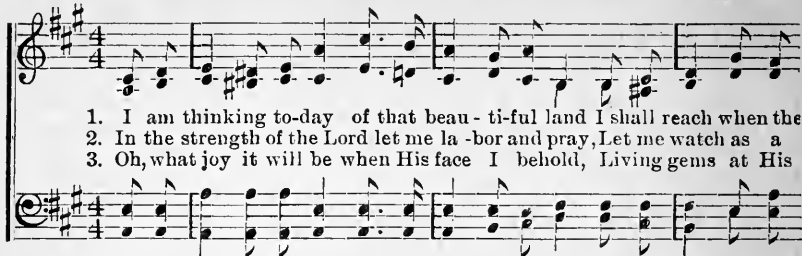
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



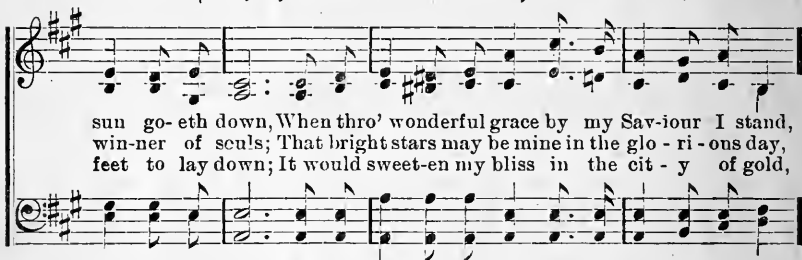
E. E. HEWITT.

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JNO. R. SWEENEY.

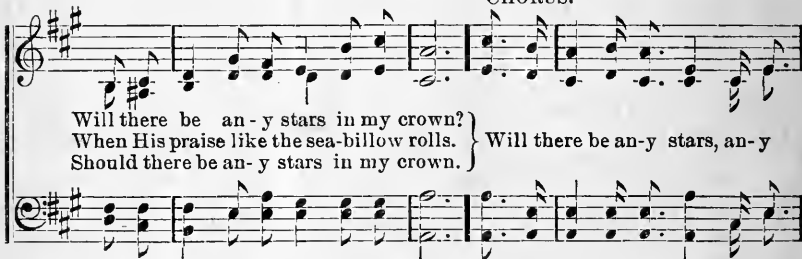


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I behold, Living gems at His

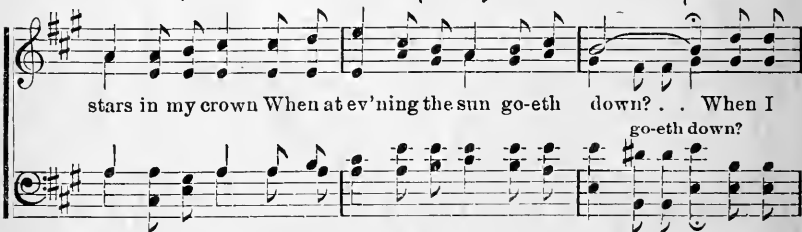


sun go - eth down, When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav - iour I stand,
 win - ner of sculs; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ons day,
 feet to lay down; It would sweet - en my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

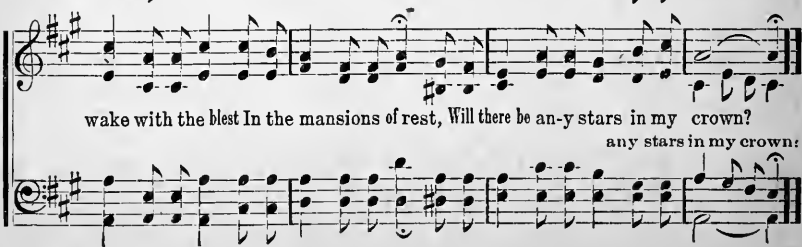
CHORUS.



Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
 When His praise like the sea - billow rolls. } Will there be an - y stars, an - y
 Should there be an - y stars in my crown. }



stars in my crown When at ev'ning the sun go - eth down? . . . When I
 go - eth down?



wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
 any stars in my crown?

57 The Judgment Day.

Copyright, 1916, by Warth & Davidson.

H. C. WARTH.

L. C. DAVIDSON.

1. What will you do when the sum-mons comes A - cross the
 2. What will you say on that fin - al day Be - fore the
 3. Will you be read - y when Je - sus comes To make His

tide of years To take your place in the halls of death
 great white throne Will oth-ers be there you have helped to win,
 fin - al call For those who have tak-en Him as their Lord,

CHORUS.

Be - yond this vale of tears? of tears?
 Or will you stand a - lone? a - lone?
 Their Sav - iour, - all in all? in all? } What will you say,

what will you do, Be - fore the great white throne? Will Je - sus

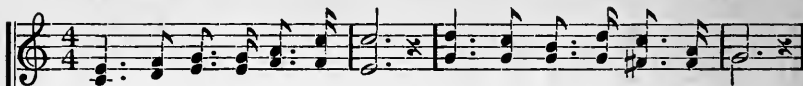
then your Sav - iour be, Or will you stand a - lone?

Trusting Jesus, That is All.

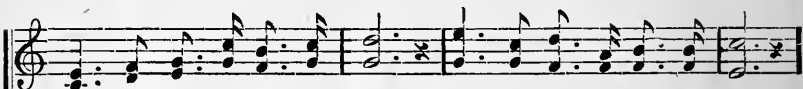
EDGAR PAGE.

Copyright, 1904. Renewal. By per. L. E. Sweney, Exo.

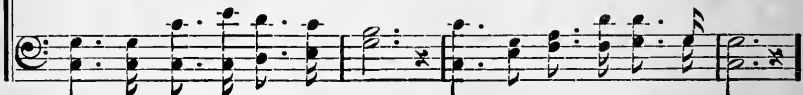
JNO. R. SWENEY.



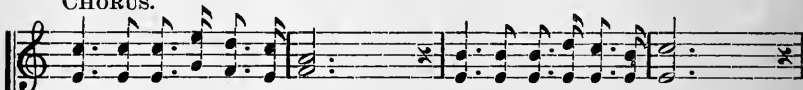
1. Sim - ply trust-ing ev - 'ry day; Trust - ing through a storm-y way;
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir-it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust-ing as the moments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by,



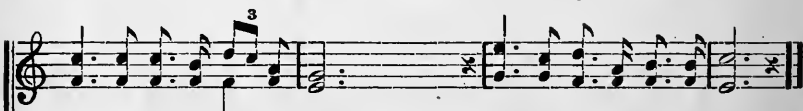
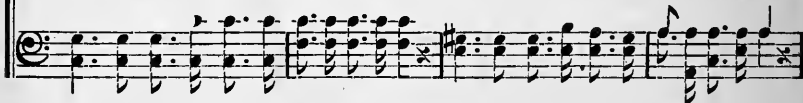
E - ven when my faith is	small,—Trust - ing	Je - sus, that is	all.
While He leads I can - not	fall,—Trust - ing	Je - sus, that is	all.
If in dan - ger, for Him	call,—Trust - ing	Je - sus, that is	all.
Trust - ing Him, whate'er be	- fall,—Trust - ing	Je - sus, that is	all.



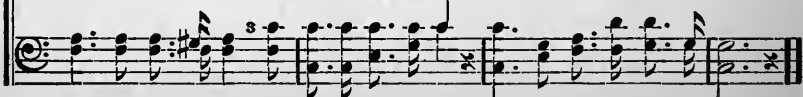
CHORUS.



Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past—
 while life shall last, till earth is past—



Till within the jas-per wall— Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.
the jas- per wall—



59 Rest for the Weary.

Rev. S. G. HARMER.

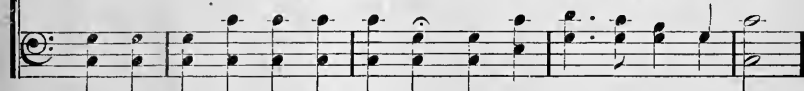
Rev. W. McDONALD.



1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest;
2. Pain nor sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
3. Death it-self shall then be vanquish'd, And his sting shall be with-drawn.
4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry; Shout your triumphs as you go;



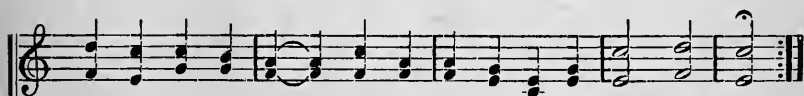
There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, O ye ransom'd! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.



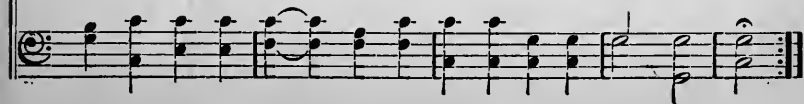
CHORUS.



{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of



wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you—
E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you.



The Cross is not Greater.

B. B.

Copyright, Ballington Booth. By per.

Gen. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Solo and Chorus.

1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me,
 3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,

The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank at Geth-se-ma-ne.
 The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not

hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know

That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

Jesus Is Coming Again.

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Fear not, be-liev-er, re-demption draws nigh, Je-sus is com-ing a -
 2. Com-ing in glo-ry to set up His throne, Je-sus is com-ing a -
 3. Com-ing to ban-ish dis-sen-sion and strife, Je-sus is com-ing a -
 4. Com-ing to 'stablish His kingdom of peace, Je-sus is com-ing a -

gain; . . . Com-ing to gath-er His peo-ple on high,
 gain; . . . Com-ing with an-gels, to gath-er His own,
 gain; . . . Born of the Spir-it, in Him is our life;
 gain; . . . Sin shall be ban-ish-ed, and tri-als shall cease;

com-ing a - gain,

CHORUS.

is com-ing a - gain.
 Je-sus is com-ing a - gain . . . Je-sus is com-ing, is
 com-ing a - gain; Je-sus is com-ing a - gain; . . . Make read-y, make
 is com-ing a - gain,

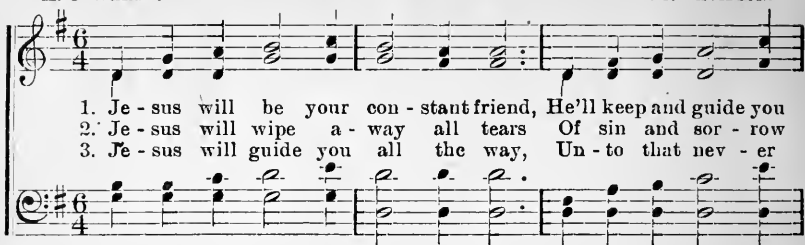
read-y, the way of the King, For Je-sus is com-ing a - gain.

Jesus Will Be Your Friend.

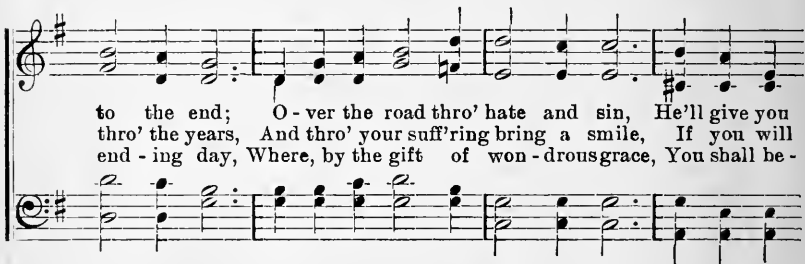
H. C. WARTH.

Copyright, 1915, by Warth & Davidson.

L. C. DAVIDSON.




1. Je - sus will be your con - stant friend, He'll keep and guide you
 2. Je - sus will wipe a - way all tears Of sin and sor - row
 3. Je - sus will guide you all the way, Un - to that nev - er

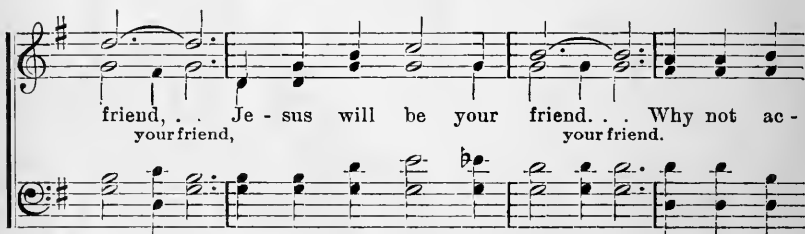


to the end; O - ver the road thro' hate and sin, He'll give you
 thro' the years, And thro' your suff'ring bring a smile, If you will
 end - ing day, Where, by the gift of won - drous grace, You shall be -

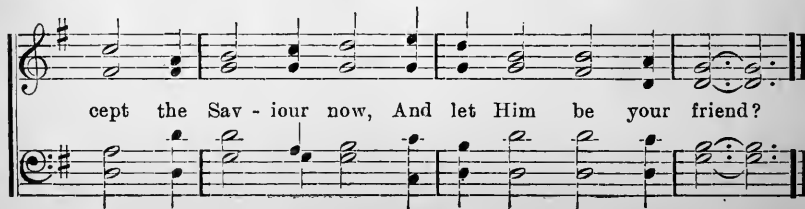
CHORUS.



pow - er to walk and win.
 trust in Him all the while. } Je - sus will be your
 hold Him, shall see His face. }



friend, . . . Je - sus will be your friend. . . Why not ac -
 your friend, your friend.



cept the Sav - iour now, And let Him be your friend?

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Some-bod - y here needs Je - sus to - day, One who can put ev - 'ry
 2. Some-bod - y here is need-ing a Friend, One on whose love you may
 3. Some-bod - y here is need-ing a Guide, A - ble to keep and pro-

sin far a - way, One who for-give-ness and peace can con - vey,
 al - ways de-pend, One who is faith - ful and true to the end;
 tect and pro-vide, Till we shall stand on the bright morn-ing - side;

CHORUS.

Some - bod - y here needs Je - sus. Some - bod - y here needs

Je - sus; Some-bod - y here needs Him,..... Friend, is it
 Some - bod - y needs Him,

you needs this Sav-iour so true? Some-bod - y here needs Je - sus.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

Copyright, 1901, by Geibel & Lehman. Assigned, 1906, to Adam Geibel Music Co. By per.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Unison.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross ;
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey;
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a-lone;
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be - long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
 Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust you own:
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
 "Ye that are men now serve Him" A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each piece put on with pray'r;
 To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quist'd And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op-pose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, high His roy - al ban - ner, it must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

65

Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow,

Fine.
Fill me with Thy hallowed pres-ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, O come, and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D.S.—Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, O come, and fill me now.

CHORUS.

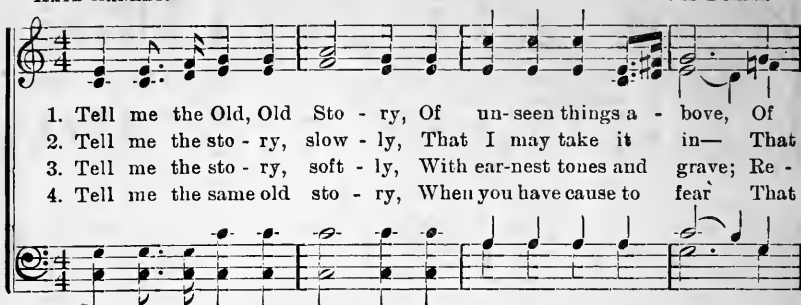
D.S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

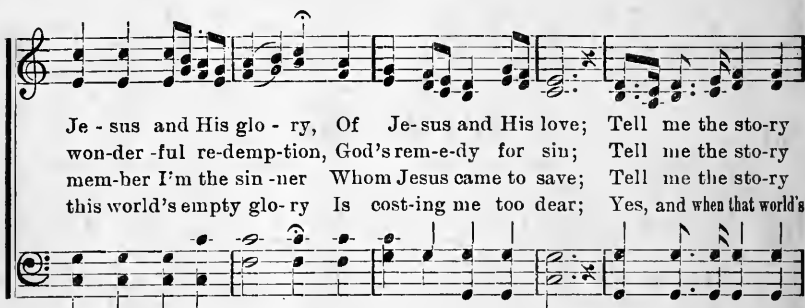
KATE HANKEY.

Used by per., W. H. Doane.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. Tell me the sto - ry, slow - ly, That I may take it in - That
 3. Tell me the sto - ry, soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re -
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That

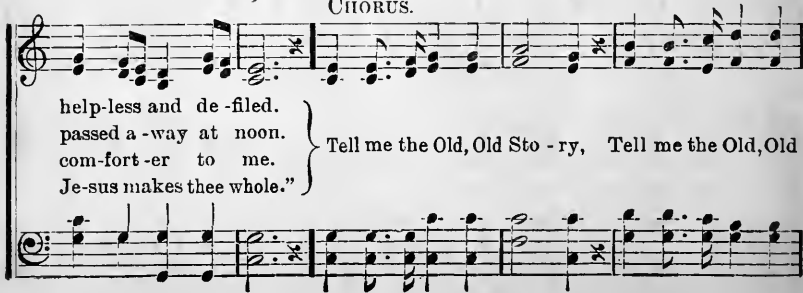


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
 won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
 mem - ber I'm the sin - ner Whom Jesus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
 this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's



sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morning Has
 al - ways, If you would really be, In an - y time of trouble, A
 glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed.
 passed a - way at noon.
 com - fort - er to me.
 Je - sus makes thee whole." } Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

67 Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1890, by W. H. Doane. By per.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
 2. Near the cross, a tremb - ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

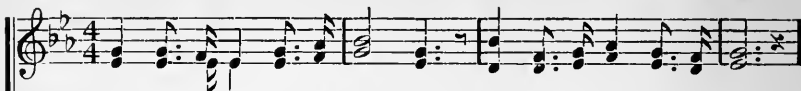
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

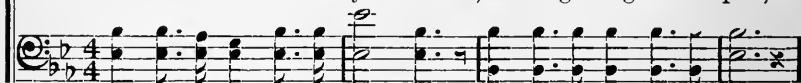
Copyright, 1908. Renewal. By per. L. E. Sweney, Exo.

FANNY J. OROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

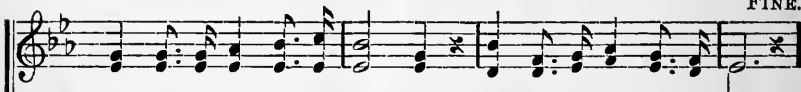


1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,
2. Fast-ing, a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writhing in anguish and pain,



CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,

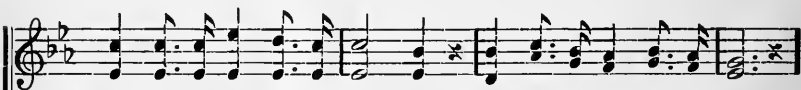
FINE.



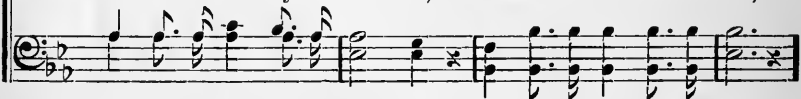
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins He was tempt-ed, Yet was triumph-ant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv-eth a - gain;



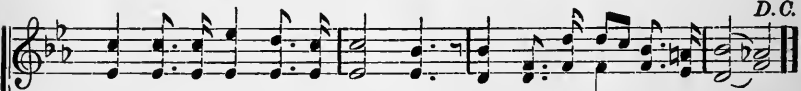
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard;



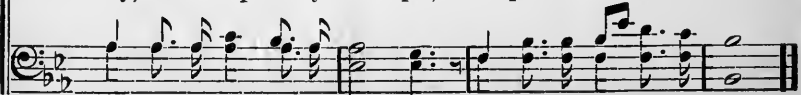
Tell how the an-gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,—
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear-er than ev - er I see;



D.C.



Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.
He was despised and af - flict - ed, Home-less, re - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis-per, Love paid the ran-som for me.

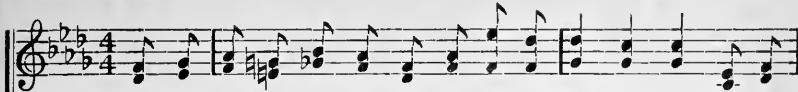


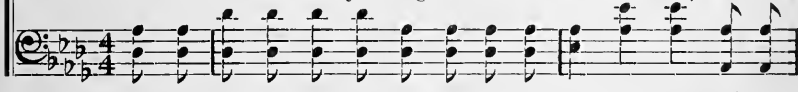
Go to Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

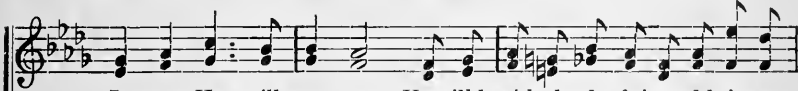
Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

- 
1. Go to Je - sus when your heart is heav-y as the night; Go to
 2. Go to Je - sus when His ways you cannot un - der - stand; Go to
 3. Go to Je - sus when you long His bless-ed will to do; Go to

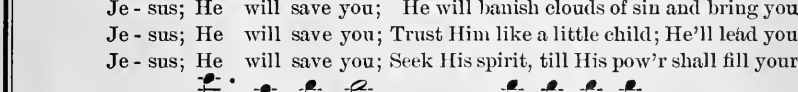


Je - sus; He will save you; He will banish clouds of sin and bring you
 Je - sus; He will save you; Trust Him like a little child; He'll lead you
 Je - sus; He will save you; Seek His spirit, till His pow'r shall fill your

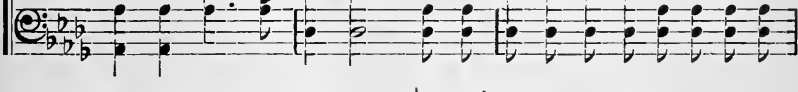


in - to light; Go to Je - sus; He will save you.
 by His hand; Go to Je - sus; He will save you.
 soul a - new; Go to Je - sus; He will save you.

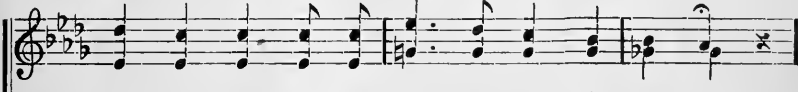
CHORUS.



Go to Jesus, for His life He gave Your immortal soul to save;
 He gave, your soul to save,



Go to Jesus, and the clouds will soon take flight From His everlasting light.



C. A. M.

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C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When up - on bend - ed knee, Je - sus whispered to me, Sweeter voice I had
 2. Ev - 'ry day is a joy sin can nev - er destroy, Ev - 'ry mo - ment in
 3. Days may come, they must go, as a torrent they flow, Rushing on to e -

nev - er heard; But the years as they roll bring a joy to my soul, As I
 peace I dwell; But I'm long - ing to stand face to face, hand in hand, With the
 ter - ni - ty; But the time as it flies brings me near - er the prize That a -

CHORUS.

lin - ger up - on His word. } For He is sweeter as the years roll by,
 One whom I love so well. } as the years roll by,
 waits when my King I'll see. }

To be wor - thy of His love I'll try; So I'll love Him more and more,
 I will try;

rit.
 As I near the oth - er shore, For He is sweet - er as the years roll by. (roll by.)

You May Have the Joy-bells.

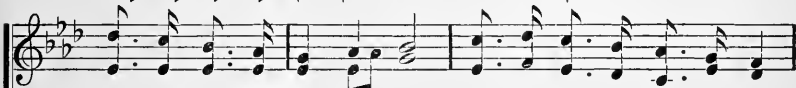
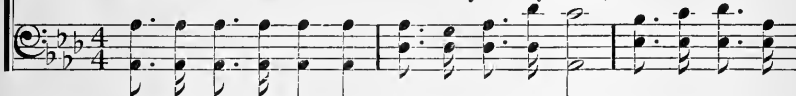
J. EDW. RUARK.

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

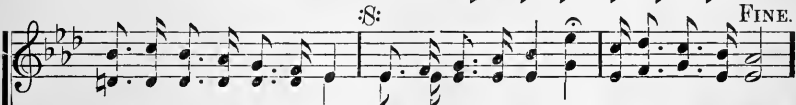
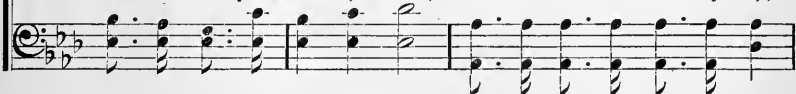
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



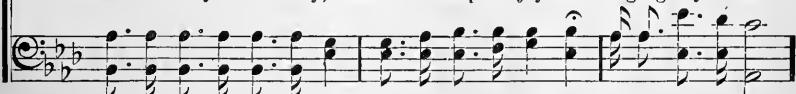
1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. You will meet with tri - als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi - cient
3. Love of Je - sus in its full-ness you may know, And this love to



from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar-row way,
He will give to o - ver-come; Tho' un-seen to mor - tal eye,
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al - ways say,



Live for Je - sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
He is with you ever nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

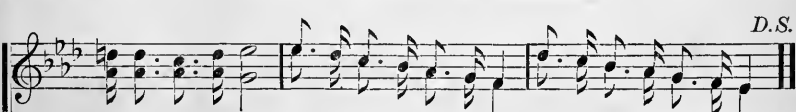
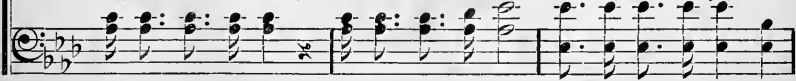


D.S. — He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

CHORUS.



Joy - - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - - bells
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy-bells



ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev'rywhere you go;



ANNIE HERBERT.

By permission.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
 2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust;
 3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows His own,

And the sun - shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
 If we miss the law of kind - ness When we strug - gle to be just,
 Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;

We may read love's shin - ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray, —
 Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides a - way, —
 Love, be - yond the o - rient meadows Floats the gold - en fringe of day,

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared away.
 When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared away.
 Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.

CHORUS.

We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev - er more..... to walk a -
 We shall know as we are known, Never more

We Shall Know.

lone, In the dawn - - ing of the morn - ing, When the
to walk a-lone, In the dawn-ing

mists..... have cleared away; In the dawn - ing of the
When the mists have cleared away; In the dawning

morn - ing, When the mists..... have cleared a - way.
When the mists have cleared a-way.

73 Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt.

(Maitland. C. M.)

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry-one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

Copyright, 1907, by Mrs. Addie McGranahan. Renewal. By per. Charles M. Alexander, owner.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His wondrous love to me;
 2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri-umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'nly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
 In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free-ly gave.
 How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God with Him to be.

CHORUS
 Sing, oh, sing..... of my Re-deem - er,
 of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er.

With His blood..... He pur-chased me.....
 He purchased me, He purchased me;
 With His blood He purchased me;

On the cross..... He sealed my par - don,
 On the cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don.

My Redeemer.

Repeat pp after last verse.

Musical score for 'My Redeemer' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase that is repeated. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.

Paid the debt,..... and made me free.....
and made me free, and made me free.

75 Nearer the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY.

By permission.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

Musical score for 'Nearer the Cross' in D major, 6/8 time. The score features a vocal line with three verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feasting my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the

Musical score for 'Nearer the Cross' in D major, 6/8 time. The score continues with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Musical score for 'Nearer the Cross' in D major, 6/8 time. The score continues with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

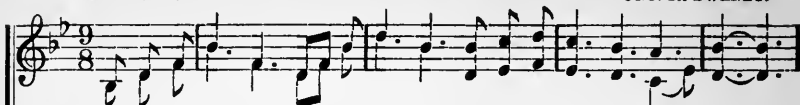
Je - sus died, Near-er the fountain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Saviour's
clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him-self for me, Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

Musical score for 'Nearer the Cross' in D major, 6/8 time. The score continues with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

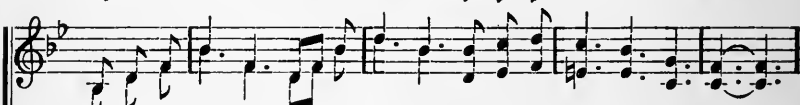
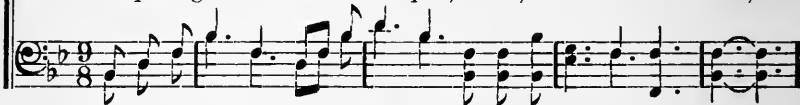
wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

SALLIE MARTIN.

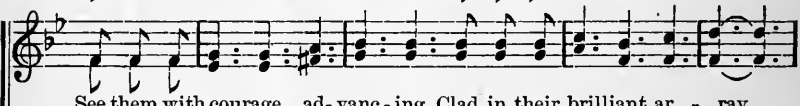
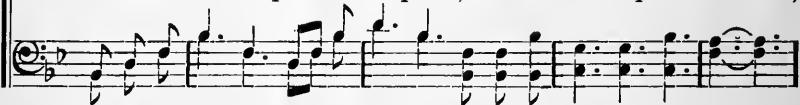
JNO. R. SWENEY.



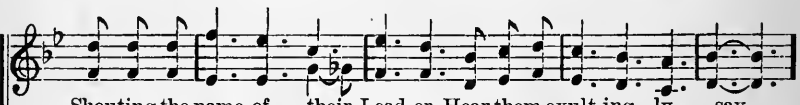
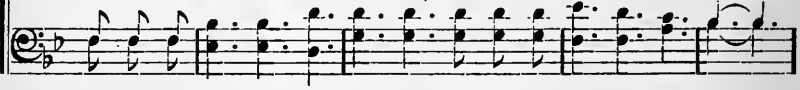
1. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Rideth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Who is this wonder-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, thou Ruler of all,



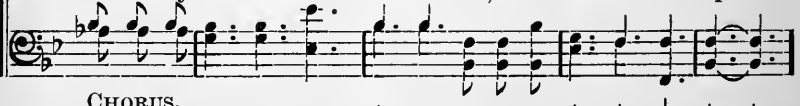
Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
 Whence are the armies which He leadeth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
 Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,



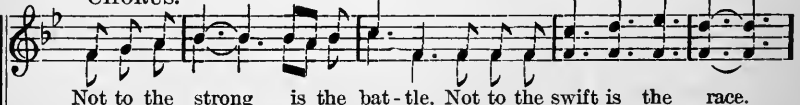
See them with courage ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their brilliant ar-ray,
 He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-iour and monarch di-vine,
 Yet shall the arm-ies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,



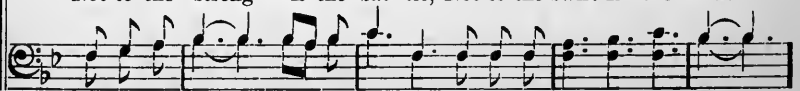
Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them exult-ing-ly say.
 They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His kingdom will shine.
 Find in Thy man-sion e-ter-nal Rest, when their warfare is past.



CHORUS.



Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race.



Victory Through Grace.



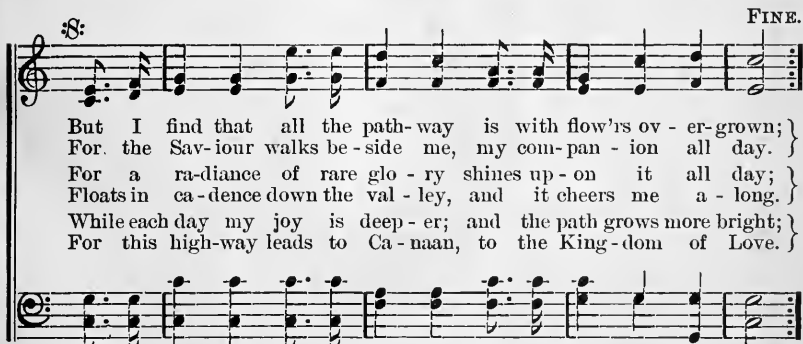
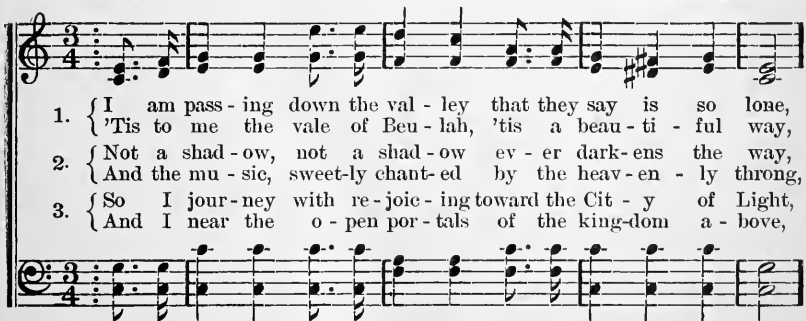
77

Vale of Beulah.

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E. A. HOFFMAN.

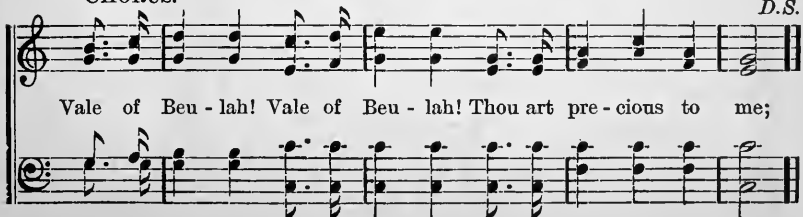
JOSEPH GARRISON.



D.S. - For the love - ly land of Ca - naan In the dis - tance I see.

CHORUS.

D.S.



C. AUSTIN MILES.

Parts. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There is a Shep-herd who cares for His own, And He is mine;
 2. Je - sus left heav-en my Sav-iour to be, And He is mine;
 3. There is a Com-fort-er come from a - bove, He too is mine;
Tenors and Basses, or all in unison, or solo.

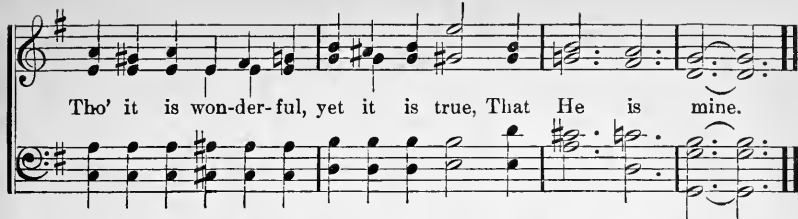
Noth-ing am I, He's a King on a throne, But He is mine;
 I am not worth all He suf-fered for me, But He is mine;
 Com-ing to me to re-veal Je-sus' love, And that is mine;

How He can love such a sin-ner as I, Tho' He is mine;
 Tho' I'm not wor-thy He dwells in my heart, And He is mine;
 Shep-herd and Sav-iour, and Com-fort-er, too, They all are mine;

I can-not fath-om, tho' oft-en I try, But He is mine.
 From Him I'll nev-er, no, nev-er de-part, For He is mine.
 That's why I know the old sto-ry is true, They all are mine.

CHORUS.
 He is mine,..... He is mine;
 He is mine, yes, He is mine;
 Tho' all un-wor-thy, I know He is mine, He is mine;

He is Mine.



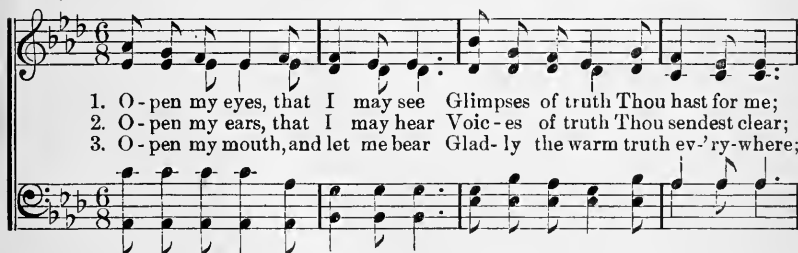
Tho' it is won-der-ful, yet it is true, That He is mine.

79 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

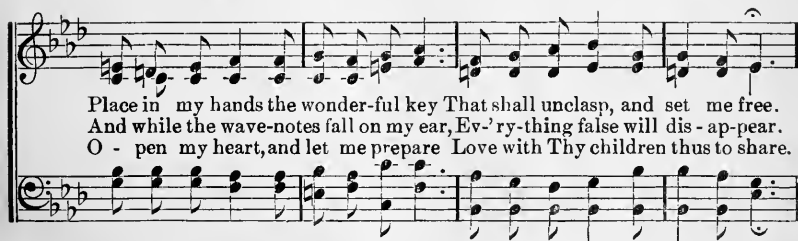
C. H. S.

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CLARA H. SCOTT.

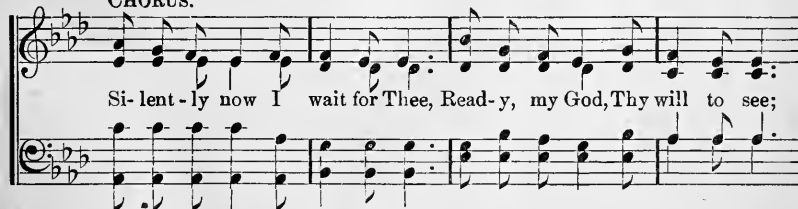


1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou sendest clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry - where;



Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall unclasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry - thing false will dis - ap - pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me prepare Love with Thy children thus to share.

CHORUS.



Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;



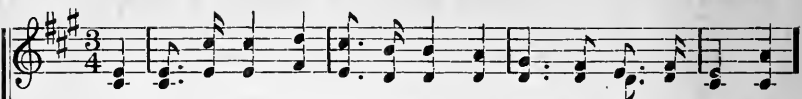
O - pen my { eyes,
ears, } il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!
heart,

I've Found a Friend.

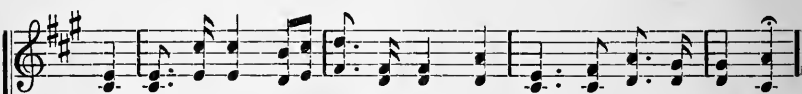
J. G. SMALL.

Copyright, 1906, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal.

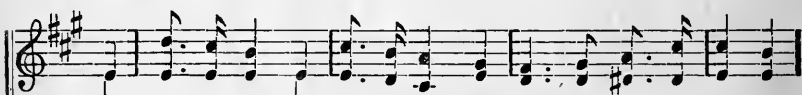
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,



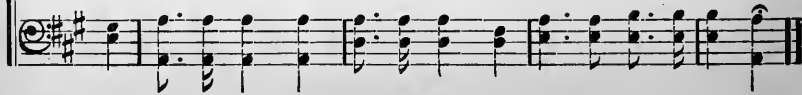
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me..
To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav-en..
So wise a Coun-sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De-fend - er!



And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er:
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:
From Him, who loves me now, so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?



For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev - er and for-ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev - er.




Jesus is All the World to Me.

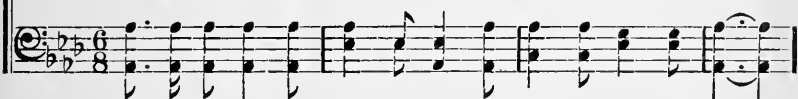

Copyright, 1904, by Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio.

W. L. T.


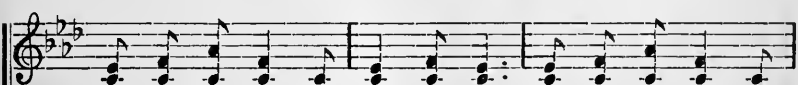
Hope Publishing Co., owners.

WILL L. THOMPSON.


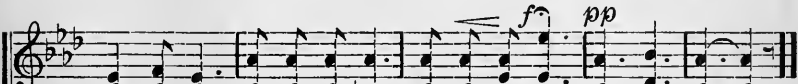
- 
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter Friend;


He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
 I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 Oh, how could I this Friend de-ny, When He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
 He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that

cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
 gold - en grain; Sunshine and rain, har-vest of grain, He's my Friend.
 day and night; Follow-ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
 has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.



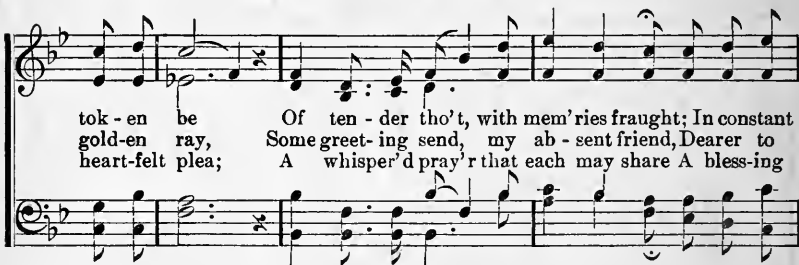
E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1912, by W. H. Doane. By per.


W. H. DOANE.

Slowly and tenderly.


1. When far a - way, re - mem - ber me; Let ev - 'ry star a
 2. Or, when the fair, re - turn - ing day Brightens the sky with
 3. When far a - way, re - mem - ber me; And lift a - bove, a



tok - en be Of ten - der tho't, with mem'ries fraught; In constant
 gold-en ray, Some greet-ing send, my ab - sent friend, Dearer to
 heart-felt plea; A whisper'd pray'r that each may share A blessing



rit. CHORUS.
 love, dear friend, re-mem - ber me.
 me than flow'rs in love - ly May. } When far a - way, re-mem - ber me;
 till we shall each oth - er see. }



Sweet hopes will cheer us then; Fond mem-'ry's gleam shall



rit.
 light the hearts glad dream; Re-mem - ber me, un - til we meet a - gain.

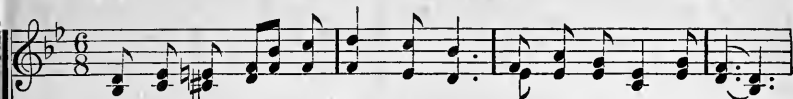
God Will Take Care of You.

(Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.)

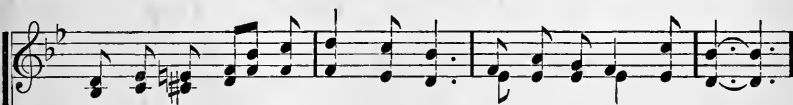
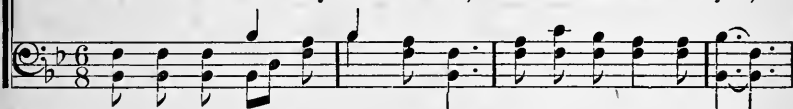
C. D. MARTIN.

Copyright, 1905, by John A. Davis. By per.

W. S. MARTIN.



1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



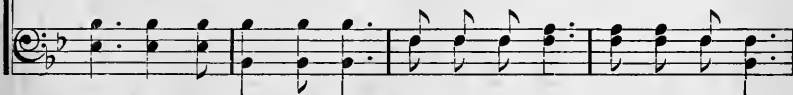
Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
 When dangers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean,wea-ry one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.



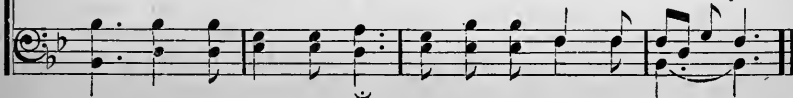
CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



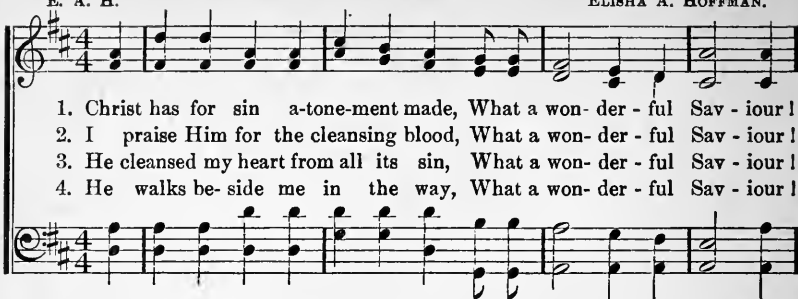
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
 take care of you.



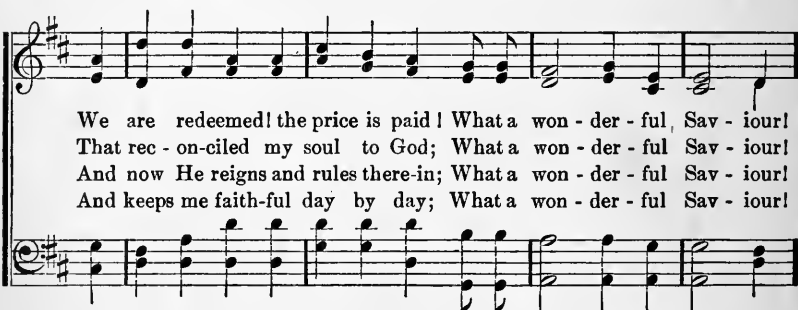
E. A. H.

Copyright, 1891, by The Biglow & Main Co., New York. By per.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 4. He walks be-side me in the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!

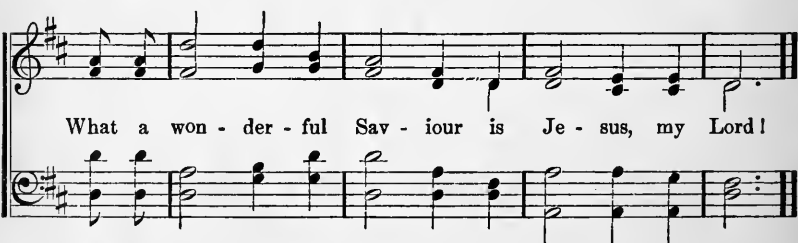


We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 That rec-on-ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 And keeps me faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!

CHORUS.



What a won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Je-sus!



What a won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Lord!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
 What a wonderful Saviour!
 And triumph in each trying hour:
 What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
 What a wonderful Saviour!
 The world shall never share a part:
 What a wonderful Saviour!

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

Copyright, 1902. by John R. Clements. Used by per.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' bur-dens heav-y we here must bear, And the eyes are made
 2. With toil-some ef-fort in faith we sow, Tho' no har-vest our
 3. We'll la-bor with a smile and a song, And we'll give to the

dim with tears, There'll be naught of sor-row "o-ver there" In the
 vis-ion cheers; We will not lose heart, 'twill all be plain, In the
 winds our fears, For the day of tri-als can't be long, Soon the

CHORUS.

"home of the end-less years." In the bet-ter land, In that sun-ny land,

In that E-den land, safe by and by; In that bet-ter land,

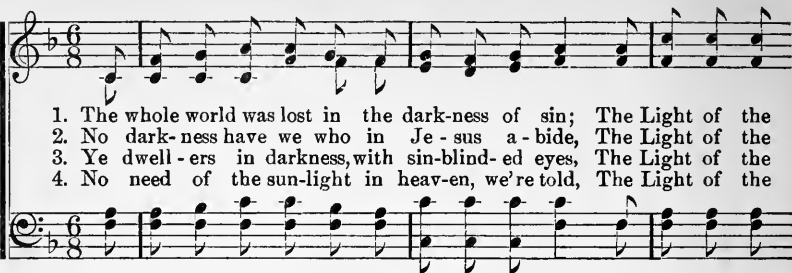
In that sun-ny land, In that E-den land, safe by and by.

86 The Light of the World is Jesus.

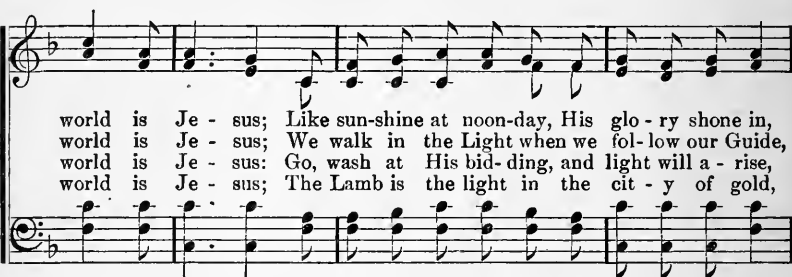
P. P. B.

Copyright, 1903, By The John Church Co. By per.

P. P. BLISS.



1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the
 2. No dark-ness have we who in Je-sus a-bide, The Light of the
 3. Ye dwell-ers in darkness, with sin-blind-ed eyes, The Light of the
 4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the

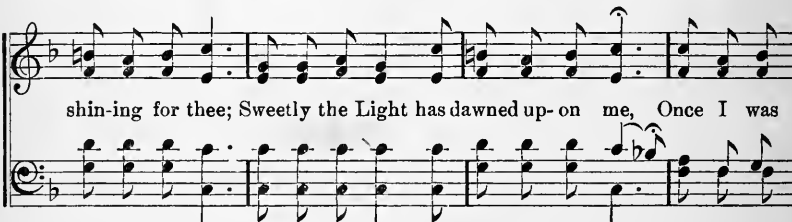


world is Je - sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day, His glo - ry shone in,
 world is Je - sus; We walk in the Light when we fol-low our Guide,
 world is Je - sus: Go, wash at His bid-ding, and light will a - rise,
 world is Je - sus; The Lamb is the light in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.



The Light of the world is Je - sus. Come to the Light, 'tis



shin-ing for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned up-on me, Once I was



blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

My Lord Abides.

INA DULEY OGDON.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I hear the sweep - ing of the storm, I see the ris - ing wave,
 2. The foe is near on ev-'ry hand, Yet cour - age fills my heart,
 3. He is my ar - mor strong and whole, His won-drous peace is mine,

But e - vil can - not do me harm, The One I trust will save.
 For with my Lord I shall withstand And quench the fier - y dart.
 I know my Lord will keep my soul By might and pow'r di - vine.

CHORUS.

My Lord a - bides! My Lord a - bides!.....

My Lord a - bides! My Lord a - bides!

And in His strength my weak - ness hides; I trust in

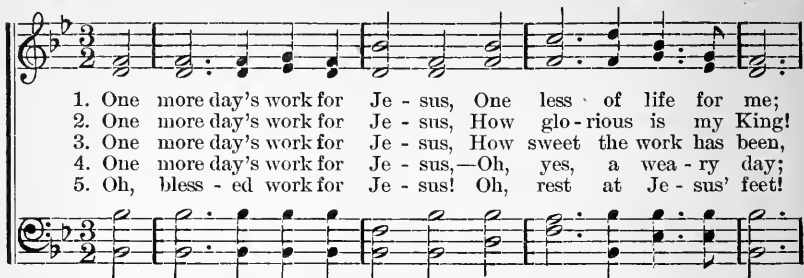
Him, what - e'er be - tides, My bless - ed Lord a - bides.

88 One More Day's Work for Jesus.

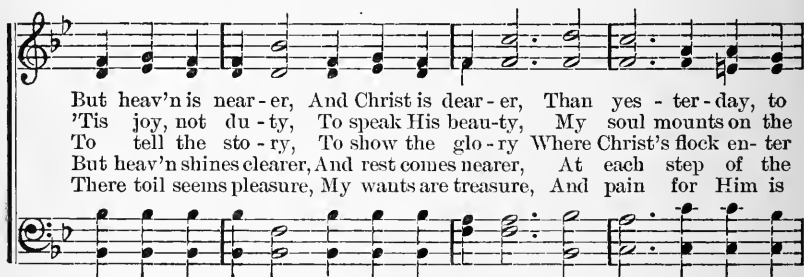
ANNA WARNER.

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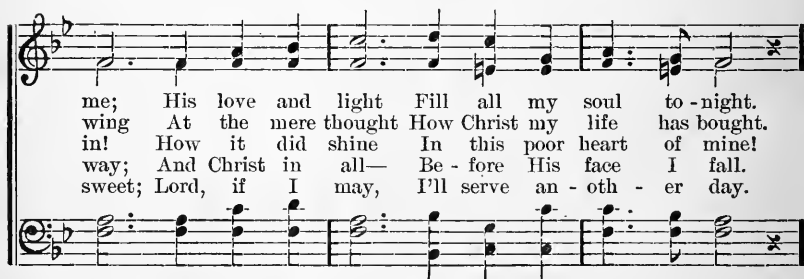
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me;
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus, How glo - rious is my King!
 3. One more day's work for Je - sus, How sweet the work has been,
 4. One more day's work for Je - sus, —Oh, yes, a wea - ry day;
 5. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je - sus' feet!

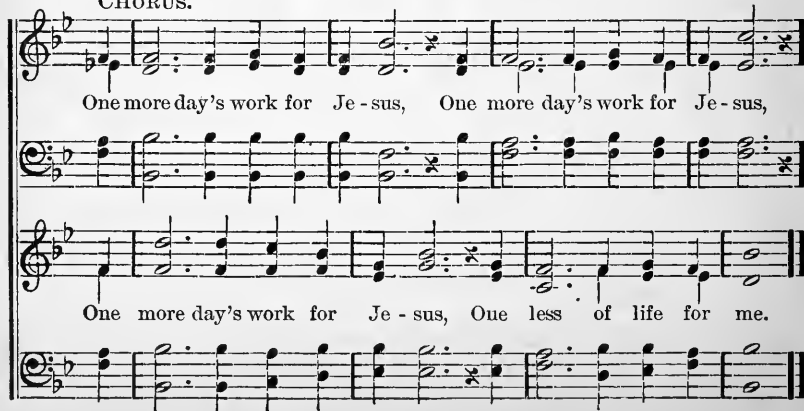


But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes - ter - day, to
 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak His beau - ty, My soul mounts on the
 To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry Where Christ's flock en - ter
 But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the
 There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure, And pain for Him is



me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.
 wing At the mere thought How Christ my life has bought.
 in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
 way; And Christ in all—Be - fore His face I fall.
 sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.

CHORUS.



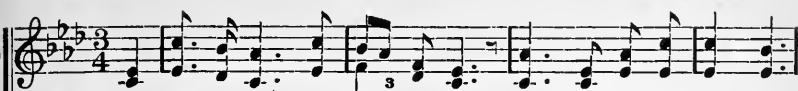
One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,
 One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

Since I Found My Saviour.

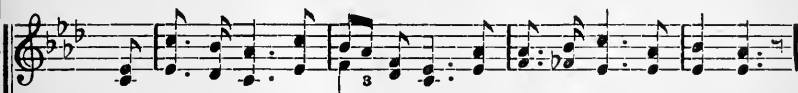
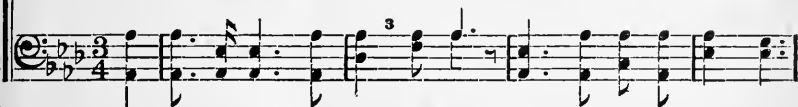
E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1892. By per. L. E. Sweeney, Exo.

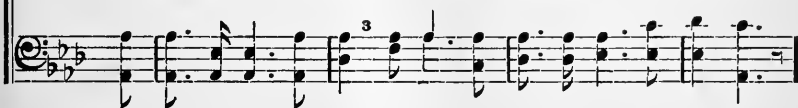
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. Life wears a dif - ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav - iour;
2. He sought me in His won-drous love, So I found my Sav - iour,
3. The pass - ing clouds may in - ter-vene, Since I found my Sav - iour,
4. A strong hand kind-ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - iour,



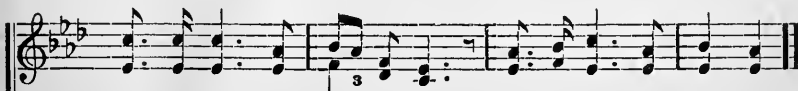
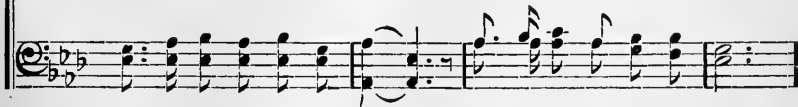
Rich mer-cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav-iour.
 He brought sal-va-tion from a-bove, My dear, al-might-y Sav-iour.
 But He is with me, though un-seen, My ev - er-pres-ent Sav-iour.
 It leads me on-ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav-iour.



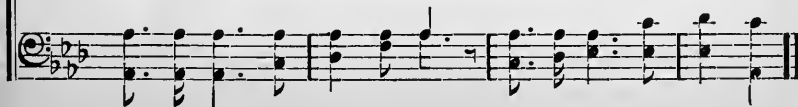
CHORUS.



Gold-en sunbeams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,



Heav - en seems not far a-way, Since I found my Sav - iour.



1. I have blessings new, like the morning dew, In the way that I walk
 2. Thro' the darkest night, I've a shin-ing light In the way that He lead
 3. In the heat of day, in the Master's way, He re-fresh-es my soul
 4. When the fight is long 'gainst the hosts of wrong Still I know he will give

with my Lord, And I find each day light up-on my way As I
 eth me on, And the shad-ows dim are so bright in Him Till the
 at the spring That is nev-er dry, for my Lord is nigh And He
 vic-to-ry, So I'll march a-long sing-ing Vic-t'ry's song In the

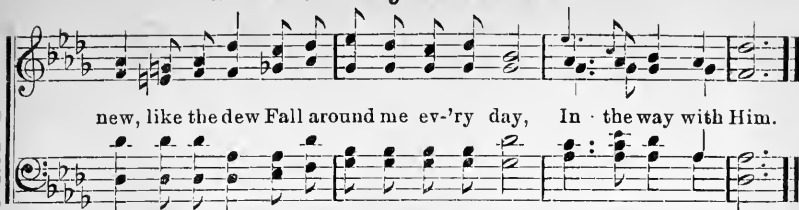
CHORUS.

walk in the light of His word.
 night, with its shad-ows, is gone.
 shel-ters me there with His wing.
 way that my Lord walks with me.

In the way, with
 the way,

Him— with Him, In the way, with Him— Blessings
 the way,

In the Way with Him.



new, like the dew Fall around me ev'-ry day, In - the way with Him.

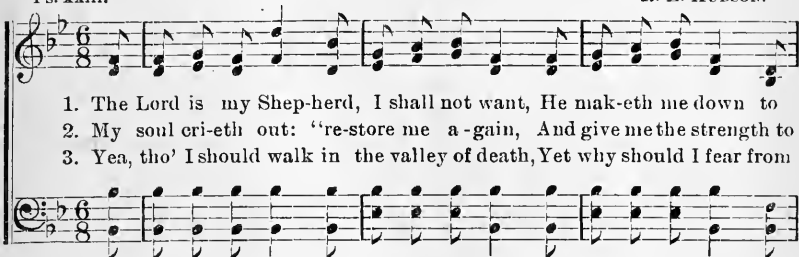
91

His Yoke is Easy.

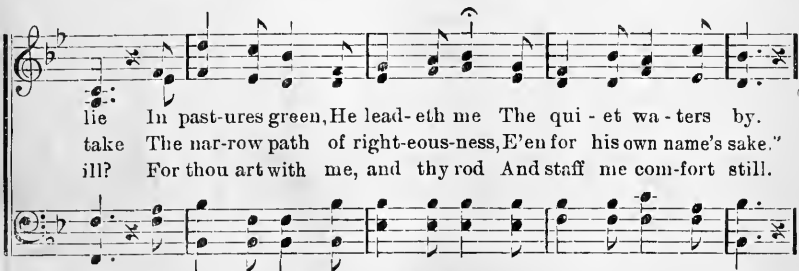
Ps. xxiii.

By permission.

R. E. HUDSON.

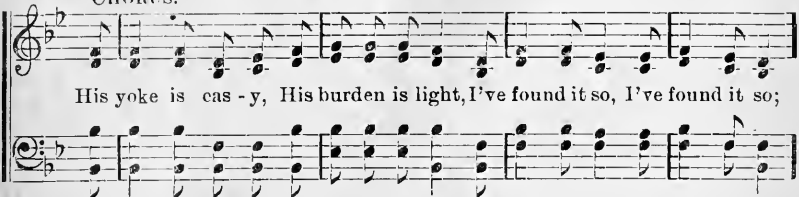


1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want, He mak-eth me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk in the valley of death, Yet why should I fear from

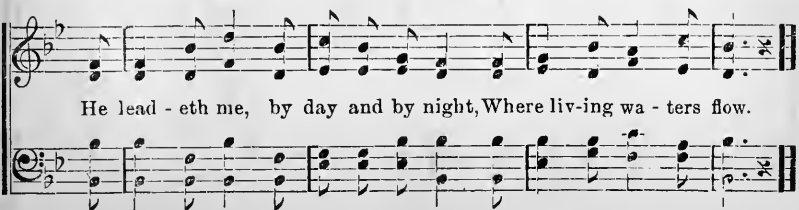


lie In past-ures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
take The nar-row path of right-eous-ness, E'en for his own name's sake."
ill? For thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me com-fort still.

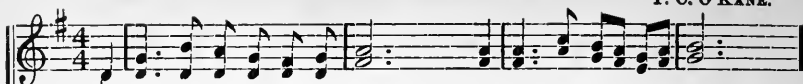
CHORUS.



His yoke is cas-y, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;

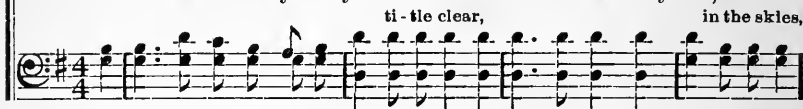


He lead-eth me, by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

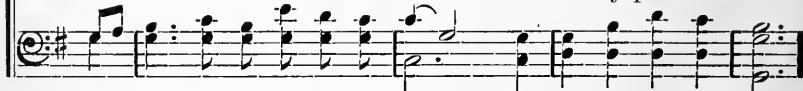


1. When I can read my ti-tle clear,
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come,
4. There I shall bathe my weary soul

To mansions in the skies,
And fier-y darts be hurled,
Let storms of sor-row fall—
In seas of heav-en-ly rest,



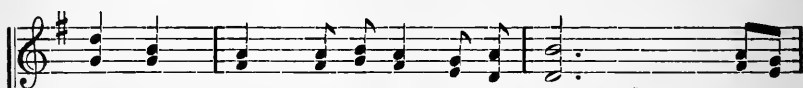
I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear,... And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tau's rage, .. And face a frown-ing world.
So I but safe-ly reach my home,.. My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trou-ble roll.... A-cross my peace-ful breast.



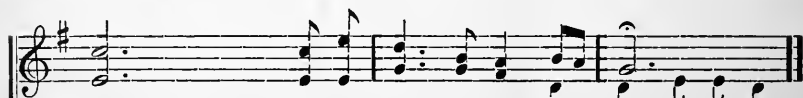
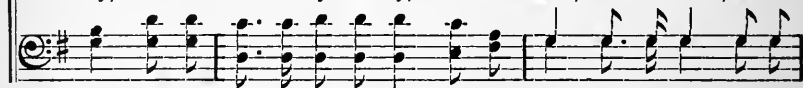
CHORUS.



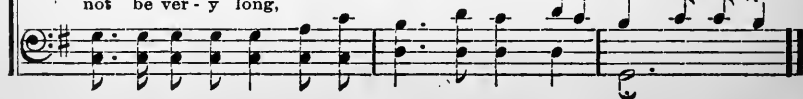
We will stand the storm, We will an-chor
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver-y long; We will an-chor by and



by and by, by and by, We will stand the
by, We will an-chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm; It will



storm, We will an-chor by and by. (by and by.)
not be ver-y long,

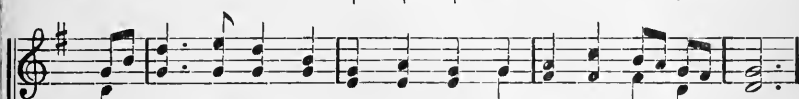
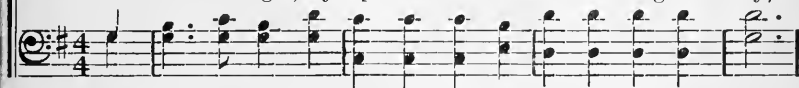


On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

T. O. O'KANE.



1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all these wide ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Fill'd with de-light, my rap - tured soul Would here no long - er stay;



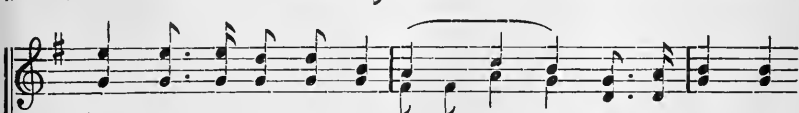
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
 When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
 Tho' Jor - dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.



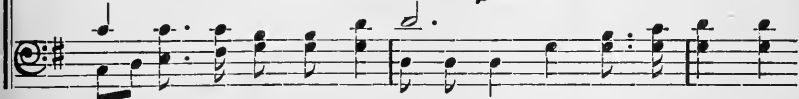
CHORUS.



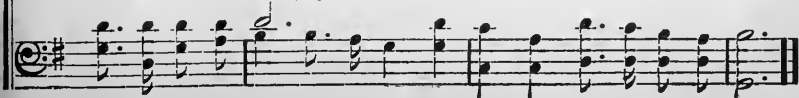
We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, Just a -

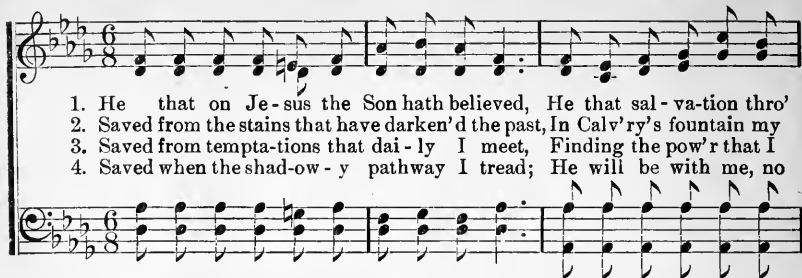


cross on the ev - er - green shore, Sing the song of
 ev - er - green shore.

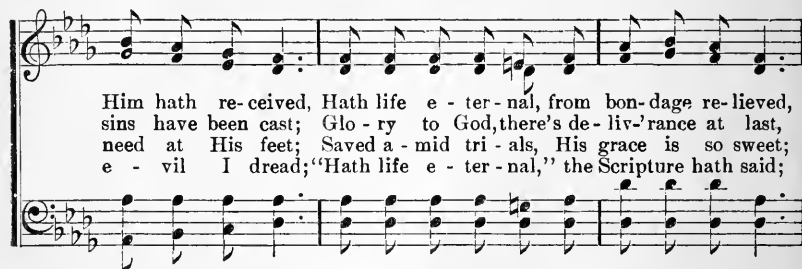


Mo - ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.






1. He that on Je-sus the Son hath believed, He that sal-va-tion thro'
 2. Saved from the stains that have darken'd the past, In Calv'ry's fountain my
 3. Saved from tempta-tions that dai-ly I meet, Finding the pow'r that I
 4. Saved when the shad-ow-y pathway I tread; He will be with me, no

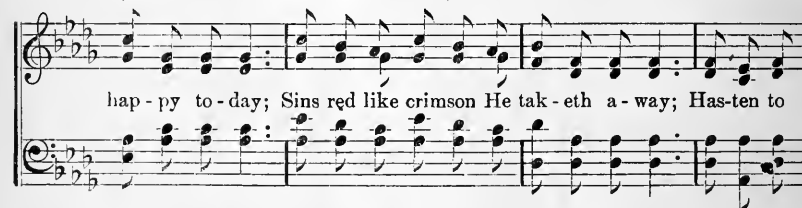


Him hath re-ceived, Hath life e-ter-nal, from bon-dage re-lieved,
 sins have been cast; Glo-ry to God, there's de-liv-rance at last,
 need at His feet; Saved a-mid tri-als, His grace is so sweet;
 e-vil I dread; "Hath life e-ter-nal," the Scripture hath said;

CHORUS.



He is saved now and for-ev-er.
 I am saved now and for-ev-er.
 I am saved now and for-ev-er.
 I am saved now and for-ev-er. } Trust-ing in Je-sus, be



hap-py to-day; Sins red like crimson He tak-eth a-way; Has-ten to



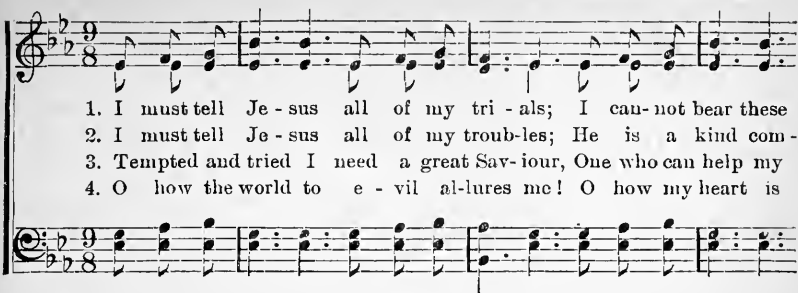
serve Him, and sing on your way, I am saved now and for-ev-er.

I Must Tell Jesus.

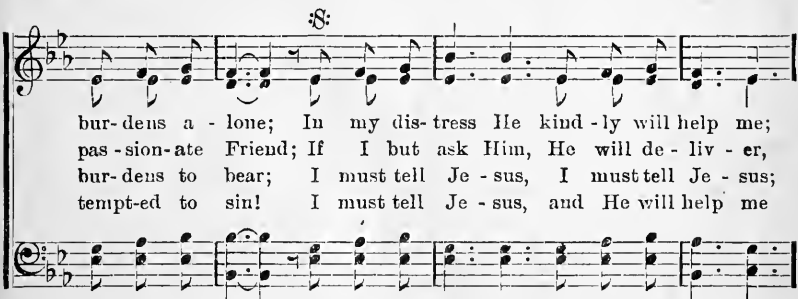
E. A. H.

Copyright, 1893, by The Hoffman Music Co. By per.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is



bur-dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me;
 pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv-er,
 bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me


D.S.—I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!



FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub-les quick-ly an end.
 He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic-'try to win.

I must tell Je - sus!



Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.



I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my burdens a - lone.

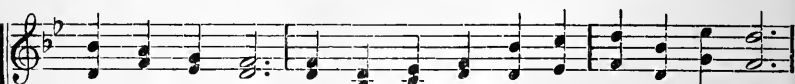
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A. H. A.

ALFRED H. ACKLEY.



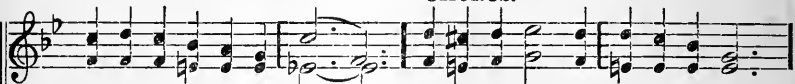
1. Ye who the love of a moth-er have known, There is a love sweet-er
2. Je - sus en-treats you in Him to con-fide, Make Him your constant com-
3. Heav-en, with all of its beau-ty so rare, With my Re-deem-er can



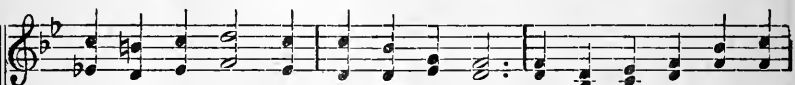
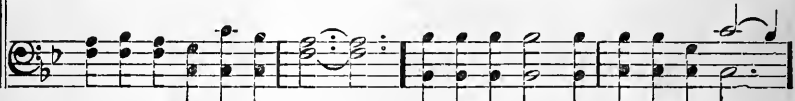
far you may own, Love all suf - fi - cient for sin to a - tone;
pan-ion and guide; He can do more than the whole world be - side;
nev - er com - pare; He is the glo - ry tran-scend-ent up there;



CHORUS.



Je-sus is dear-er than all. Dear-er than all, yes, dear-er than all,



He is my King, be - fore Him I fall; No friend like Je - sus my



soul can en - thrall, Je - sus is dear-er, far dear-er than all.



Speak to My Soul.

L. L. P.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett. By per.

Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend' rest tone; Whisper in
 2. Speak to Thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with
 3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal Thy will; Let me know

loving kindness: "Thou art not left a - lone." O - pen my heart to hear Thee
 joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con - se - cra - tion
 all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill. Lead me to glo - ri - fy Thee,

Quickly to hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with praises, Let me in Thee rejoice.
 Yield their whole lives to Thee, Hasten Thy coming kingdom, 'Till our dear Lord we see.
 Help me to show Thy praise, Gladly to do Thy bidding, Honor Thee all my days.

CHORUS.

{ Speak Thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whis - pers of love to me;
 { Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Al - ways in tend' - rest tone;

"Thou shalt be al - ways conq'ror, Thou shalt be al - ways free." }
 Let me now hear Thy whisper, "Thou art not left (Omit.....) } a - lone."

E. E. HEWITT.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Are you washed in the blood that was shed for you and me? Are you
 2. Are you saved by the grace of the bless-ed Son of God? Are you
 3. Have you walked in the steps of the Man of Gal-i-lee? Are you

saved, saved to serve? Have you come to the fount-ain that
 saved, saved to serve? Have you published the fame of His
 saved, saved to serve? Are you send-ing the Word o-ver
 Are you saved, saved to serve?

flows from Cal-va-ry? Are you saved, saved to serve?
 wondrous works abroad? Are you saved, saved to serve?
 land and o-ver sea? Are you saved, saved to serve?
 Are you saved, saved to serve?

CHORUS.

'Are you serv-ing Him who died for you? Are you
 who died for you?

true to Him, as He is true? From your glad al-legiance, nev-er

Are You Saved to Serve?

more to swerve, Are you saved, saved to serve?
Are you saved, saved to serve?

99

I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm
2. Once I was lost, and way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The
passions fierce within; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, And
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D.S.—cause He first loved me, And

FINE. CHORUS.

precious blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. } I love Him, I love Him, Be-
tell the world around the peace that He doth give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal - va - ry.

I Shall See the King.

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

1. In the land of song With the ransomed throng, Where there nev - er
 2. On the gold - en strand Of the bet - ter land, In the realm of
 3. I shall see the King, All my trib - utes bring, And shall look up

comes a night, With my Lord onceslain I shall ev - er reign, In the
 end - less day, Where the an - gels sing I shall see the King, And with
 on His face; Then my song shall be How He ransomed me And has

CHORUS.

bless - ed land of light.
 Him shall ev - er stay. } So pray - ing till I win my
 kept me by His grace. }

crown. Then lay - ing ev - 'ry bur - den down; And my

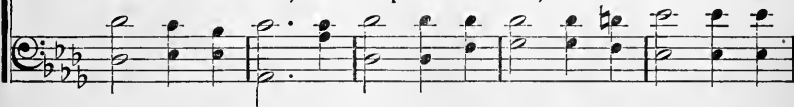
eye - lids close in a calm re - pose, I shall see the King.



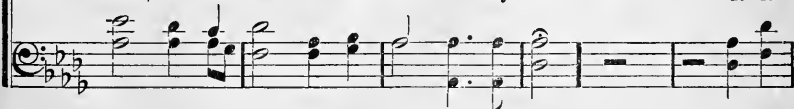
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - rious thought—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



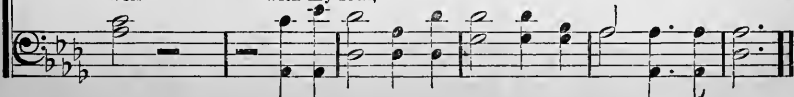
sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -
part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de -



say, It is well, it is well with my soul. } It is well.....
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. }
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! }
scend, "E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. } It is



..... with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
well with my soul,



A. M. STARKWEATHER.

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JAMES M. BLACK.

1. I am nev - er a - lone, tho' the shad - ows May fall o'er the
 2. I am nev - er a - lone in my tri - als, Where du - ty com -
 3. I am nev - er a - lone, for my Sav - iour Is with me by
 4. I am walk - ing and talk - ing with Je - sus, Each day as I

place I a - bide, (a-bide,) For an un - seen Compan - ion is with me, Who
 mands me to be; (to be;) For be - hold, in the midst of the fur - nace, The
 day and by night, (by night,) Keeping close by His side ev - 'ry mo - ment: He
 jour - ney a - long; (a-long;) I am nev - er a - lone, hal - le - lu - jah! His

CHORUS.

al - ways keeps close to my side.
 dear Son of God walks with me.
 fills all my soul with de - light.
 prais - es break forth in - to song.

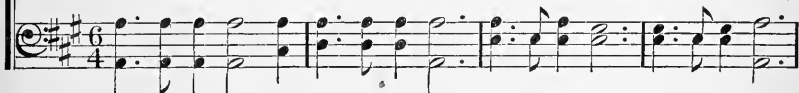
Nev - er a - lone, nev - er a - lone,

I'm nev - er, no, nev - er a - lone;..... He's with me al -
 no, nev - er a - lone;

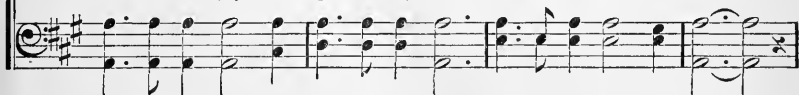
way, by night and by day, I'm nev - er, no, nev - er a - lone.



1. Out of my bondage, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come:
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



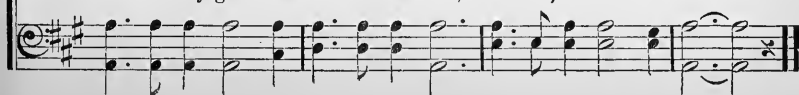
In-to Thy freedom, gladness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sickness into Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
 Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a-bove,
 Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy shel-tering fold,



Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.



LIZZIE DEARMOND.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Askley.

KATHERINE HOWE.

1. There's a song in my heart I am sing - ing al - way, It fills me with
 2. There's a song in my heart, O the joy that it brings, It drives a - way
 3. There's a song in my heart you can learn if you will, It came from our

com - fort and cheer; Like the chime of sweet bells sounding day aft - er day,
 trou - ble and care; With the mu - sic of heav - en un - ceas - ing it rings,
 Fa - ther a - bove; With new glo - ry and glad - ness your soul it will fill,

CHORUS.

'Tis the love of my Sav - iour so dear.....
 'Tis a balm for all sorrow and de - spair.....
 If you dwell in His ev - er - last - ing love..... } Love is the song I am
my Saviour so dear.

sing - ing, Down in my heart sweet and clear;..... Love is the

song I am sing - ing, The love of my Sav - iour dear.

105 While the Years are Rolling On.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

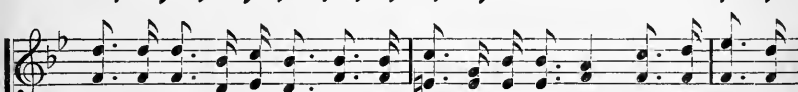
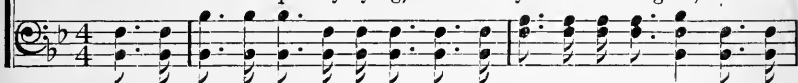
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JNO. R. SWENEY.

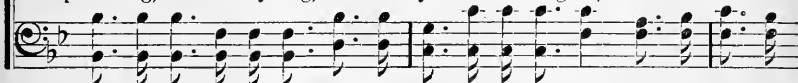
Recitante.



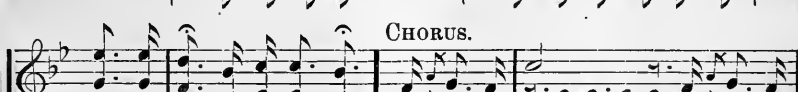
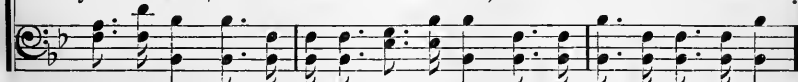
1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on, Christian
2. There's no time to waste in sighing, While the years are rolling on; Time is
3. Let us strengthen one an-oth-er, While the years are rolling on; Seek to
4. Friends we love are quickly flying, While the years are rolling on; No more



souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on; While our journey
fly - ing, souls are dy - ing, While the years are rolling on; Lov - ing words a
raise a fall-en broth-er, While the years are rolling on; This is work for
part - ing, no more dy - ing, While the years are rolling on; In the world be-

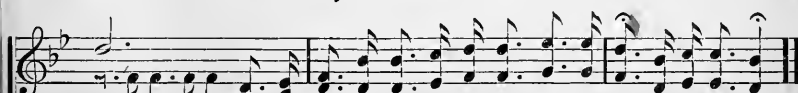


we pur-sue, With the ha-ven still in view, There is work for us to do,
soul may win, From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'ers in,
ev - 'ry hand, Till, throughout creation's land, Armies for the Lord shall stand,
yond the tomb, Sor - row nev-er more can come, When we meet in that blest home.

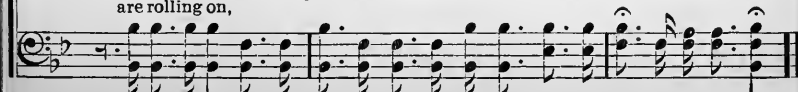


CHORUS.

While the years are rolling on. Are roll - ing on, Are roll-ing
Are roll-ing on,



on, Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.
are rolling on,



W. J. K.


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1. Saved to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's, Je - sus my
 2. Saved to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near, Keep-ing me
 3. Saved to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was
 4. Saved to the ut - ter-most: cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le -

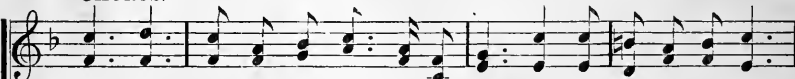


Sav - iour sal - va - tion af - fords, Gives me His Spir - it a
 safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es,
 dark - ness, but now it is day, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of
 lu - jahs to Je - sus, my King; Ran - som'd and par - don'd, re -




wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
 how I am blest! Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest!
 glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright - ness re - vealed un - to me."
 deemed by His blood, Cleansed from un - right - eous - ness, glo - ry to God!

CHORUS.



Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most, Saved, saved by pow - er di - vine;



Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most, Je - sus the Sav - iour is mine.

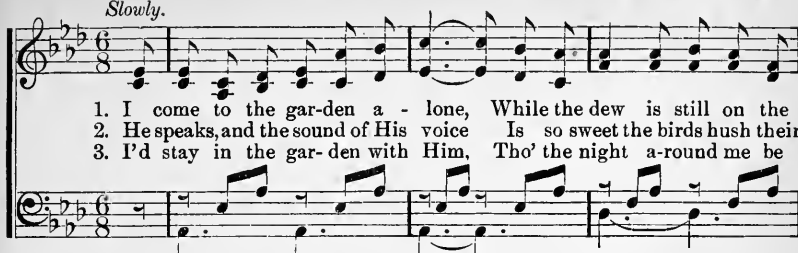
In the Garden.


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C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

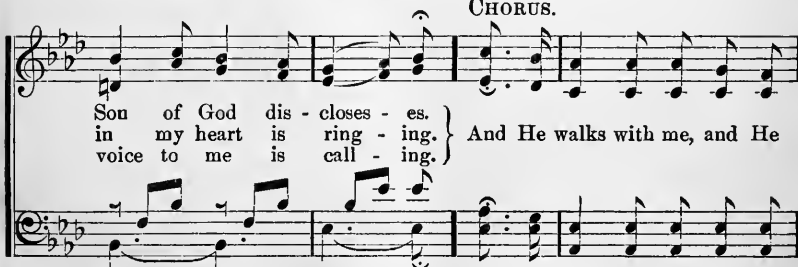
Slowly.

- 
1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be




ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
sing - ing; And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.



Son of God dis - closes - es. } And He walks with me, and He
in my heart is ring - ing. }
voice to me is call - ing. }



talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the joy we



share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

108 I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

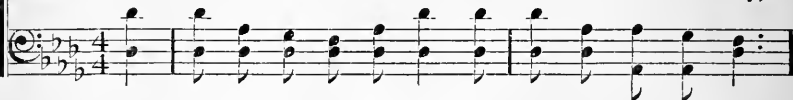
P. H. DINGMAN.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. You ask what makes me hap - py, my heart so free from care,
2. I was a friend-less wand'rer till Je - sus took me in,
3. I wish that ev - 'ry sin - ner be - fore His throne would bow;
4. I mean to live for Je - sus while here on earth I stay,



It is be - cause my Sav - iour in mer - cy heard my pray'r;
My life was full of sor - row, my heart was full of sin;
He waits to bid them wel - come, He longs to bless them now;
And when His voice shall call me to realms of end - less day;



He brought me out of dark - ness and now the light I see;
But when the blood so pre - cious spoke par - don to my soul;
If they but knew the rap - ture that in His love I see,
As one by one we gath - er, re - joic - ing on the shore,



O bless - ed, lov - ing Sav - iour! To Him the praise shall be.
O bliss - ful, bliss - ful mo - ment! 'Twas joy be - yond con - trol.
They'd come and shout sal - va - tion, and sing His praise with me.
We'll shout His praise in glo - ry, and sing for ev - er - more.



I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

CHORUS.

I will shout His praise in glory,.....

And we'll all sing halle-

So will I, so will I,

lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will in heav-en by and by.

109

He Holds the Key.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

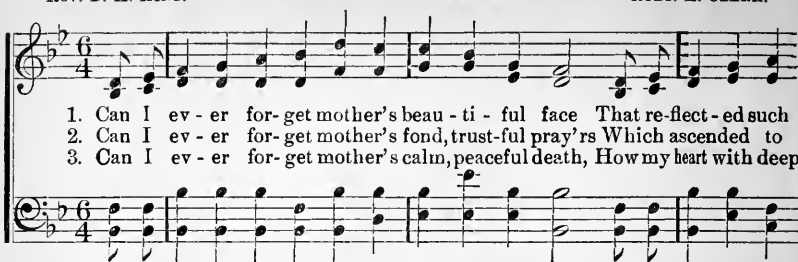
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GEO. C. STEBBINS.

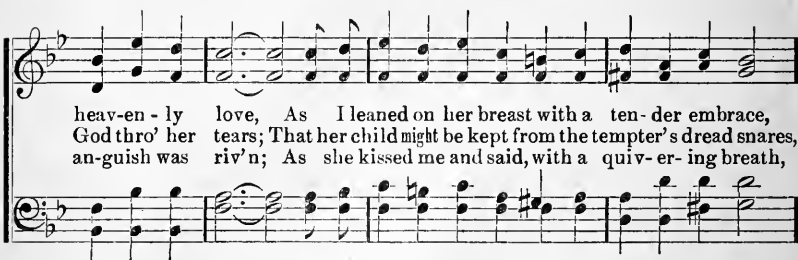
1. He holds the key of all un-known, And I am glad;
2. What if to-morrow's cares were here With-out its rest?
3. The ver-y dim-ness of my sight Makes me se-cure;
4. E-nough; this cov-ers all my wants, And so I rest;

If oth-er hands should hold the key, Or, if He trust-ed
I'd rath-er He'd un-lock the day, And, as the hours swing
For, grop-ing in my mist-y way, I feel His hand; I
For, what I can-not, He can see, And, in His care I

it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.
o-pen, say, "My will is best," "My will is best."
hear Him say, "My help is sure," "My help is sure."
safe shall be, For-ev-er blest, For-ev-er blest.

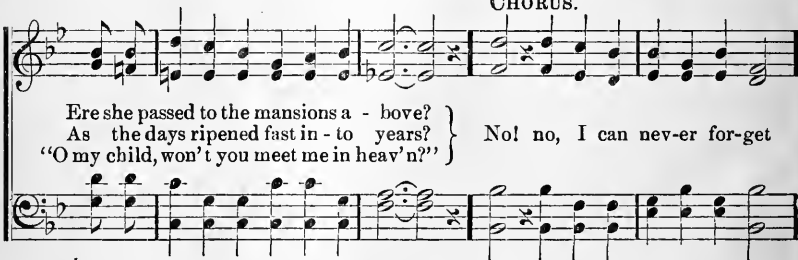


1. Can I ev - er for - get mother's beau - ti - ful face That re - flect - ed such
2. Can I ev - er for - get mother's fond, trust - ful pray'rs Which ascended to
3. Can I ev - er for - get mother's calm, peaceful death, How my heart with deep

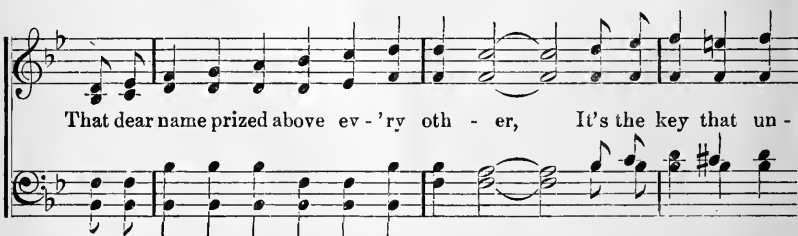


heav - en - ly love, As I leaned on her breast with a ten - der embrace,
God thro' her tears; That her child might be kept from the tempter's dread snares,
an - guish was riv'n; As she kissed me and said, with a quiv - er - ing breath,

CHORUS.



Ere she passed to the mansions a - bove?
As the days ripened fast in - to years?
"O my child, won't you meet me in heav'n?" } No! no, I can nev - er for - get



That dear name prized above ev - 'ry oth - er, It's the key that un -



locks the glad scenes of the past, The beau - ti - ful name of moth - er.

111 Must I Go and Empty Handed?

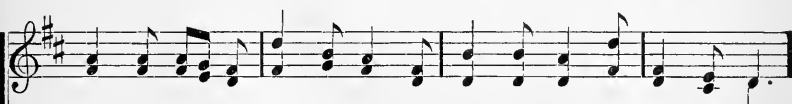
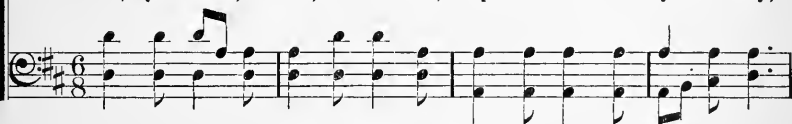
C. C. LUTHER.

Copyright, 1906, by Geo. C. Stebbins Renewal By per.

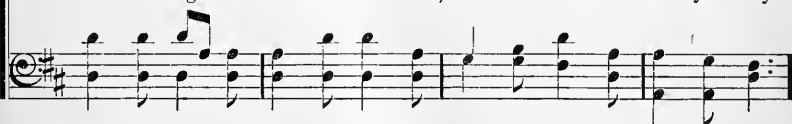
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. "Must I go and emp-ty hand-ed," Thus my dear Re-deem-er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal-ter, For my Sav-iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin-ning wast-ed, Could I but re-call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be earn-est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,



Not one day of ser-vice give Him, Lay no tro-phy at His feet.
But to meet Him emp-ty hand-ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav-iour, To His will I'd glad-ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.



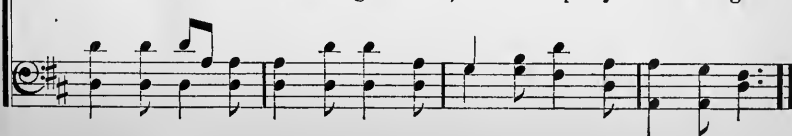
CHORUS.



"Must I go and emp-ty hand-ed," Must I meet my Sav-iour so?



Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp-ty hand-ed go?



1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp -
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on

mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress,
 dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,
 ta - tion strong; When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
 earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks—

CHORUS.

And the way grows wea - ry and long?
 Does He care e - nough to be near?
 Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 Is it aught to Him? Does He see?

O yes, He cares; I

ad lib.
 know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;..... When the

rit.
 days are wea-ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares. He cares.

113 Safe Within the Vail.

J. M. EVANS.



1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green;
2. On - ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See, the bless - ed wave their hands,
3. There, let go the an - chor, rid - ing On this calm and silv'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temp - ta - tion, All the storms of life are past;



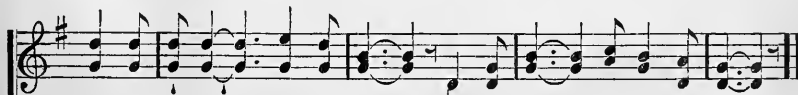
And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God re-sounding From the bright immor - tal bands
Sea - ward fast the tide is glid - ing, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.
Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, We are safe at home at last.



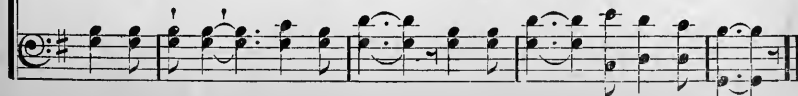
CHORUS.



Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore,



Drop the an - chor! furl the sail! I am safe with - in the vail!



ELLEN DARE.

Copyright, 1892. L. E. Sweeney, Exec. By per.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till
 2. Send out the sunlight in let-ter and word; Speak it and think it till
 3. Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile, Oft - en it short-ens the
 4. Send out the sunlight, you have it in you! Clouds may ob-scure it just

it dis - ap - pear—Souls are in wait-ing the mes - sage to hear,
 hearts are all stirred—Hearts that are hun - gry for pray'rs still un - heard,
 long, wea - ry mile, Oft - en the bur - dens seem light for a - while,
 now from your view; Pray for its presencel your pray'r will come true,

CHORUS.

Send out the sun-light of love. Send out the sun-light of the

love,..... Send out the sunlight of love,..... Send out the
 sunlight of love, the sunlight of love,


sunlight, Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight of love.....
 the sunlight of love.

115 As Goes America, So Goes the World.

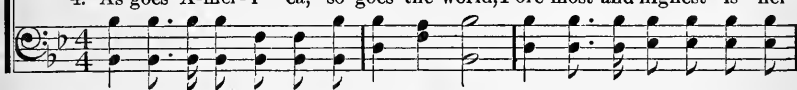
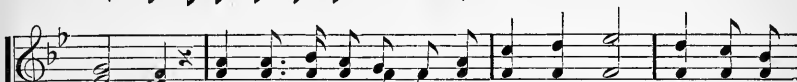
P. HARTSOUGH.

Copyright, 1899, by Fillmore Bros. By per.

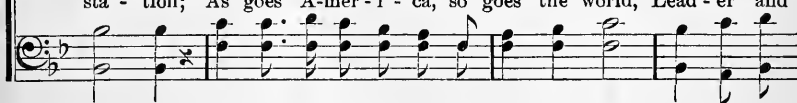
J. H. FILLMORE.



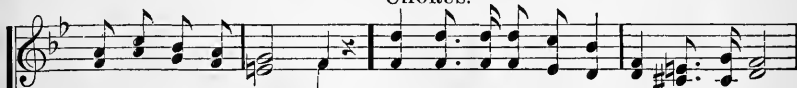
1. As goes A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world, Here where the fight for truth is
 2. As goes A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world, Here freedom makes her last en-
 3. As goes A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world, Here lift we Christ, the light be-
 4. As goes A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world, Fore-most and highest is her

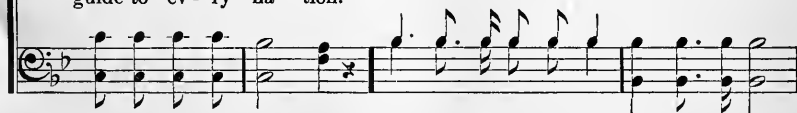
rag - ing; As goes A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world, Here where the
 deav - or; As goes A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world, Fails she, and
 stow - ing; As goes A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world, Here serve we
 sta - tion; As goes A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world, Lead - er and

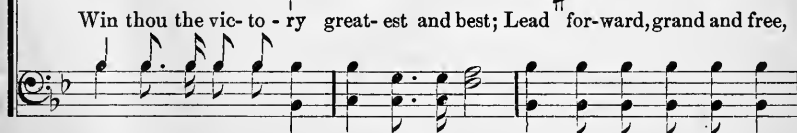


CHORUS.

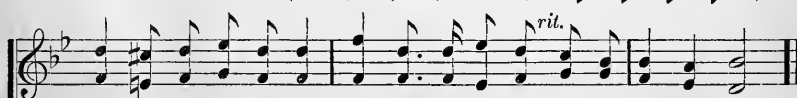


hosts are now en - gag - ing.
 all is lost for - ev - er.
 God in right-ful do - ing.
 guide to ev-'ry na - tion. } Stand thou for righteousness, peo-ple so blest,

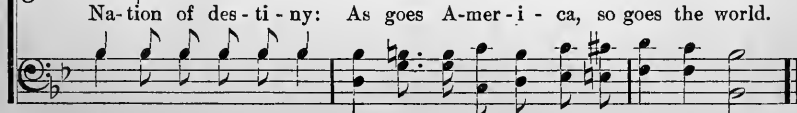




Win thou the vic-to - ry great-est and best; Lead for-ward, grand and free,



Nation of des-ti - ny: As goes A-mer-i - ca, so goes the world. *rit.*



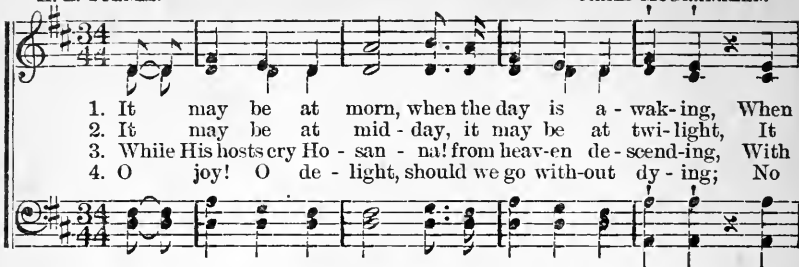
Christ Returneth.

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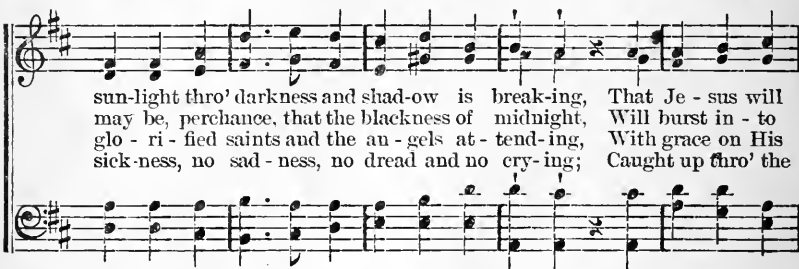
By per. Chas. M. Alexander, owner.

H. L. TURNER.

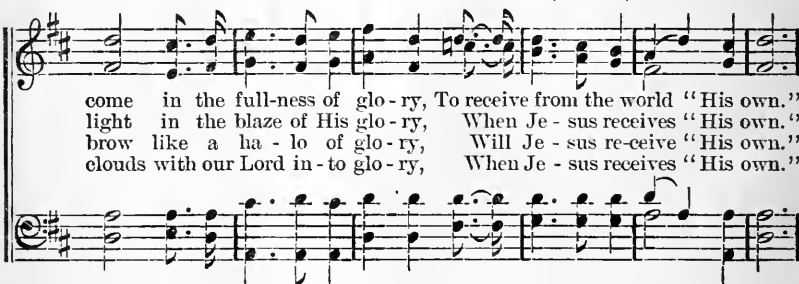
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When
 2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It
 3. While His hosts cry Ho - san - na! from heav - en de - scend - ing, With
 4. O joy! O de - light, should we go with - out dy - ing; No

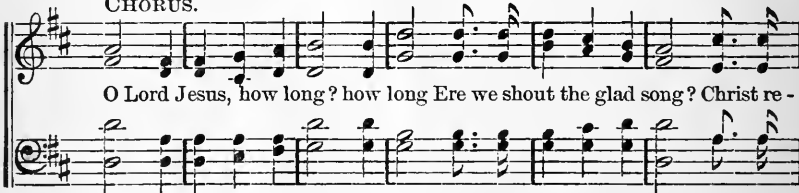


sun - light thro' darkness and shad - ow is break - ing, That Je - sus will
 may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight, Will burst in - to
 glo - ri - fied saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His
 sick - ness, no sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing; Caught up thro' the



come in the full - ness of glo - ry, To receive from the world "His own."
 light in the blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus receives "His own."
 brow like a ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
 clouds with our Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus receives "His own."

CHORUS.



O Lord Jesus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re -



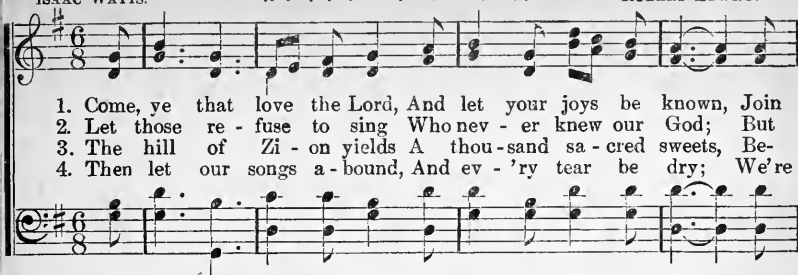
rit.
 turn - eth; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

117 Marching to Zion.

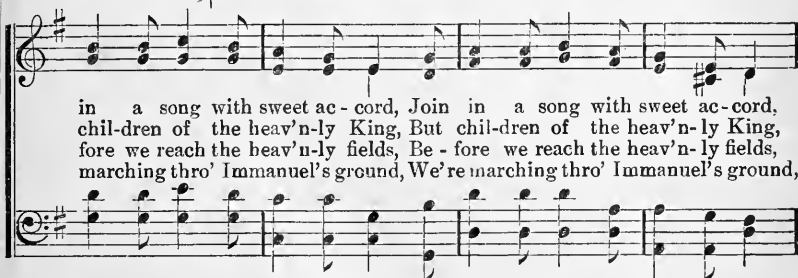
ISAAC WATTS.

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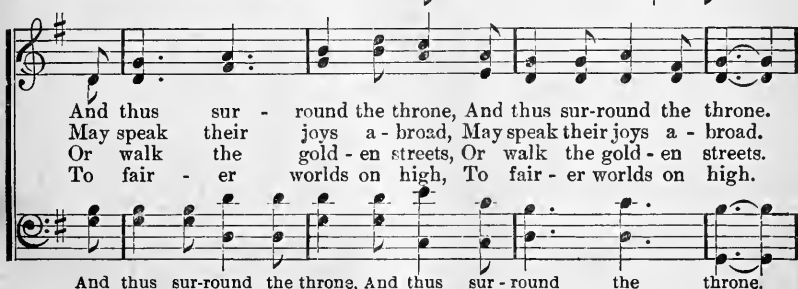
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



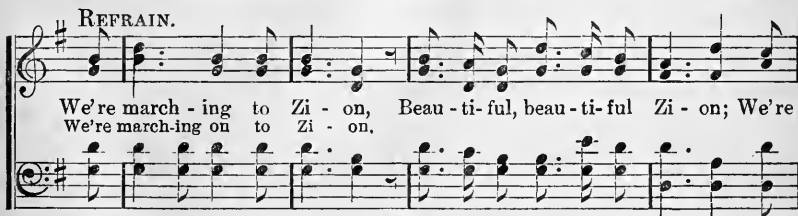
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
 chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,
 fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

REFRAIN.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

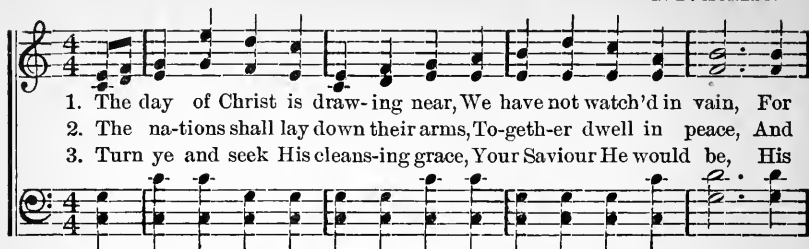


march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

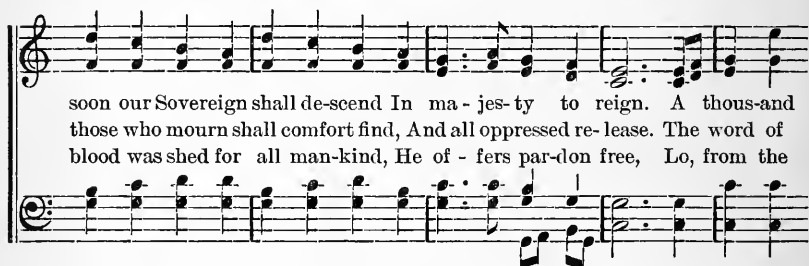
A. H. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley.

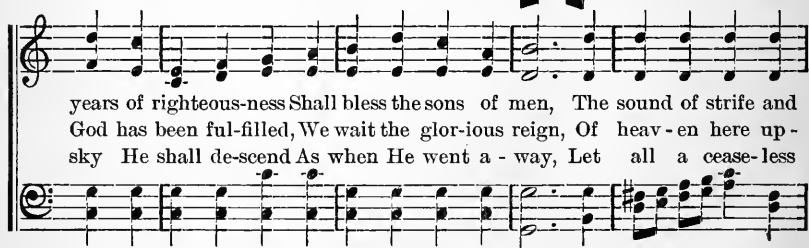
B. D. ACKLEY.



1. The day of Christ is draw-ing near, We have not watch'd in vain, For
 2. The na-tions shall lay down their arms, To-geth-er dwell in peace, And
 3. Turn ye and seek His cleans-ing grace, Your Saviour He would be, His

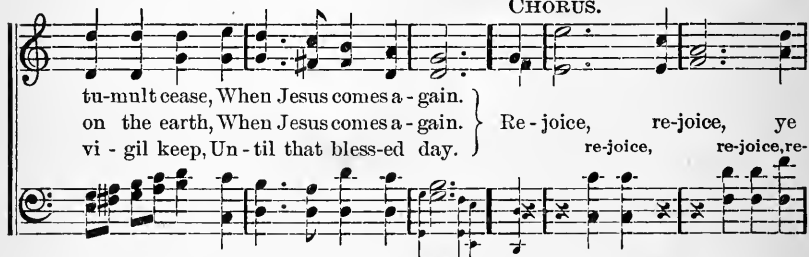


soon our Sovereign shall de-scend In ma-jes-ty to reign. A thous-and
 those who mourn shall comfort find, And all oppressed re-lease. The word of
 blood was shed for all man-kind, He of-fers par-don free, Lo, from the

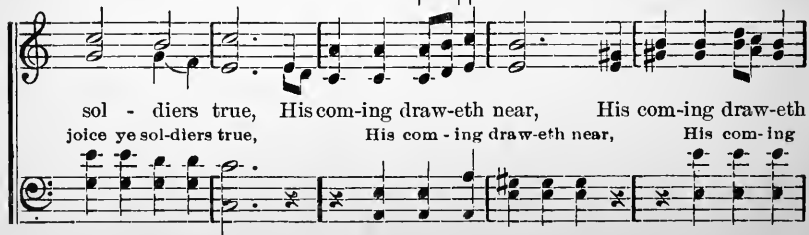


years of righteous-ness Shall bless the sons of men, The sound of strife and
 God has been ful-filled, We wait the glor-ious reign, Of heav-en here up-
 sky He shall de-scend As when He went a-way, Let all a cease-less

CHORUS.



tu-mult cease, When Jesus comes a-gain.
 on the earth, When Jesus comes a-gain. } Re-joyce, re-joyce, ye
 vi-gil keep, Un-til that bless-ed day. } re-joyce, re-joyce, re-



sol-diers true, His com-ing draw-eth near, His com-ing draw-eth
 joyce ye sol-diers true, His com-ing draw-eth near, His com-ing

When Jesus Shall Appear.

near, God haste the long-ex - pect-ed day, When Je - sus shall ap-
draw-eth near,

pear, When Je - sus shall ap - pear, When Je - sus shall ap - pear. .
Je - sus shall ap-pear,

119

Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.
FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land; }

D.C.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

D.C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

G. F. R.

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GEO. F. ROOT.

1. A-long the Riv-er of Time we glide, Along the riv-er, a-long the riv-er, The
 2. A-long the Riv-er of Time we glide, Along the riv-er, a-long the riv-er; A
 3. A-long the Riv-er of Time we glide, Along the riv-er, a-long the river; Our

swift-ly flowing, resistless tide, The swiftly flowing, the swiftly flowing, And
 thousand dangers its currents hide, A thousand dangers, a thousand dangers, And
 Sav-iour on-ly our bark can guide, Our Saviour on-ly, our Saviour on-ly, But

soon, ah, soon the end we'll see: Yes, soon 'twill come, and we will be
 near our course the rocks we see: O dread-ful thought, a wreck to be,
 with Him we se - cure may be: No fear, no doubt, but joy to be

p Float-ing, float-ing Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!


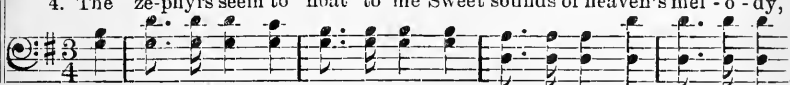
pp Float-ing, float-ing Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty. *rit.*


Beulah Land.

EDGAR PAGE.


By permission.

JNO. R. SWENBY.


- 
1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
 2. My Sav - iour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
 3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees;
 4. The ze - phyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy,
- 





Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.
He gen - tly leads me by his hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der - land.
And flowers, that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As angels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.




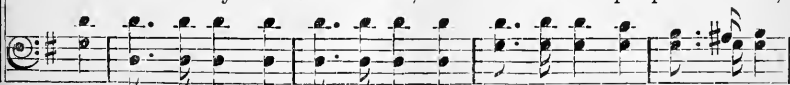
CHORUS.



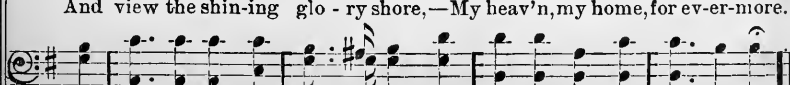
O Beu - lah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre - pared for me,



And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, — My heav'n, my home, for ev - er - more.



122 All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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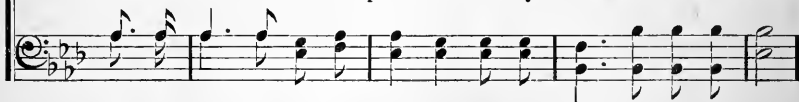
ROBERT LOWRY.



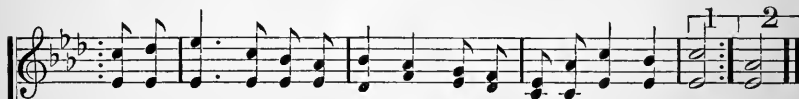
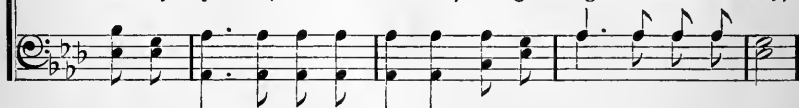
1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love!



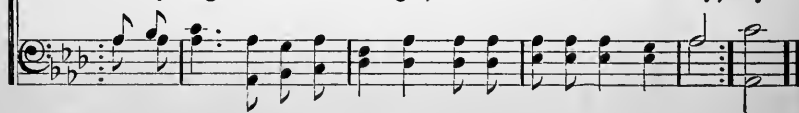
Can I doubt His ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread.
Per - fect rest to me is prom - ised In my Fa - ther's house a - bove.



Heav'n-ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wear - y steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed im - mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,




For I know, whate'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well; well.
Gushing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' endless a - ges; Je - sus led me all the way; way.





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Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
 2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
 4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre - cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;


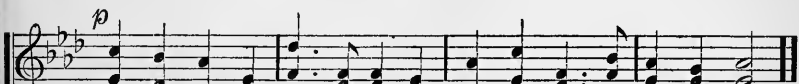
Just to rest up - on His prom - ise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.




REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

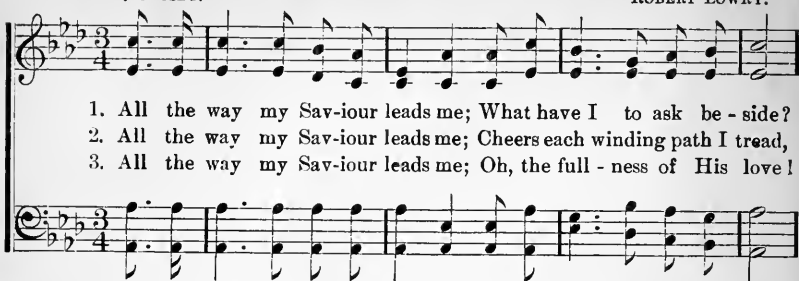


122 All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

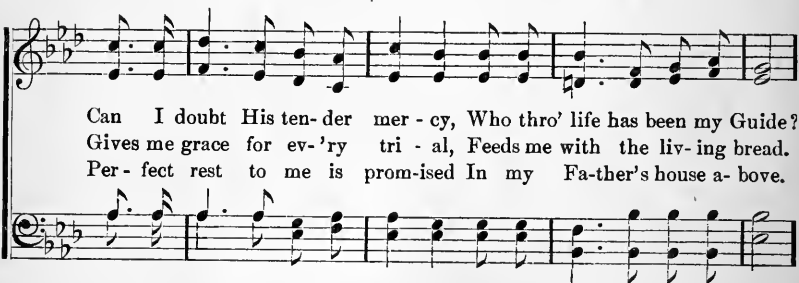
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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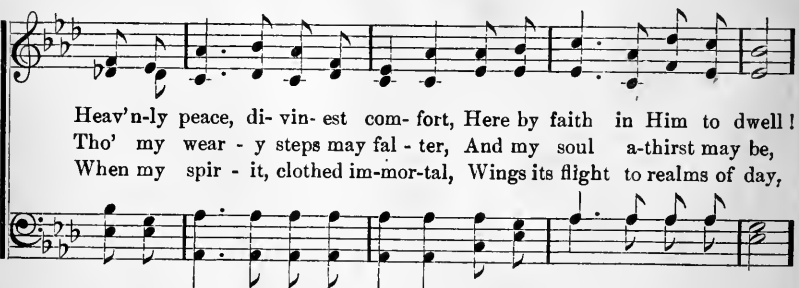
ROBERT LOWRY.



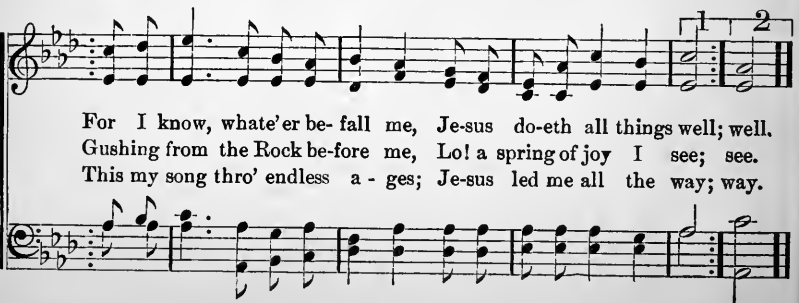
1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
 2. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread,
 3. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!



Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
 Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.



Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
 Tho' my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
 When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
 Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
 This my song thro' endless a-ges; Je-sus led me all the way; way.

123 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Copyright, 1910, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Renewal. By per.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre - cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;



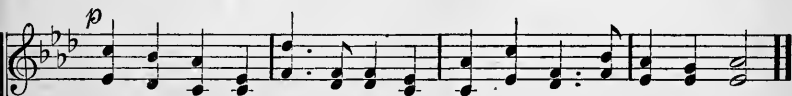
Just to rest up - on His prom - ise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.



REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.



1. I have a Sav-iour, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing
 2. I have a Fa-ther; to me He has giv-en A hope for e-
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splend-ent in white-ness, A-wait-ing in
 4. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing

Sav-iour tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in
 ter-ni-ty, bless-ed and true; And soon He will call me to
 glo-ry my won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all
 Sav-iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav-iour may

ten-der-ness o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too.
 meet Him in heav-en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
 shin-ing in bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re-ceive-ing one too!
 bring them to glo-ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS. *f* *p*
 For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing,

f *pp rall.*
 For' you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

I Love Him, Don't You?

JAS. ROWE.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

KATHERINE HOWE.



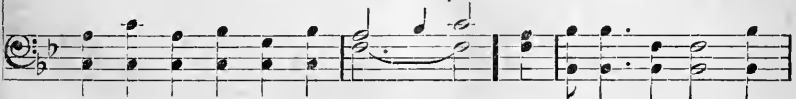
1. The Lord left His home-land of glo-ry a - bove, The work of re-
2. His Spi - rit will shield us when e - vil is near; Our strength and our
3. Bright mansion's in Heaven He builds for His own, And crowns He will



demp-tion to do; He labored and died in a pass-ion of love; I
 cour - age re - veal; Since each one may trust Him and work for Him here, I
 give each one too We all should be constantly mak-ing Him known, I



love this dear Sav-iour, don't you? . . . I love Him don't you? I
 don't you?




love Him, don't you? I want to be faithful I want to be true; On Cal - v'ry's

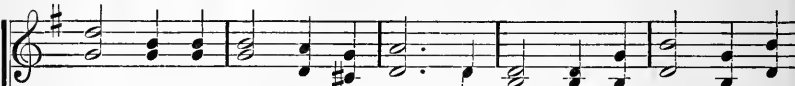


tree He redeemed you and me; I love this dear Saviour, don't you? . . .
 don't you?






1. I have a Sav- iour, He's plead- ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov- ing
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend- ent in white- ness, A - wait- ing in
 4. When Je- sus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov- ing




Sav - iour tho' earth- friends be few; And now He is watch- ing in
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to
 glo - ry my won - der- ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all
 Sav - iour is your Sav - iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may




ten - der- ness o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav- iour were your Sav- iour too.
 meet Him in heav- en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
 shin - ing in bright- ness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
 bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS. *f*



For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

f *pp* *rall.*



For° you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

I Love Him, Don't You?

JAS. ROWE.

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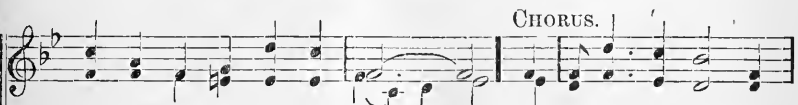
KATHERINE HOWE.



1. The Lord left His home-land of glo-ry a - bove, The work of re -
2. His Spi - rit will shield us when e - vil is near; Our strength and our
3. Bright mansion's in Heaven He builds for His own, And crowns He will



demp-tion to do; He labored and died in a pass-ion of love; I
 cour - age re - veal; Since each one may trust Him and work for Him here, I
 give each one too We all should be constantly mak-ing Him known, I



love this dear Sav-iour, don't you? . . . I love Him don't you? I
 don't you?



love Him, don't you? I want to be faithful I want to be true; On Cal - v'ry's

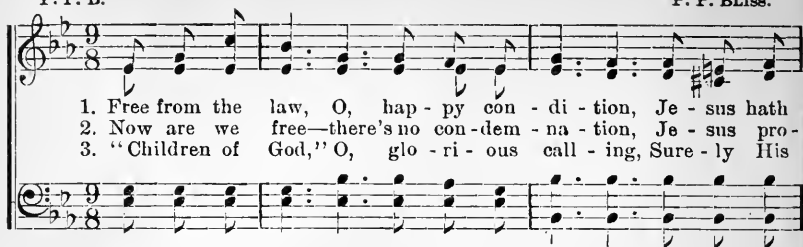


tree He redeemed you and me; I love this dear Saviour, don't you? . . .
 don't you?



P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

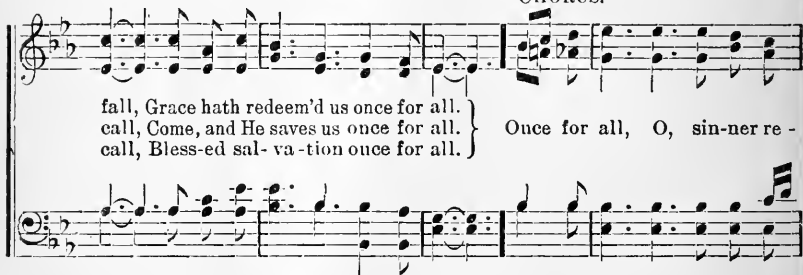


1. Free from the law, O, hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath
 2. Now are we free—there's no con-dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro-
 3. "Children of God," O, glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure - ly His

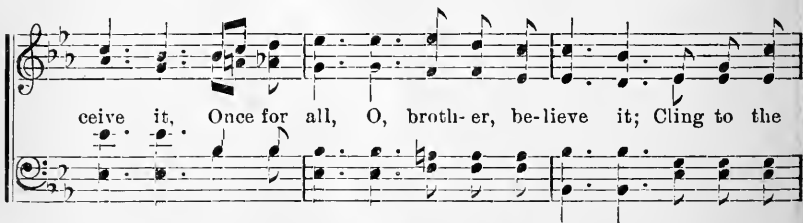


bled, and there is re-mis-sion, Curs'd by the law and bruise'd by the
 vides a per-fect sal - va - tion; "Come un-to Me," O, hear His sweet
 grace will keep us from fall - ing; Pass-ing from death to life at His

CHORUS.



fall, Grace hath redeem'd us once for all.
 call, Come, and He saves us once for all. } Once for all, O, sin-ner re -
 call, Bless-ed sal - va - tion once for all.



ceive it. Once for all, O, broth-er, be-lieve it; Cling to the



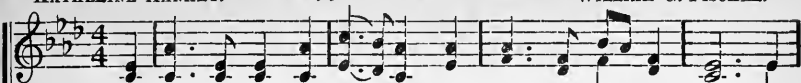
Cross, the bur-den will fall, Christ hath re-deem'd us once for all.

I Love to Tell the Story.

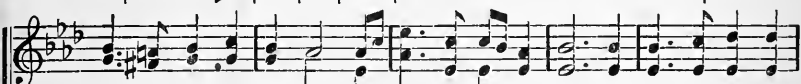
KATHERINE HANKEY.

Used by permission of Wm. G. Fischer.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.



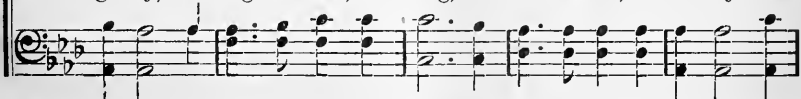
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem



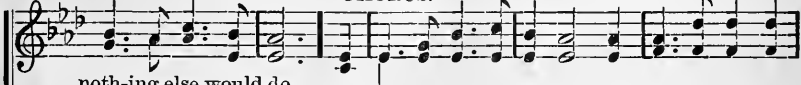
Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
seems, each time I tell it, More wonder - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of



sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis trae; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I
sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That

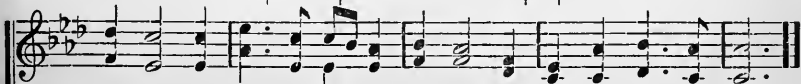
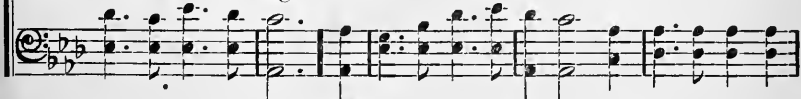


CHORUS.



noth - ing else would do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have lov'd so long.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in



glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



Keep Close to Jesus.

Copyright, 1892, 1893, by John J. Hood. Used by per.

J. L.

JOHN LANE.

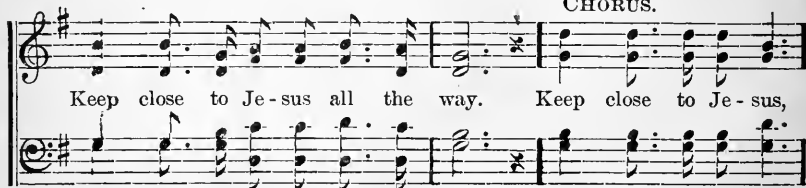


1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to
 2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
 3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
 4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to

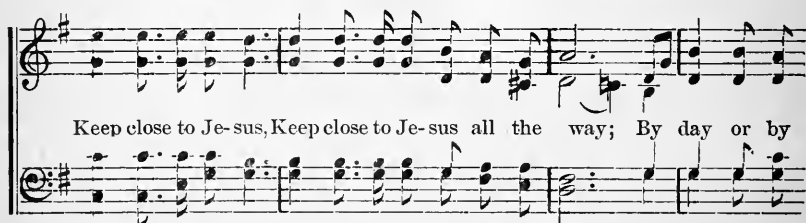


Je-sus all the way; For He is the Guide and He knows the way best.
 Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa - vor to know.
 Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-to - ry is won.
 Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye.

CHORUS.



Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,



Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By day or by



night nev - er turn from the right; Keep close to Je - sus all the way.

129 There's No Love Like His for Me.

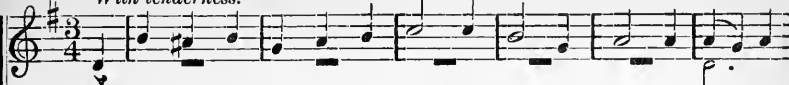
Copyright, 1899, by Powell G. Fithian. Used by per.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

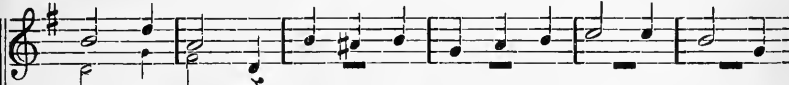
(SOLO OR DUET.)

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

With tenderness.



1. There's no love to me like the love of Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways
 2. When far, far a - way, and in con - dem - na - tion, Feel - ing no one
 3. O won - der - ful love is the love of Je - sus, Who on Cal - v'ry's




just the same; E'en tho' of this world you may be most low - ly,
 cared for me, There came a sweet voice, I shall ne'er for - get it,
 cru - el tree Was wounded and died to make full a - tone - ment

CHORUS.



Je - sus still loves you, bless His name.
 "Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, still loves thee." } There nev - er was one like
 For a poor sin - ner, lost, like me.



Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways true is He; There nev - er was



one like Je - sus, There's no love like His love for me.....

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up -
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con -
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be
 hide you; Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be
 found you Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be
 o'er you; Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you, God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we meet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,..... till we
 till we meet; Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 meet, till we meet,

Children's Songs.

131

No, Not One!

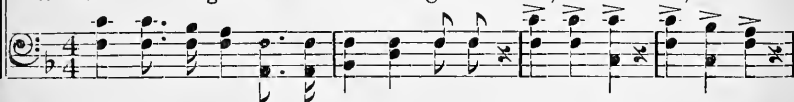
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr

Used by per. Mrs G. C. Hugg, Owner of Copyright.

GEO. C. HUGG.



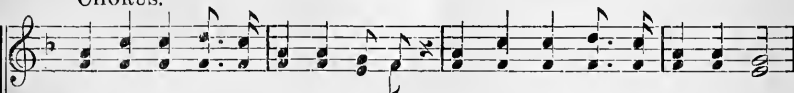
1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!



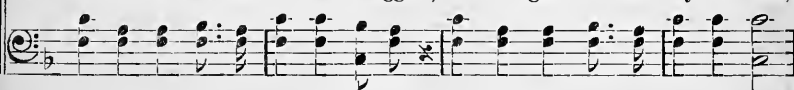
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin - ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will he re - fuse us a home in hea - ven? No, not one! no, not one!



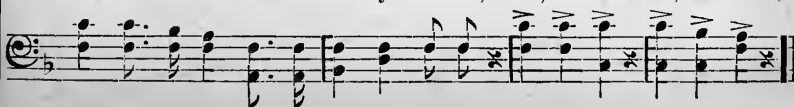
CHORUS.



Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,



There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!



132 If You Have a Pleasant Thought.

R. MORRIS.

Copyright, property Mrs. H. R. Palmer. Used by per.

H. R. PALMER.

ff

1. If you have a pleasant thought, Sing it, sing it, As the birds sing
 2. Every gracious deed of His, Sing it, sing it, Nothing sounds so
 3. Are you weary, are you sad? Sing it, sing it, Make yourselves and

in their sport, Sing it from the heart: Does the Holy Spirit move
 well as this, Sing it from the heart: How the Lord walk'd on the wave,
 others glad. Sing it from the heart: Angels now before His face

For the children of His love, Sing, and point the home above, Sing it from the heart.
 Rescued Lazarus from the grave, Died our guilty souls to save, Sing it from the heart.
 Sing of Christ's redeeming grace, Give the Saviour endless praise, Sing it from the heart.

If You Have a Pleasant Thought.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing, sing-ing from the heart! Oh, the joy our songs im-part!

Je-sus, bless the tune-ful art, Sing-ing from the heart.

133

Smile and Sing.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

JAMES ROWE.

(PRIMARY SONG.)

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Je-sus loves us dear-ly, Gives us ev-'ry-thing, So for Je-sus
 2. There are lit-tle chil-dren Who are al-ways sad; Songs would make them
 3. Some there are who nev-er Sing our Sav-iour's praise, But we mean to
 4. He will keep us loy-al, If with Him we live, And un-num-bered

CHORUS.

dai-ly We will smile and sing.
 cheerful, Smiles would make them glad.
 praise Him, All our earth-ly days.
 bless-ings To His children give.

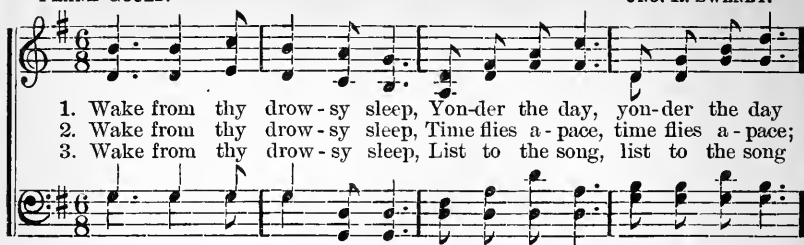
* S-M-I-L-E is smile, S-I-N-G

sing, All the while We'll sing and smile For our bless-ed King.


* Emphasize each letter in SMILE and SING with index finger of right hand. and smile.

FRANK GOULD.

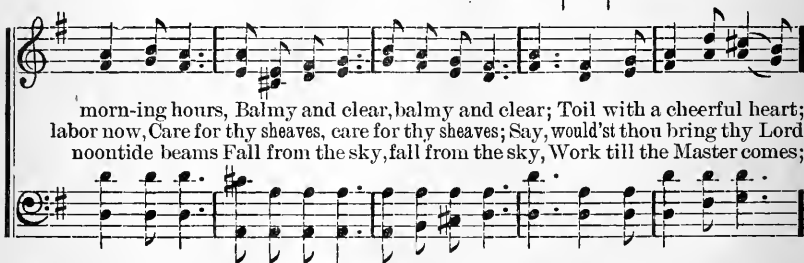
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Wake from thy drow-sy sleep, Yon-der the day, yon-der the day
 2. Wake from thy drow-sy sleep, Time flies a-pace, time flies a-pace;
 3. Wake from thy drow-sy sleep, List to the song, list to the song

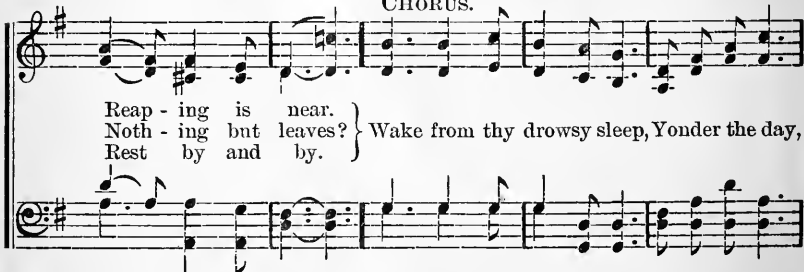


Breaks o'er the gold-en fields. Up and a-way; Lose not the
 Go, lest an-oth-er fill Thy va-cant place; Speed to thy
 Now on the sum-mer breeze Float-ing a-long; Haste ere the



morn-ing hours, Balmy and clear, balmy and clear; Toil with a cheerful heart;
 labor now, Care for thy sheaves, care for thy sheaves; Say, would'st thou bring thy Lord
 noontide beams Fall from the sky, fall from the sky, Work till the Master comes;

CHORUS.



Reap-ing is near. } Wake from thy drowsy sleep, Yonder the day,
 Noth-ing but leaves? }
 Rest by and by.



yon-der the day Breaks o'er the gold-en fields, Up and a-way.

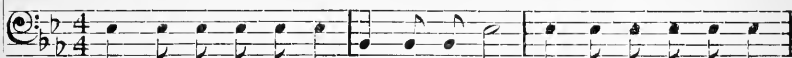
135 Kind Words Can Never Die.

A. H. P.

Mrs. ABBY HUTCHINSON PATTON.



1. Kind words can nev-er die, Cherish'd and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
2. Child-hood can nev-er die, Wrecks of the past Float o'er the mem-o - ry,
3. Sweet tho'ts can never die, Tho' like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly,
4. Our souls can nev-er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie,



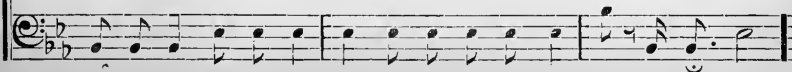
Lodg'd in the breast; Like child-hood's simple rhymes Said o'er a thousand times,
Bright to the last, Man - y a hap-py thing, Man-y a dai-sy spring,
In win-try hours, But when a gen-tle dew Gives them their charms a - new,
Wrapt in its gloom, What tho' the flesh de-cay, Souls pass in peace a - way,



Go thro' all years and climes. The heart to cheer, Kind words can never die,
Floats on time's ceaseless wing. Far, far, a - way, Child-hood can nev-er die,
With many an added hue. They bloom a - gain, Sweet tho'ts can never die,
Live thro' e - ter - nal day With Christ a - bove, Our souls can nev-er die,



nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can never die, no, nev-er die.
nev-er die, nev-er die, Childhood can nev-er die, no, nev-er die.
nev-er die, nev-er die, Sweet tho'ts can never die, no, nev-er die.
nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can nev-er die, no, nev-er die.



Rev. W. C. POOLE.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

Cheerfully.

1. The Sun-shine Land is a big bright land Where the sun-shine
 2. The Sun-shine folks are a joy-ous race Where the hap-py
 3. So if the cloudsshould a-round you fall You can soon drive

folks a-bide, And ev-'ry one lends a help-ing hand In the
 mo-ments fly And ev-'ry one wears a smil-ing face In the
 them a-way, By send-ing sun-shine bright for all Mak-ing

CHORUS.

sun-shine land so wide.
 land of cloud-less sky.
 bright an-oth-er's day.

Sun-shine and glad-ness

Ev-'ry where a-bound, Hap-py smil-ing fac-es

Ev-'ry where are found; Chil-dren and sun-shine Ev-'ry where a-

The Sunshine Land.



bide, In the land of sun-shine all are sat - is - fied.

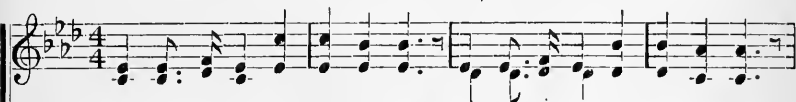
137

Bring Them In.

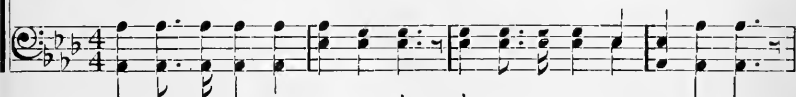
ALEXANDER THOMAS.

Copyright, 1885, by W. A. Ogden. By per.

W. A. OGDEN.



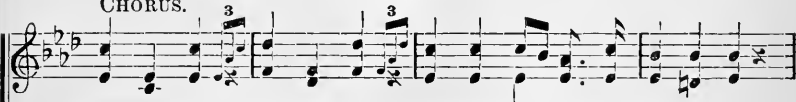
1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high:




Call - ing the sheep who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep where'er they be."



CHORUS.



Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;




Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.



The Snow Prayer.

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1892. By per. L. E. Sweeney, Exc.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. I learned it in the Bi-ble, A ten-der lit-tle prayer; And when the
 2. For I have oft-en grieved him With sin-ful words and ways, I'll ask him
 3. I want to be like, Je-sus, That his pure eyes may see A heart made

flakes are fall-ing So beau-ti-ful and fair, I say to my dear Saviour
 to for-give me, And help me all my days; He shed his blood so precious,
 clean and spotless, To serve him faith-ful-ly; And so I'll ask him dai-ly

rit
 This lit-tle pray'r I know; "Wash me, and I shall be Whit-er than snow."
 Be-cause he loved me so; "Wash me, and I shall be Whit-er than snow."
 His mer-cy to be-stow; "Wash me, and I shall be Whit-er than snow."

NOTE.—The chorus of "Whiter than Snow" may be sung by all after last verse.

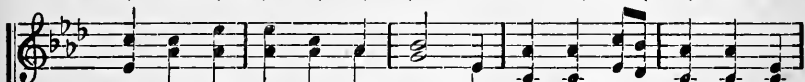
Away In a Manger.

Tr. from MARTIN LUTHER.

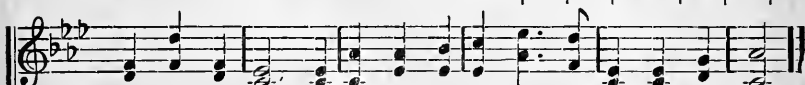
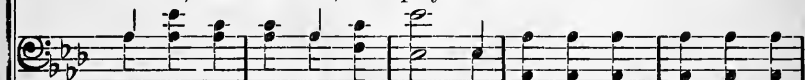
Fr. JONATHAN E. SPILLMAN.



1. A - way in a man-ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the Ba - by a - wakes, But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask Thee to stay, Close by me for -



Je - sus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the bright sky looked
 Je - sus no cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, look
 ev - er, and love me, I pray. Bless all the dear chil - dren in



down where He lay—The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.
 down from the sky, And stay by my side un - til morn - ing is nigh.
 Thy ten - der care, And fit us for heav - en to live with Thee there.



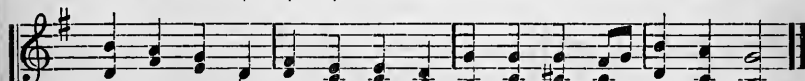
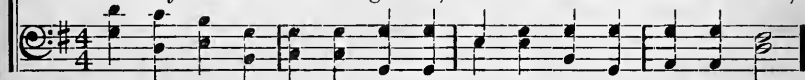
140 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

CLARIBEL.

MRS. CHARLES BARNARD (Claribel).



1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;



Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me, Listen to my even - ing pray'r!
 Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.



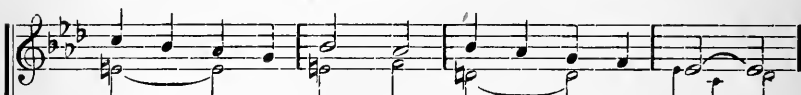
JAMES ROWE.

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B. D. AOKLEY.


Cheerfully.


1. On the way to heav - en Ma - ny pit-falls wait,
 2. There are words that al - ways Grieve the Friend a - bove,
 3. Let us watch our foot - steps And our tho'ts and deeds,



And the care-less see them When it is too late.
 Yet sometimes we hear them From the ones we love.
 On the shin-ing path - way That to glo - ry leads.

CHORUS.



So be ver - y care - ful, Watch your steps each day




For the hid - den pit - falls All a - long the way.

JAMES ROWE.

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B. D. AOKLEY.



1. Just a ti - ny sol - dier March-ing in the light. With the Mas-ter's
 2. If I do my du - ty He will be my shield And will give me
 3. If His steps I fol - low Close - ly day by day, He will keep me

A Tiny Soldier.

CHORUS.



ar - my, Lov - ing truth and right. }
 glo - ry On the bat - tle field. } Just a ti - ny sol - dier
 walk - ing In the glo - ry - way. }

Of the King a - bove, Training for the bat - tle, Growing in His love.

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Long Time Ago.

Copyright, 1908, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

O. O. F.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je - sus was a lit - tle child, Long time a - go, Gen - tle, lov - ing,
 2. Wise men guarded by a star, Long time a - go, Come there from the
 3. We may come as well as they, Long time a - go. For we read that

meek and mild, Long time a - go: He was in a man - ger sleep - ing,
 East a - far, Long time a - go: Came with gifts, and bent a - bove Him,
 Christ did say, Long time a - go, "Let the chil - dren come un - to me,

An - gel's o'er Him watch were keeping, Long time a - go, Long time a - go.
 Came to worship and to love Him, Long time a - go, Long time a - go.
 For of such my kingdom shall be," Long time a - go, Long time a - go.

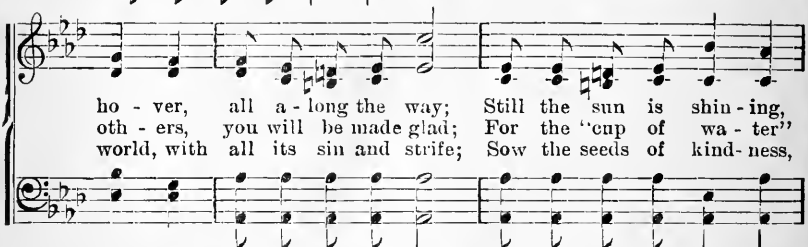
LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

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B. D. ACKLEY.



1. What we need is sun-shine, sunshine ev-'ry day, Tho' the clouds may
 2. You may scat-ter sun-shine, tho' your heart is sad, While you're helping
 3. Live a - bove the shad-ows, lest they mar your life, Live a - bove the



ho - ver, all a - long the way; Still the sun is shin - ing,
 oth - ers, you will be made glad; For the "cup of wa - ter"
 world, with all its sin and strife; Sow the seeds of kind - ness,



just beyond your view, Look a-bove the shadows, where the sky is blue.
 giv-en in His name, Joy to you will bring, like sunshine aft-er rain.
 ban-ish pet-ty care, Scat-ter then His blessed sunshine ev - 'ry where.

CHORUS.

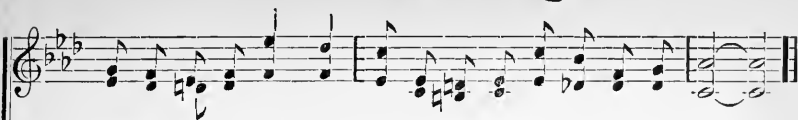


Sun - shine, sun-shine, all the way, Sun - shine,
 Sunshine, all the way,



sun-shine, ev-'ry day; . . . In this world of sad - ness,
 sun - shine sunshine, ev-'ry day;
 ev - 'ry day;

The Sunshine Song.



There is joy and glad-ness, If we scat-ter sunshine on life's way.

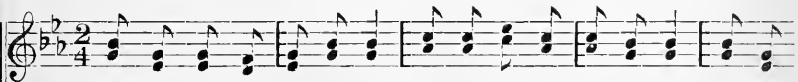


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Jesus Loves Me.

ANNA B. WARNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so: Lit - tle
2. Je - sus from His throne on high, Came in - to this world to die; That I
3. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gate to o - pen wide! He will
4. Je - sus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure, and wholly Thine; Thou hast

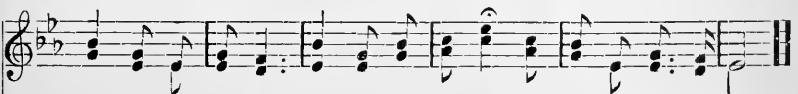
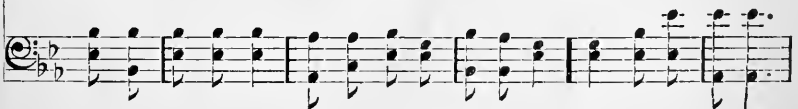


CHORUS

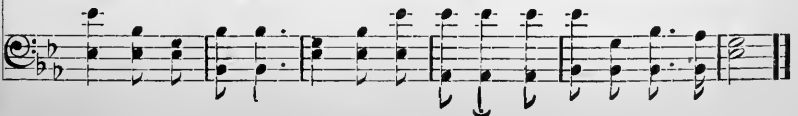


ones to, Him be-long; They are weak, but He is strong.
might from sin be free, Bled and died up - on the tree.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit-tle child come in.
bled and died for me, I will henceforth live for Thee.

Yes, Jesus loves me?



Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so!



JAS. ROWE.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

1. What may lit - tle chil - dren do To be true in - deed?
 2. Here a task and there a task, Waits for you and me;
 3. If with Christ we keep in touch, If for Him we live,

Help an - oth - er to be true In the time of need.
 So we nev - er need to ask, For our work we see.
 There will al - ways be so much That our hearts may give.

CHORUS.

Work, work, work, work, Work for Je - sus all the while,

Work and sing and work and smile; Work for

Je - sus and be true, That is just what you may do.

Solos, Duets, Quartets

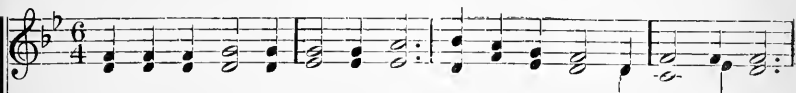
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Drifting.

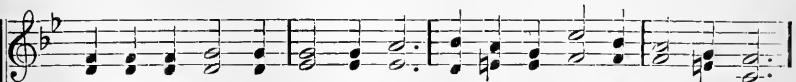
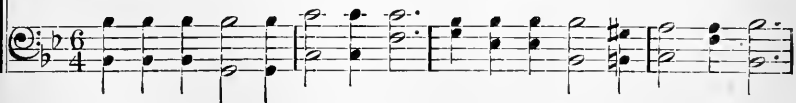
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LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

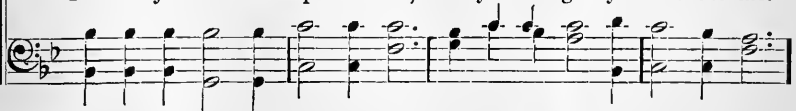
B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Soul are you drifting with the tide, Onward, how swift your bark doth glide;
2. On comes the night, and far from home, Caught on the shoals you stand a - lone;
3. Striv-ing to guide your storm-toss'd bark, Jesus now calls, tho' clouds be dark;



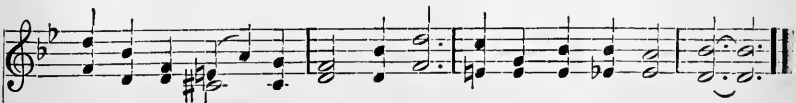
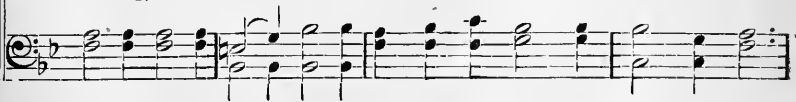
Toward the rough shoal of sin and wrong, Stead-i-ly drift-ing on and on.
Foil'd by the tempter's sub - tle pow'r, Dark o'er your head the storm-clouds low'r.
"I will your Guide and pi - lot be; If you will give your heart to me."



CHORUS.



Drift - ing, drift - ing, Drift-ing a - long with care - less song;
Drift-ing, drifting, drifting, drifting.

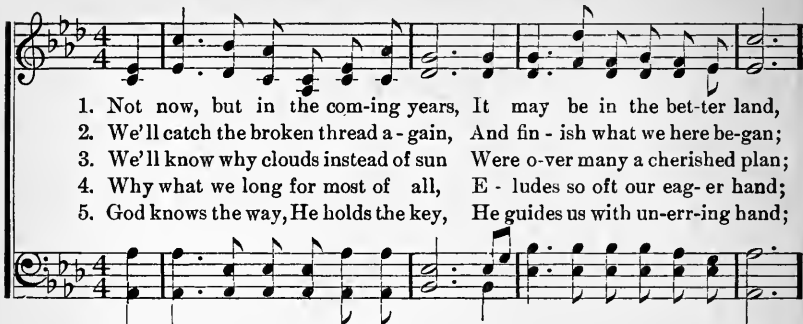


Swift down the stream, where ends life's dream, Stead-i-ly drift-ing on.

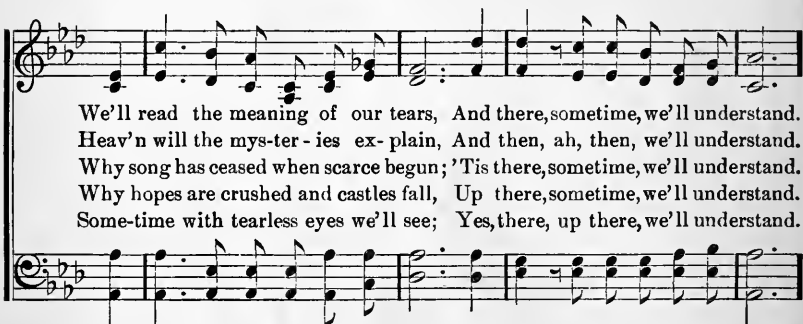


MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS.

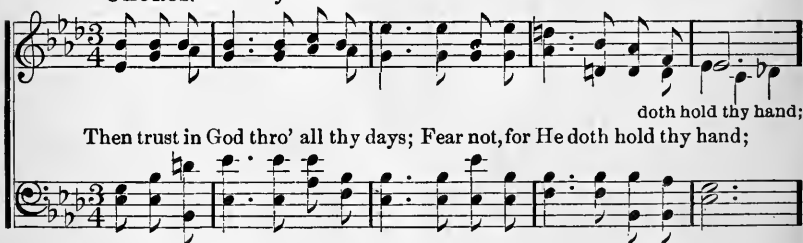
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



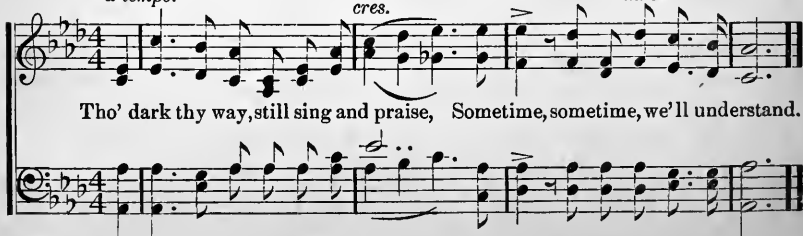
1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
 2. We'll catch the broken thread a - gain, And fin - ish what we here be-gan;
 3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cherished plan;
 4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our eag-er hand;
 5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;



We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll understand.
 Heav'n will the mys-ter - ies ex-plain, And then, ah, then, we'll understand.
 Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.
 Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll understand.
 Some-time with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*


Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
 doth hold thy hand;

*a tempo.**cres.**ad lib.*


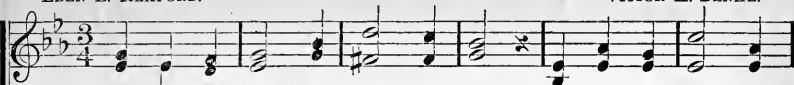
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise, Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

Just for To-day.

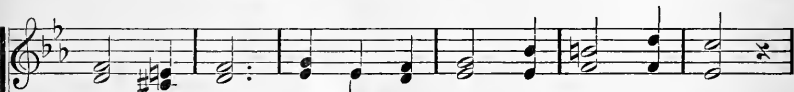
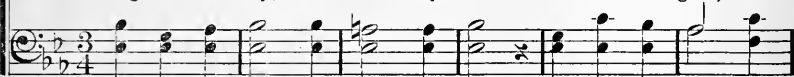
EBEN E. REXFORD.

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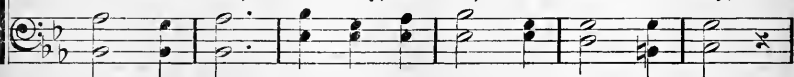
VICTOR H. BENKE.



1. My Fa-ther, this I ask of Thee; Know-ing that Thou wilt
2. I do not ask a lift - ed load, Nor for a smooth and
3. Strength for the pres - ent hour and need— This giv - en, then I'm
4. Strength for to - day, that I may make Some sad souls glad, for



grant the plea, — For this, and on - ly this, I pray,
 thorn - less road; Sim - ply for strength e - nough to bear
 blest in - deed, For each day, as it comes, will bring
 Je - sus' sake; Then they, with me, at eve shall say,



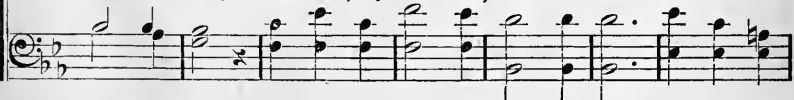
CHORUS.



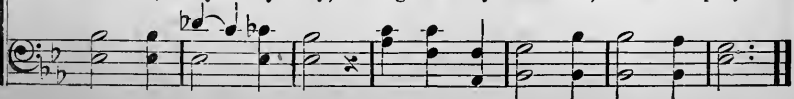
Strength for to - day— just for to - day.
 Life's dai - ly bur - dens an - y - where. } Strength for each tri - al
 Suf - fi - cient strength for an - y - thing.
 Thank God for strength He gave to - day.

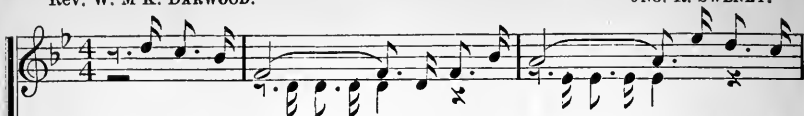


and each task, What more, my Fa - ther, should I ask? Just as I

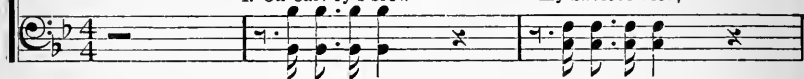


need it, day by day, Strength for my weak - ness, — this I pray.

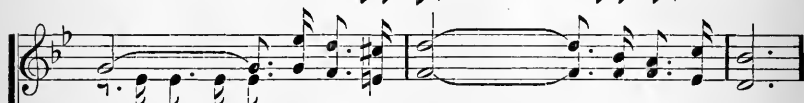
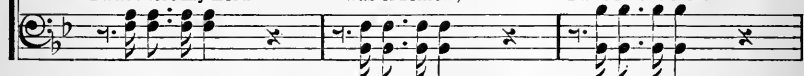




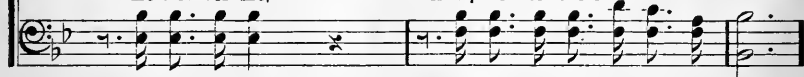
1. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Saviour died,..... 'Twas there my
 2. 'Mid rending rocks..... and dark'ning skies,..... My Sav-iour
 3. O Je - sus, Lord,..... how can it be,..... That Thou shouldst
 1. On Calv'ry's brow my Saviour died,



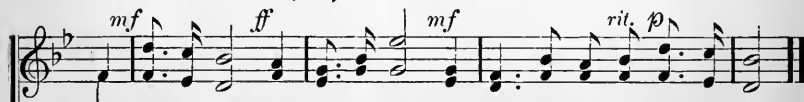
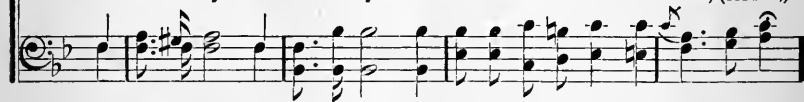
Lord..... was cruci-fied;..... 'Twas on the cross..... He bled for
 bows..... His head and dies;..... The opening veil..... reveals the
 give..... Thy life for me,..... To bear the cross..... and ag - o -
 'Twas there my Lord was crucified; 'Twas on the cross



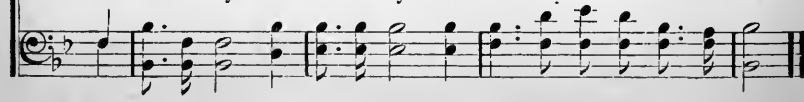
me,..... And purchased there..... my par - don free.
 way..... To heav-en's joys and end-less day.
 ny,..... In that dread hour..... on Cal - va - ry.
 He bled for me, And purchased there



O Cal - va-ry! dark Cal - va-ry! Where Jesus shed His blood for me; (for me;)



O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.



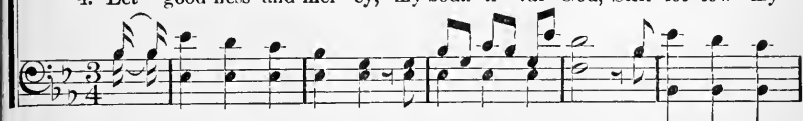
The Lord is my Shepherd.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

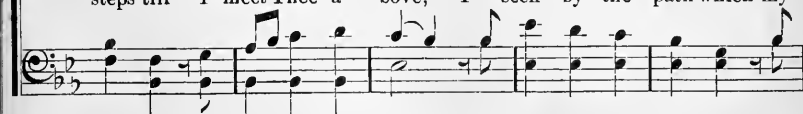
Arr. from KOSCHAT.



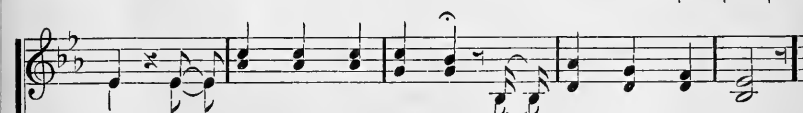
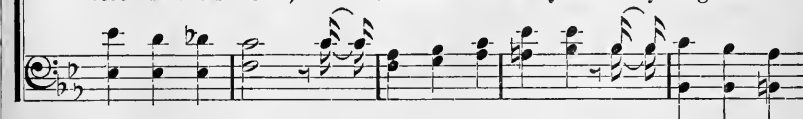
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the valley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un -
4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my



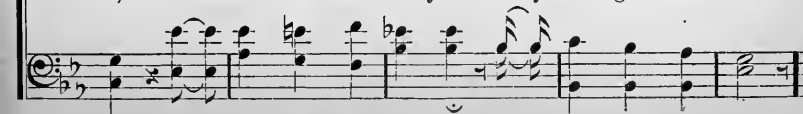
pastures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
 guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
 measured my cup runneth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou a -
 steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek - by the path which my



still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op -
 staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er
 noint - est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy pro - vi - dence
 fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ - Thy kingdom of



pressed, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
 near, No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near.
 more? O what shall I ask of Thy pro - vi - dence more?
 love, Thro' the land of their so - journ - Thy kingdom of love.



E. E. HEWITT.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.

1. I walked on the bank of a beau - ti - ful stream, One
 2. I sighed, for the leaves seemed to count up my years, Fast
 3. A bird, on his way to the south-land a - far, Sang

day in the calm au-tum - n - tide; And watch'd, while the leaves, in the
 glid - ing a - way, one by one; Their pain and their pleasure, their
 hope, as he paused in his flight; For aft - er the sun - set, the

sun's gold - en gleam Fell down on the cur - rent to glide.
 smiles and their tears, Sad fail - ures or vic - to - ries won.
 bright evening star, And morn - ing will fol - low the night.

CHORUS.

1, 2.—Float - ing, float - ing a - way; Drift - ing by on the tide; As I
 3.—Float - ing, float - ing a - way; Drift - ing by on the tide; And

watch'd and watch'd, on the autumn day, "Ah, whither, ah, whither?" I sighed.
 in the dawn of a ver - nal day, "I'll find them for - ev - er," I cried."

Jesus Leads.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.
Andante.

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JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Like a shep-herd, ten - der, true, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
2. All a - long life's rug - ged road Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
3. Thro' the sun - lit ways of life, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
Je-sus leads, Jesus leads,

Dai - ly finds us pas-tures new, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;
Till we reach yon blest a - bode, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;
Thro' the war-rings and the strife Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;
Je-sus leads, Jesus leads;

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
All the way, before, He's trod, And He now the flock precedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound'ry line re-cedes,
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
Safe in - to the fold of God Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
He will spread the waves a - side, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
Je-sus leads.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.

1. What love is this, past hu-man thought to know,..... What wondrous
 2. Such matchless love, how could it ev - er be That Christ the
 3. Turn not a - way from One so kind and true,..... Who on the

grace, that He should love me so; There on the cru - el cross of
 Lord should suf - fer thus for me; Blest Son of God, to die up
 cross hath suf-fered thus for you; O heed His call ere it shall

Cal - va - ry,..... He gave His pre - cious life for you and me.
 on the tree,..... And thus to o - pen heaven's gate to me.
 be too late,..... And closed fore'er to you be heaven's gate.

CHORUS.

Nailed to the cross by the sins of the world, While mock-ing

words at His dear form were hurled; Dy - ing in ag - o - ny

Nailed to the Cross.

for you and me, Sin broke His heart on Cal - va - ry.

His heart

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Jesus Knows.

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

DUET.

1. All the sor - rows of thy life, Je - sus knows, He knows;
2. All thy false friends and thy true, Je - sus knows, He knows;
3. All the path which thou shalt tread, Je - sus knows, He knows;

All the wea - ry years of strife, Je - sus knows, He knows;
 When thy joys on earth are few, Je - sus knows, He knows;
 Rich the bless - ings He will shed, Je - sus knows, He knows;

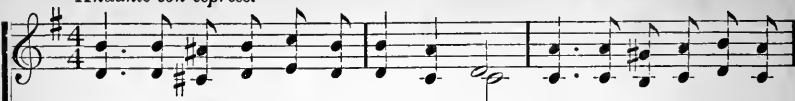
All thy bur - dens, all thy cares, All thy ag - o - niz - ing pray'rs;
 When the world to thee seems drear, When there is no help - er near;
 Trust Him then and for - ward go, He will guide thee here be - low;

All the pain thy bos - om bears, Je - sus knows, He knows.
 When thy heart is filled with fear, Je - sus knows, He knows.
 And will shield thee from each foe, Je - sus knows, He knows.

H. B.

By permission.

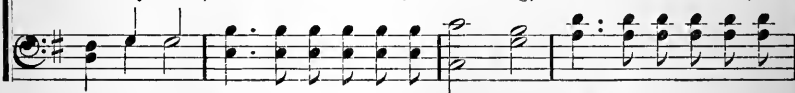
Com. HERBERT BOOTH.

Andante con espress.

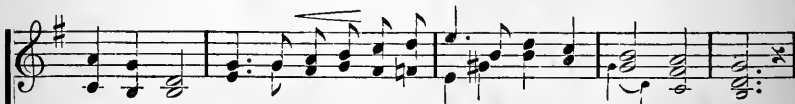
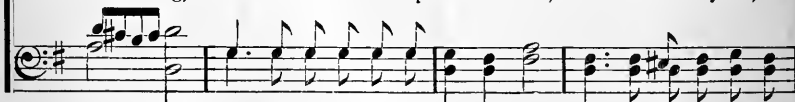
1. Sav - iour, hear me, while be - fore Thy feet I the rec - ord of my
2. Yet, why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should
3. All the riv - ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev - 'ry promise



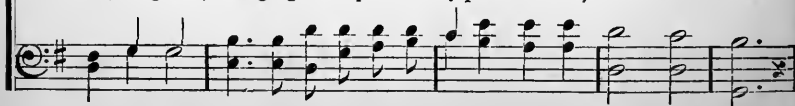
sins re - peat, Stain'd with guilt, myself abhor - ring, Fill'd with grief, my soul out -
be de - nied? To that heart its sin con - fess - ing, Canst Thou fail to give a
write my name; As I am I come, be - liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re -



pour - ing; Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled
bless - ing? By the love and pity Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for
ceiv - ing, Bid me rise a free and pardon'd slave, Mas - ter o'er my sin, the



spir - it free? Raise my sinking heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!
me a - tone, Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
world, the grave; Charging me to preach Thy pow'r to save, To sin - bound souls.



The Penitent's Plea.

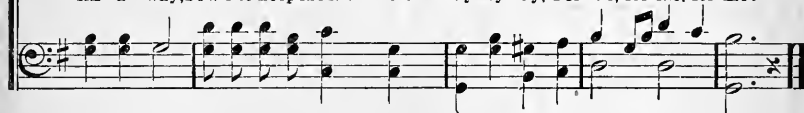
CHORUS. *mp*



Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev'ry.
Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay. Blood to wash my ev-'ry



sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!
sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sin-less day by day, For me, for me, for me!



157

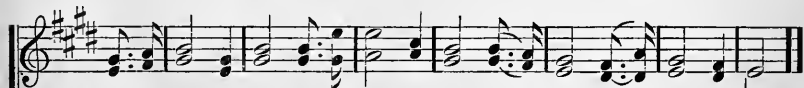
The Golden Key.

Copyright, 1903, in renewal. L. E. Sweeney, Exec. By per.

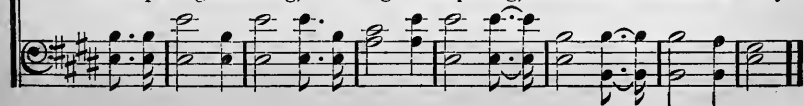
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. Pray-er is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,
4. When the shadows fall, And the vesper call Is sob-bing its low refrain,
5. Soon the year's dark door Shall be shut no more: Life's tearsshall be wiped away;




See the in-cense rise To the star-ry skies, Like per-fume from the flow'rs.
But the day break song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its bless-ed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the wea-ry hours of day.
'Tis a garland sweet To the toil dent feet, And an an-ti-dote for pain.
As the pearl gates swing, And the gold harps ring, And the sun unsheathe for aye.




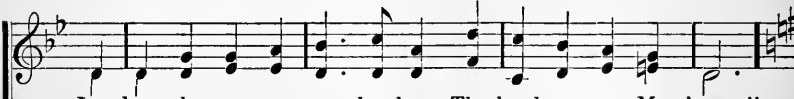
158 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.


REV. JOHN B. DYKES.



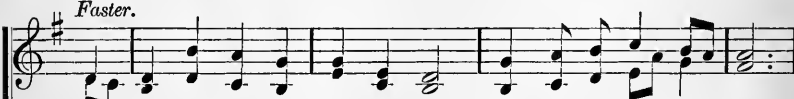
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

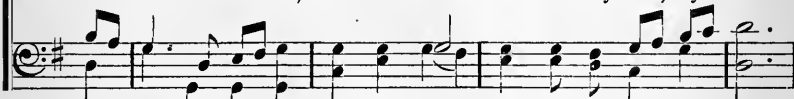

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."




Faster.



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
 I came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream,
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun:

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour - ney's done.



159 In Heavenly Love Abiding.

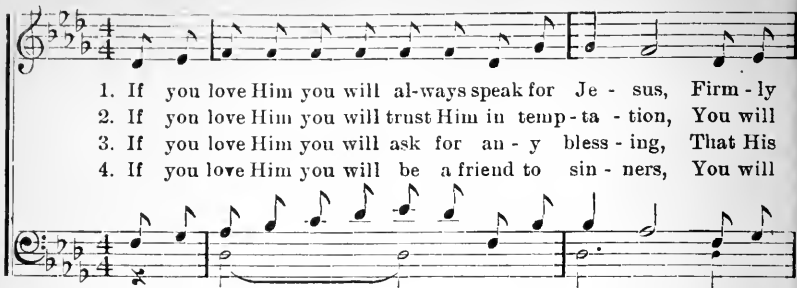
ANNA L. WARING. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1 In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe in
2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will

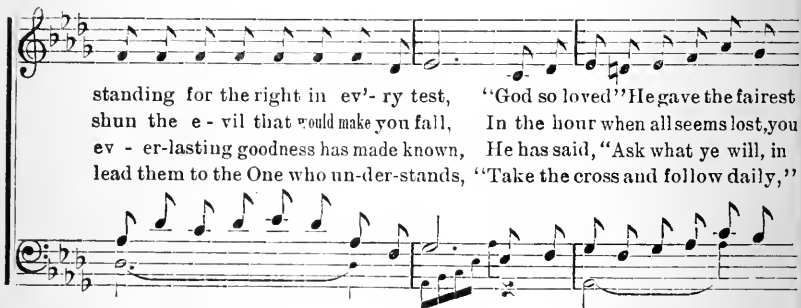
such con-fid-ing, For nothing changes here. The storm may roar without me,
is be-side me, And nothing can I lack. His wisdom ev-er wak - eth,
soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been. My hope I cannot meas - ure,
The storm may roar

My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-
His sight is nev-er dim, He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with
My path to life is free, My Sav-iour has my treasure, And He will walk with

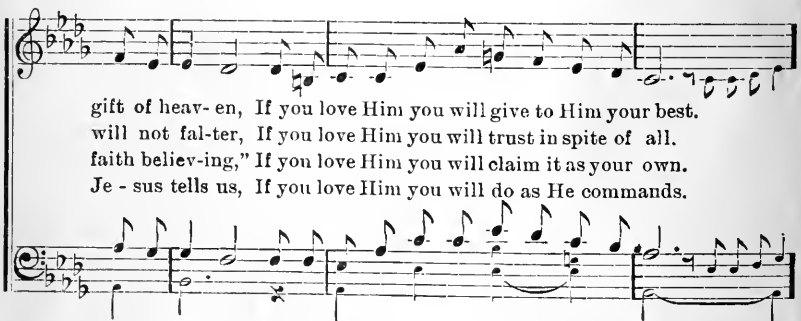
bout me, And
can..... I be
mayed? But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dismayed?
Him; He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with Him.
me; My Sav-iour has my treasure, And He will walk with me.
can I be dis-mayed?.....



1. If you love Him you will al-ways speak for Je - sus, Firm - ly
 2. If you love Him you will trust Him in temp - ta - tion, You will
 3. If you love Him you will ask for an - y bless - ing, That His
 4. If you love Him you will be a friend to sin - ners, You will



standing for the right in ev'-ry test, "God so loved" He gave the fairest
 shun the e - vil that would make you fall, In the hour when all seems lost, you
 ev - er-lasting goodness has made known, He has said, "Ask what ye will, in
 lead them to the One who un-der-stands, "Take the cross and follow daily,"



gift of heav - en, If you love Him you will give to Him your best.
 will not fal-ter, If you love Him you will trust in spite of all.
 faith believ-ing," If you love Him you will claim it as your own.
 Je - sus tells us, If you love Him you will do as He commands.

CHORUS.
Legato.

8 va.....

8 va.....



If you love Him, if you love Him, You will

If You Love Him.

serve the Saviour bet - ter ev' - ry day, If you love Him,

if you love Him, You will let the Saviour guide you all the way.

8 va.....

161 Some Blessed Day.

EDNA JAKUES.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

Duet—Slowly and with expression.

1. Some bless-ed day my Lord will call, And with a joyous heart I'll go
 2. Some bless-ed day life's lesson learn'd And I shall call a- gain to Thee,
 3. Some bless-ed day at e - ven- tide When shadows creep before the night,

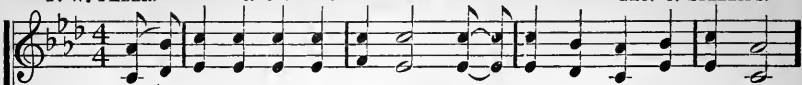
rit.

A - gain to Him my All in All, Who died for me, and loved me so.
 To whom my heart has e - ver turned, The Christ who gave His all for me.
 The pearl- y gates will o - pen wide And I shall pass in - to the light.

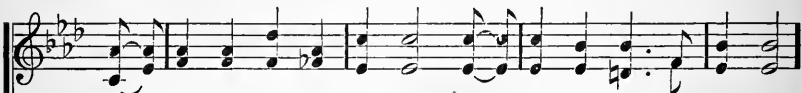
F. W. FABER.

Copyright, 1896, by The Biglow & Main Co., New York. By per.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



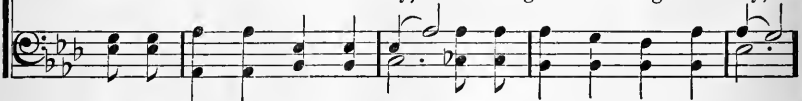
1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea-ry, When the Saviour came un - to me;
2. At first I would not hearken, But put off till the mor - row,
3. At last I stopped to list-en— His voice could ne'er de-ceive me—
4. I thought His love would weaken As more and more He knew me,



For the paths of sin were dear-y, And the world had ceased to woo me;
 Till life be-gan to dark-en, And I grew sick with sor - row:
 I saw His kind eye glist-en, So anx - ious to re - lieve me;
 But it burn-eth like a bea - con, And its light and heat go thro' me;



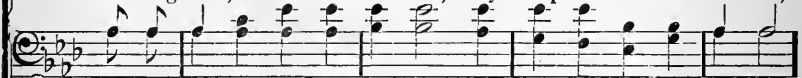
And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
 Then I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
 Then I *knew* I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
 And I ev - er hear Him say, As He goes a - long His way,—



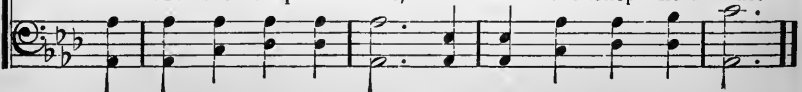
REFRAIN.



Wand'ring souls, O do come near Me; My sheep should never fear Me;

*ritard.*

I am the Shep-herd true, I am the Shep - herd true.

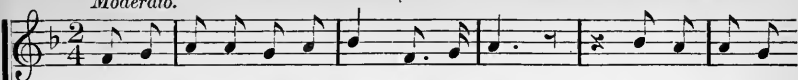


Pass It On.

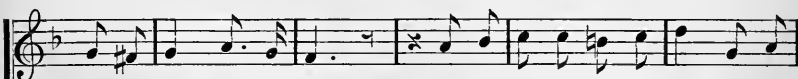
HENRY BURTON.

Copyright, 1895, by The Biglow & Main Co., New York. By per.

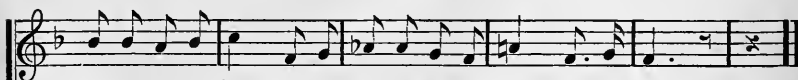
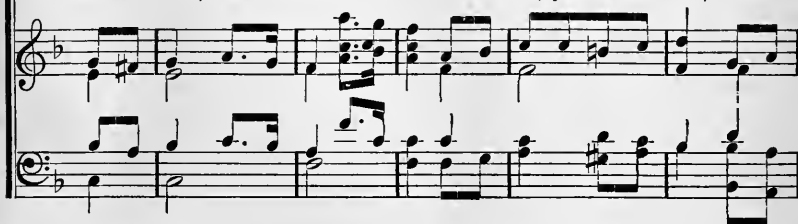
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| 1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on; | 'Twas not giv'n for |
| 2. Did you hear the lov-ing word— Pass it on; | Like the sing-ing |
| 3. 'Twas the sun-shine of a smile— Pass it on; | Stay-ing but a |
| 4. Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on; | Souls are grop-ing |
| 5. Be not self-ish in thy greed, Pass it on; | Look up-on thy |



- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| thee a-lone, Pass it on; | Let it trav-el down the years, Let it |
| of a bird? Pass it on; | Let its mu-sic live and grow, Let it |
| lit-tle while! Pass it on; | A-pril beam, the lit-tle thing, Still it |
| in the night, Daylight gone; | Hold thy lighted lamp on high, Be a |
| brother's need, Pass it on: | Live for self, you live in vain; Live for |



- | |
|---|
| wipe an-other's tears, Till in heav'n the deed appears—Pass it on. |
| cheer another's woe, You have reap'd what others sow, Pass it on. |
| wakes the flow'rs of spring, Makes the silent birds to sing—Pass it on. |
| star in someone's sky, He may live who else would die, Pass it on. |
| Christ, you live again; Live for Him, with Him you reign—Pass it on. |



E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I look'd up - on my Sav-iour's cross, And own'd its might - y
 2. O pre-cious was that day of days, When to the Lord I
 3. The years roll on with light and shade, Life's chang-es come to
 4. And when I reach that ra-diant shore, I'll sing, with soul a -

pow'r; And from e - ter - nal sin and loss, My
 came; As on I press, His grace I praise; His
 all, The flow'rs of pleas - ure bloom and fade, Leaves
 flame, For - ev - er and for ev - er - more, His

CHORUS.

soul was sav'd that hour. His love is still the
 love is still the same. }
 bright - en but to fall.
 love is still the same. His love, His love is still the

same, All glo - ry to His name, By night and day,

Ritard.

O'er all my way His love, His love is still the same.

165 **Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.**

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
 3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
 He is of great..... com - passion, And of wondrous love;
 "Look un - to me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Thó' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
 He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
 And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

Whenever I Think of Him.

ETHEL A. BARLOW.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. The cross that He gave is heav - y, . . And the light on my
 2. I stand on the mount of Prom - ise, . . Ris - ing up from the
 3. Some day it will all be ov - er, . . Then with lov'd ones gone

path is dim, Yet I feel a bless - ed as - sur - ance, When
 vale of pray'r; For my soul is fill'd with His good - ness And
 on be - fore, I will join the saints and the mar - tyrs, And

CHORUS.

ev - er I think of Him. } when - ev - er I
 tho'ts of His love and care.
 praise Him for ev - er - more. } When - ev - er I think of

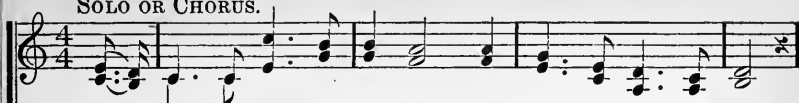
think of Him,
 Him, When - ev - er I think of Him; . . He fills my

soul with Di - vine con - trol, When - ev - er I think of Him.

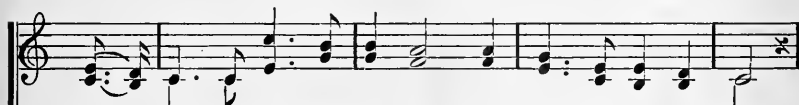
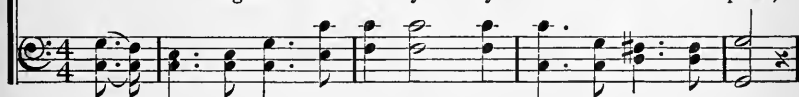
167 I'm On the Shining Pathway.

JOHN HOGARTH LOZIER.

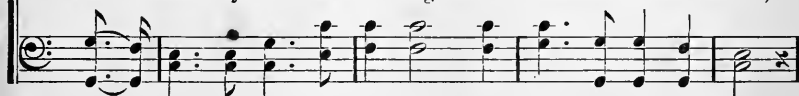
SOLO OR CHORUS.



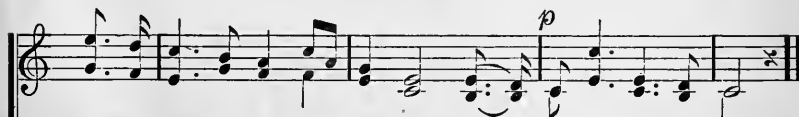
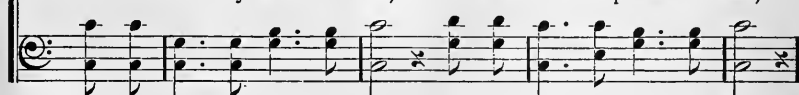
1. I am on the shin - ing path-way, A - down life's short'ning years,
2. My soul has had its con-flicts With might-y hosts of sin;
3. I am com - ing near the cit - y My Sav-iour's hands have piled,



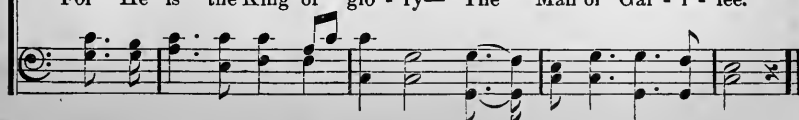
And my heart hath known its sor-rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;
With dead - ly foes with-out me, And dead - lier foes with - in;
And I know my Fa-ther's wait-ing To wel-come home His child;



But I saw those shad-ows flee, And the shin - ing light I see,
But I saw those le - gions flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry,
For un - wor - thy tho' I be, He will find a place for me,



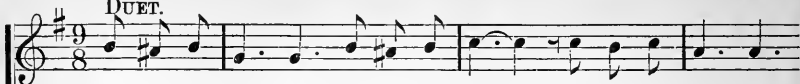
While I'm trust-ing in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
When I trust - ed in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
For He is the King of glo - ry— The Man of Gal - i - lee.



J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

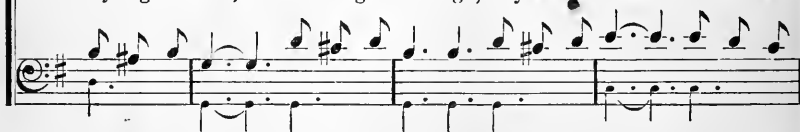
DUET.



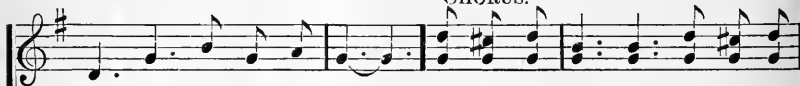
1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn - ing,
2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - man,
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for some - one,
5. Je - sus the Sav - iour, bright morning star, Look - ing for lost ones,



look - ing for me, Free from their sor - row, grief and despair Wait - ing and
wait for the sail, Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the
com - ing some - time, Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow, Watching for
beck - on - ing come; Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anx - ious - ly
stray - ing a - far, Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Je - sus is

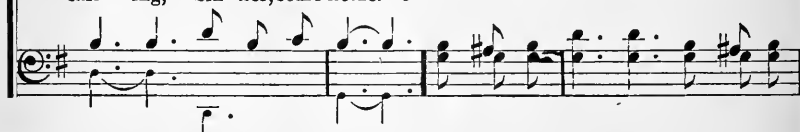


CHORUS.

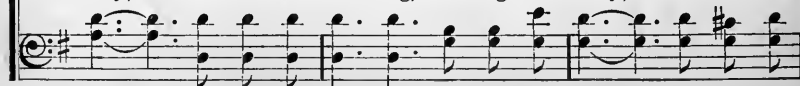


watch - ing pa - tient - ly there.
har - bor near to their side.
dear ones wait - ing be - low.
look - ing, moth - er, for you.
call - ing, "Sin - ner, come home."

} Looking this way, yes, look - ing this



way; Loved ones are wait - ing, look - ing this way; Fair as the



Looking This Way.

morn-ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo-ry look-ing this way.

The musical score for 'Looking This Way.' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics 'morn-ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo-ry look-ing this way.' written below the treble staff.

169 Somebody Cares for You.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Somebody cares when the way grows long, When weary at heart, and sad;
2. Somebody cares when you feel a - fraid, With no one to help or cheer;
3. Somebody cares, 'tis the Lord of all, Who came down from heav'n above;

The musical score for 'Somebody Cares for You.' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics '1. Somebody cares when the way grows long, When weary at heart, and sad; 2. Somebody cares when you feel a - fraid, With no one to help or cheer; 3. Somebody cares, 'tis the Lord of all, Who came down from heav'n above;' written below the treble staff.

What tho' your troubles around you throng, The Saviour will make you glad.
Look un-to Christ, He will give you aid, Je-sus is al-ways near.
Nev-er in vain is your fee-ble call To reach His great heart of love.

The musical score for 'Somebody Cares for You.' continues with a treble and bass staff in 6/4 time. The lyrics 'What tho' your troubles around you throng, The Saviour will make you glad. Look un-to Christ, He will give you aid, Je-sus is al-ways near. Nev-er in vain is your fee-ble call To reach His great heart of love.' are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Somebod-y cares, somebod-y cares, 'Tis Je-sus, your Friend so true;

The musical score for 'Somebody Cares for You.' continues with a treble and bass staff in 6/4 time. The lyrics 'CHORUS. Somebod-y cares, somebod-y cares, 'Tis Je-sus, your Friend so true;' are written below the treble staff.

Somebod-y cares, do not de-spair, Somebod-y cares for you. (for you.)

The musical score for 'Somebody Cares for You.' continues with a treble and bass staff in 6/4 time. The lyrics 'Somebod-y cares, do not de-spair, Somebod-y cares for you. (for you.)' are written below the treble staff.

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ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH, of India.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. In the se-cret of His pres-ence how my soul de-lights to hide!
 2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shad-ow of His wing
 3. On-ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
 4. Would you like to know the sweet-ness of the se-cret of the Lord?

Slowly.

Oh, how pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je-sus' side! Earth-ly
 There is cool and pleasant shel-ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring; And my
 Oh, how pa-tient-ly He list-ens! and my drooping soul He cheers: Do you
 Go and hide beneath His shadow: this shall then be your re-ward; And when-

cares can nev-er vex me, nei-ther tri-als lay me low; For when Satan comes to
 Sav-iour rests be-side me, as we hold communion sweet: If I tried, I could not
 think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be, If He never, nev-er
 e'er you have the silence of that happy meeting place, You must mind and bear the

In the Secret of His Presence.

rit.



tempt me, to the se-cret place I go, to the se-cret place I go.
 ut-ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
 told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
 im-age of the Mas-ter in your face, of the Mas-ter in your face.

rit.

171 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

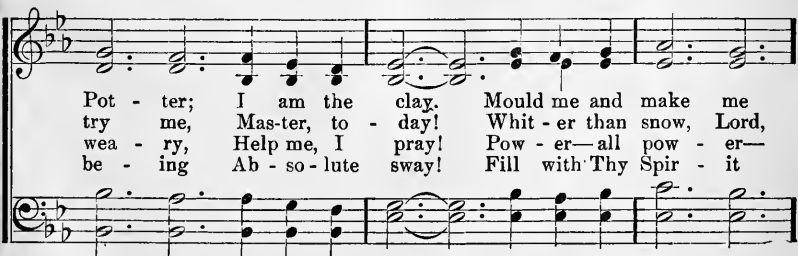
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GEO. C. STEBBINS.

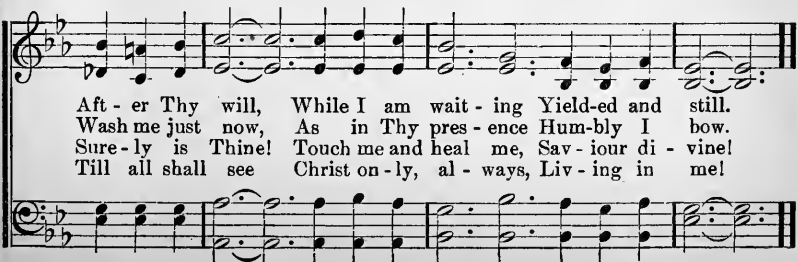
Slowly.



1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
 2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
 3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
 4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my



Pot-ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me
 try me, Mas-ter, to-day! Whit-er than snow, Lord,
 wea-ry, Help me, I pray! Pow-er—all pow-er—
 be-ing Ab-so-lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir-it



Aft-er Thy will, While I am wait-ing Yield-ed and still.
 Wash me just now, As in Thy pres-ence Hum-bly I bow.
 Sure-ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav-iour di-vine!
 Till all shall see Christ on-ly, al-ways, Liv-ing in me!

JAS. ROWE.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

DUET.

1. How sweet the tho't that I shall live, Un - ceas - ing praise to Christ to
 2. E - ter - nal death no ter - ror holds For me since Christ my soul en -
 3. O soul a-stray, look up and live, Your heart to my Redeemer

give; That while the end-less day goes by, A - live in
 folds; To Him I cling and safe shall be In Him for
 give; That you may sing, as years go by, My soul is

CHORUS.

Him, I shall not die! I shall not die!
 all e - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! How sweet the thought that I am
 saved I shall not die! I shall not die!

free, Ah, there will be no death for me! Thro' Him who

died on Cal - va - ry, My soul will live for - ev - er.


Nobody Cares.

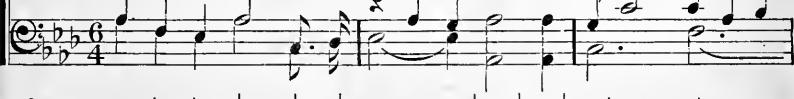
SHERRARD BEATTY.

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B. D. ACKLEY.


SOLO.

- 
1. No-bod - y cares, said an out-cast one day, My life has been ruined, I
 2. No-bod - y cares, said an - oth - er in sin, Since ev'rything's gone, who will
 3. No-bod - y cares, said a man in his cell, I'm reaping the harvest I've
 4. Come, burden'd heart, with thy sin-laden soul; The Saviour is wait-ing to

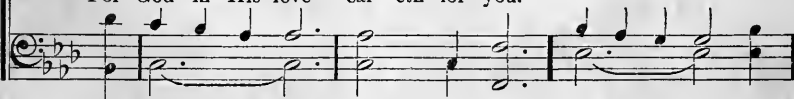


drifted a-way; Entrapped by the e - vil one in - to his snares,
now take me in? My fa-ther's for - got - ten me, moth - er is gone,
sown so well; They say I'm a wreck, come, look now and see,
make thee whole; Sweet rest He has promised—His promise is true,

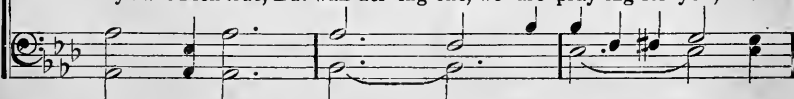
CHORUS.



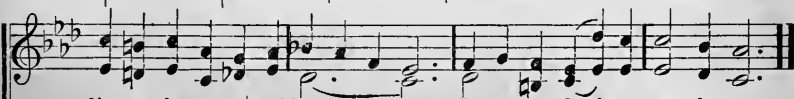
For - sak - en by all— no - bod - y cares!
And no - bod - y cares— I'm left a - lone. } No-bod - y cares? That
There's nobod - y cares for me, for me.
For God in His love car - eth for you.



may have been true, But wan-der-ing one, we are pray-ing for you; O



list to the sto-ry of love ev - er new, Je - sus, my Saviour, cares for you.



Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE.

Arranged.

Slow, with expression.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was

here among men; How He called lit - tle children as lambs to His fold,

D.S.—And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,

I should like to have been with them then. I wish that His

"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me.

2

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,

And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.
In that beautiful home He has gone to prepare,

For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,

Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,

And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for that blessed and glorious time.

The fairest and brightest and best;
When the dear little children of every clime,

Shall come to His arms and be blest.

My Lord and I.

Copyright, 1902, by J. Wilbur Chapman. Charles M. Alexander, owner. By per.

Mrs. L. SHOREY.

JOSEPH D. LITTLE.

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
 2. Some-times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak;
 3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well;
 4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
 5. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,

He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly,
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I'll glad - ly seek;
 But with what love He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell;
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
 And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him;

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
 He leads me in the path of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky;
 It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup - ply;
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
 He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die;

rit.
 And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

Legato.

1. Like a breath from the hills comes Thy whis-per to me, O my
 2. Like a breath from the hills comes Thy whis-per to me, As I
 3. Like a breath from the hills comes Thy whis-per to me, In the

Mas-ter and Sav-iour di-vine; In the hour when my heart faints be-
 strug-gle and wres-tle the while; For the grief of my heart is be-
 dark of the night-time a-lone; And the load of my heart I find

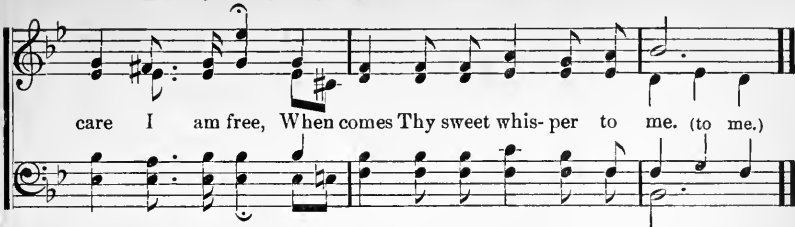
neath all its load, And my hand al-most slips out of Thine.
 yond my con-trol, But it yields to the charm of thy smile.
 lift-ed full soon, While the grief that op-pressed me has flown.

CHORUS.

. Like a breath from the hills comes Thy whis-per to me, Like a

breath from the mountains on high; All my bur-dens are lift-ed, from
 on high;

Like a Breath From the Hills.



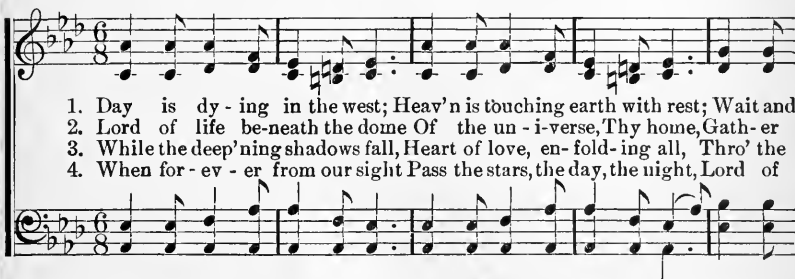
care I am free, When comes Thy sweet whis- per to me. (to me.)

177 Day is Dying in the West.

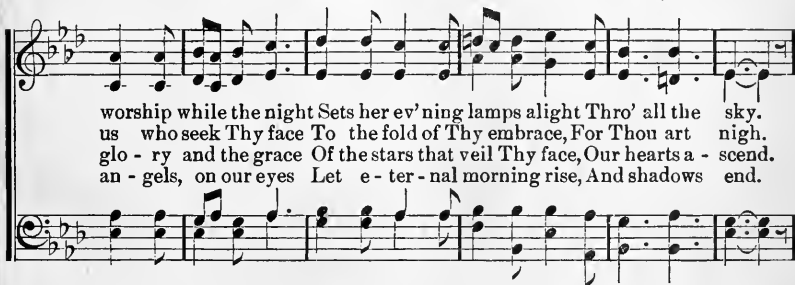
MARY ANN LATHBURY.

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent. By per.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
 2. Lord of life be - neath the dome Of the un - i - verse, Thy home, Gath - er
 3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



worship while the night Sets her ev'ning lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
 us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
 glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts a - scend.
 an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.

REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are
 full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

M. B. WILLIAMS.

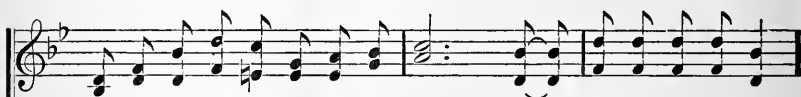
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CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

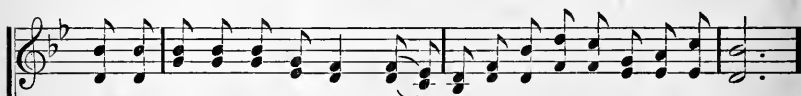
DUET



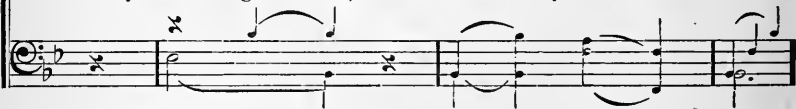
1. There's a dear and pre-cious Book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-'ry lingers still, And the



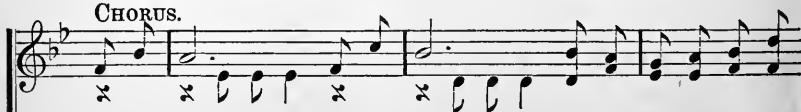
calls those happy days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,
 Jo-seph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit-tle Da-vid bold,
 suf-fered, bled and died up-on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,—
 dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,



With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
 Who be-came a king at last; Of Sa-tan with his many wicked wiles.
 Then she dried my flowing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.
 As my mother taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words abide.



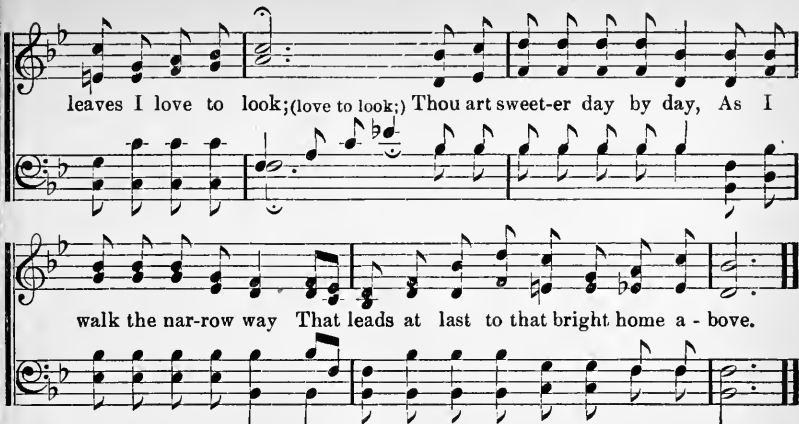
CHORUS.



Bless-ed Book, precious Book, On thy dear old tear-stained
 Bless-ed Book, precious Book,



My Mother's Bible.



leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet-er day by day, As I

walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

179

Parting Hymn.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS.



1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be-
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for
 4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We rise to bless Thee ere our
 gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou our lips from sin, the
 us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our

wor - ship cease, And now de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

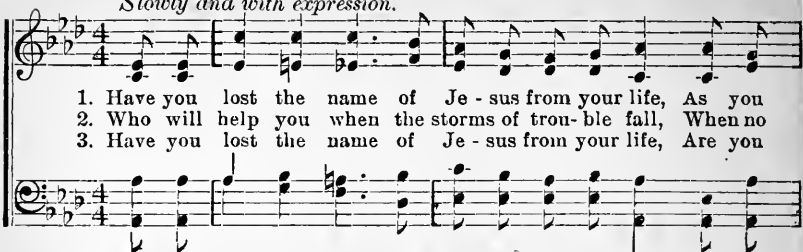
Have You Lost His Name?

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

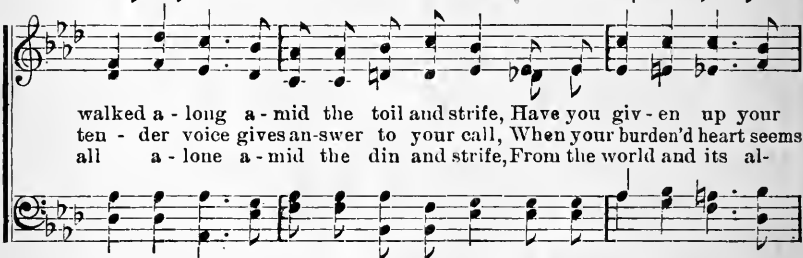
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B. D. ACKLEY.

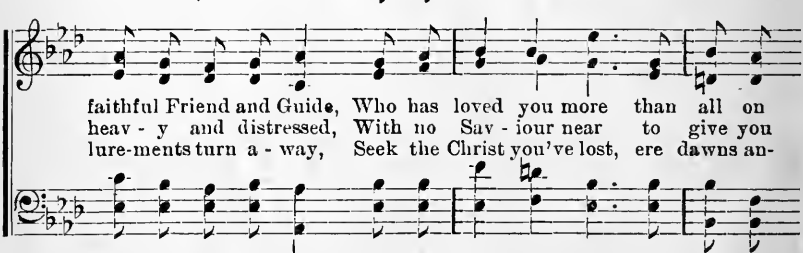
Slowly and with expression.



1. Have you lost the name of Je - sus from your life, As you
 2. Who will help you when the storms of trou - ble fall, When no
 3. Have you lost the name of Je - sus from your life, Are you

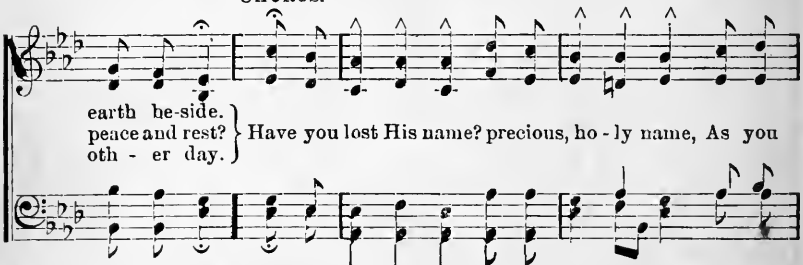


walked a - long a - mid the toil and strife, Have you giv - en up your
 ten - der voice gives an - swer to your call, When your burden'd heart seems
 all a - lone a - mid the din and strife, From the world and its al -

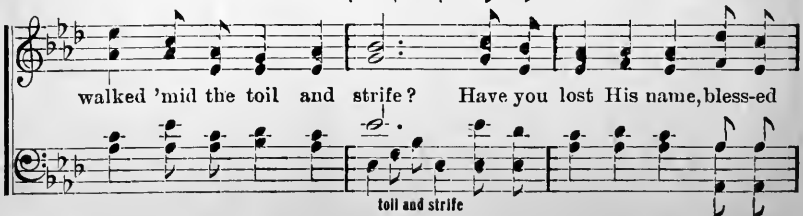


faithful Friend and Guide, Who has loved you more than all on
 heav - y and distressed, With no Sav - iour near to give you
 lure - ments turn a - way, Seek the Christ you've lost, ere dawns an -

CHORUS.



earth be - side. }
 peace and rest? } Have you lost His name? precious, ho - ly name, As you
 oth - er day. }



walked 'mid the toil and strife? Have you lost His name, bless - ed
 toil and strife

Have You Lost His Name?



ho - ly name, Have you lost the name of Je - sus from your life.



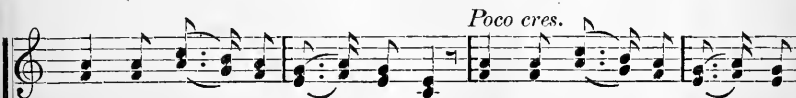
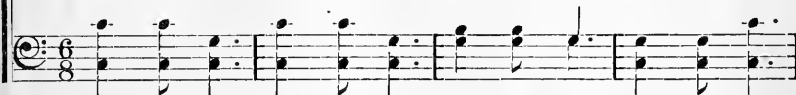
181

Holy Night.

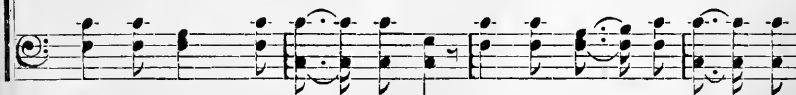
GRUBER.



1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright!
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light,



'Round you vir - gin mother and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and
Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far, Heav'n - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu -
Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing

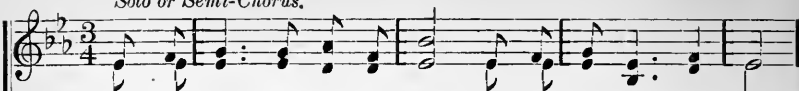


mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
ia, Christ the Sav - iour is born, Christ the Sav - iour is born!
grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

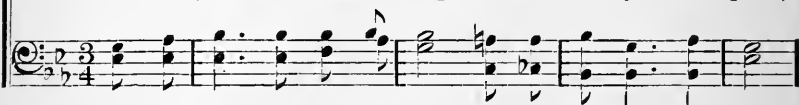


JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

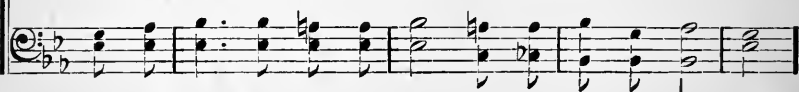
H. P. DANKS.

Solo or Semi-Chorus.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies the "cit-y four-square;"
2. All the gates of pearl are made In the "cit-y four-square;"
3. And the gates shall nev-er close To the "cit-y four-square;"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In the "cit-y four-square;"



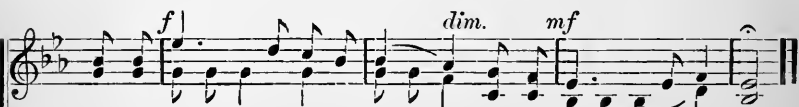
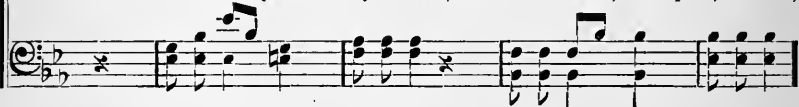
It shall nev-er pass a-way, And there is "no night there."
 All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
 There life's crys-tal riv-er flows, And there is "no night there."
 For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."



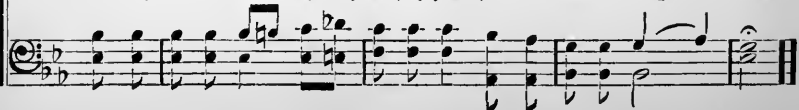
CHORUS.



God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
 God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears,



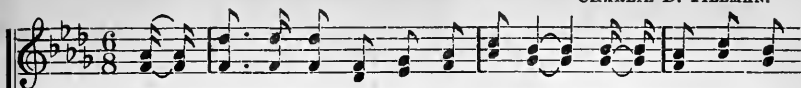
And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."
 And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night there."



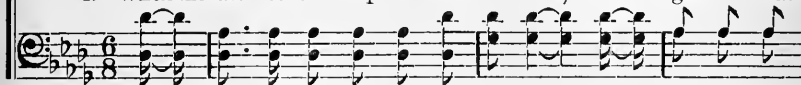
183 When I Get to the End of the Way.

Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman. Used by per.

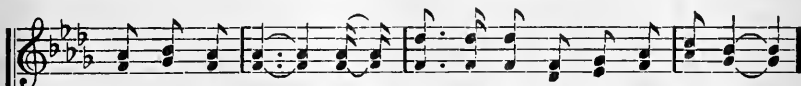
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



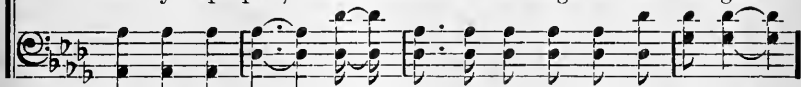
1. The sands have been washed in the foot-prints Of the Stranger on
2. There are so man-y hills to climb up-ward, I oft-en am
3. He loves me too well to for-sake me, Or give me a
4. When the last fee-ble step has been ta-ken, And the gates of that



D.C.—And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing, When I get to the
Last verse.—Then the toils of the road will seem noth-ing, etc.



Gal-i-lee's shore—And the voice that subdued the rough bil-lows
long-ing for rest; But He who ap-oints me my path-way,
tri-al too much; And His peo-ple have been dear-ly pur-chased,
cit-y ap-pear, And the beau-ti-ful songs of the an-gels

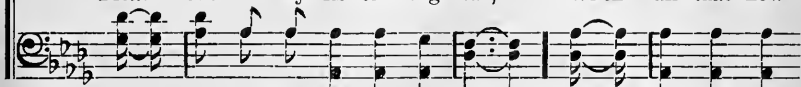


end of the way; And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,

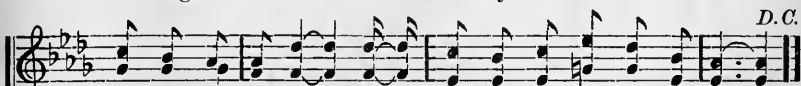
FINE.



Will be heard in Ju-de-a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in His
And Sa-tan can nev-er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my lis-ten-ing ear; When all that now

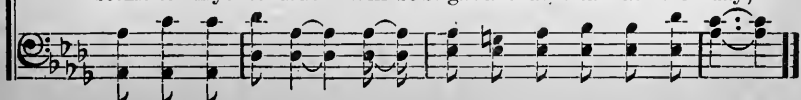


When I get to the end of the way.



D.C.

lone Gal-i-le-an With joy I will fol-low to-day;
word He hath promised That my strength "it shall be as my day;"
see Him and praise Him, In the cit-y of un-end-ing day;
seems so mys-te-rious Will be bright and as clear as the day;



184 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON.

ALBERT L. PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in Thee; I give Thee
 2. O Light that followest all the way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
 3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
 4. O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee; I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer full-er be.
 stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
 dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

185

Christ be Praised.

E. CASWELL.

J. BARNEY.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Jesus Christ be prais'd!
 2. Does sadness fill my mind? A so-lace here I find, May Jesus Christ be prais'd!
 3. The night becomes as day, When from the heart we say, May Jesus Christ be prais'd!
 4. In heaven's e-ter-nal bliss The loveliest strain is this, May Jesus Christ be prais'd!

A-like at work and pray'r To Je-sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be prais'd!
 Or fades my earthly bliss? My comfort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be prais'd!
 The pow'rs of darkness fear When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be prais'd!
 Let earth and sea, and sky, From depth to height reply, May Je - sus Christ be prais'd!

S. F. SMITH.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

p

1. Soft-ly fades the twi-light ray, Of the ho-ly Sab-bath day; Gen-tly
 2. Night her solemn man-tle spreads O'er the earth as day-light fades; All things
 3. Peace is on the world a - broad; 'Tis the ho-ly peace of God, Sym-bol
 4. Still the Spir-it lin-gers near, Where the evening worship-er Seeks com-
 5. Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in Thee, Till in

pp *cres.*

as life's set-ting sun, When the Christian's course is run, When the Christian's
 tell of calm re- pose, At the ho-ly Sabbath's close, At the ho-ly
 of the peace with-in When the spir-it rests from sin, When the spir-it
 munion with the skies, Press-ing on-ward to the prize, Press-ing onward
 heav'n our souls repose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close, Where the Sabbath

pp *cres. e dim.*

FULL CHORUS.

- course is run.
 Sabbath's close.
 rests from sin.
 to the prize.
 ne'er shall close.

Ho-ly Sabbath, softly fading, Gently as life's set-ting sun.

Evening Prayer.

J. EDMESTON.

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GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re- pose our spir-its seal;
 2. Tho' de- struction walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
 3. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

rit.

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 An - gel - guards from Thee surround us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 May the morn of glo - ry wake us, Clad in heav'n's e - ter - nal bloom.

188 Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

J. D. BURNS.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Hush'd was the eve-ning hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark;
 2. Oh, give me Sam-uel's ear, The o-pen ear, O Lord!
 3. Oh, give me Sam-uel's heart! A low-ly heart that waits

The lamp was burn-ing dim Be-fore the sa-cred ark: When
 A-live and quick to hear Each whis-per of Thy word; Like
 When in Thy house Thou art, Or watch-est at Thy gates; By

sud-den-ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine.
 him to an-swer at Thy call And to o-bey Thee first of all.
 day and night, a heart that still Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

189

The Lord's Prayer.

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father, which art in heaven,..... Hallowed be Thy name;
 2. Give us this..... day our dai-ly bread;
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but de-liv-er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;
 And forgive us our debts, as..... we for-give our debtors;
 { For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - - - ev-er. A - - men.

190

Presentation of Offering.

ANON.

All things come of Thee, O Lord; And of Thine own have we giv-en Thee. A-men.

191 Our Evening Prayer.

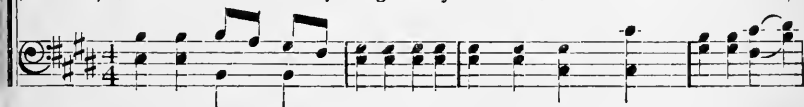
E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

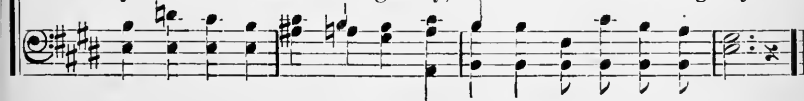
B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Finish'd now the day's bright sto-ry Of our Father's tender care;
 2. Sun - set fires are brightly burn-ing On the al-tars of the sky,
 3. Gen-tle zeph-yrs, light-ly stray-ing, Lull to sleep the dewy flow'rs;
 4. When shall close life's varied sto-ry, When our good-night pray'r we say,
- (1st v. etc.) 1. Finish'd now the day's bright story Of our Fath - er's ten-der care,



Earth re-lect-ing heaven's glo - ry, While we breathe our ev'ning pray'r.
 Lov - ing hearts, their thanks returning, Worship, for the Lord is nigh.
 Lord, Thy gra-cious might displaying, Keep us thro' the si-lent hours.
 May the Lamb enthron'd in glo - ry, Be our ev - er-last-ing day.



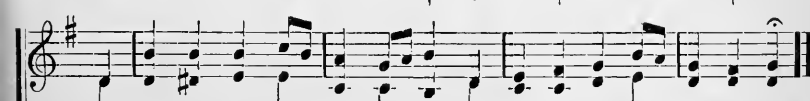
192 Jesus! the Very Thought!

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

R. SCHUMANN.



1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought is sweet! In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;
2. No word is sung more sweet than this No name is heard more full of bliss;
3. No tongue of mor-tal can express, No let-ters write the bless-ed-ness,
4. Re-main with us, O Lord, to-day, In ev - 'ry heart Thy grace display,



But oh! than hon - ey sweet-er far, The glimpses of His presence are.
 No tho't brings sweeter com-fort nigh, Than Je-sus, Son of God Most High.
 A - lone who hath Thee in his heart Knows, love of Je-sus, what Thou art.
 That now the shades of night are fled, On Thee our spir-its may be fed.



ANNA B. WARNER.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows length - en ▲ - cross this
 2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock foun-da - tion, Whereon our
 3. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and

lit - tle land - scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
 feet were set with sov'-reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
 will - ing - ness, come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing

faith to strength - en For the last wear - i - ness—the fi - nal strife.
 ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see his face.
 ris - en, plead - ing Then wel - come, day! and fare - well mor - tal night!

Lo! the Day of Rest.

1. Lo! the day of rest de - clin - eth, Gath - er fast the shades of night;
 2. While, thine ear of love ad - dress - ing, Thus our parting hymn we sing,

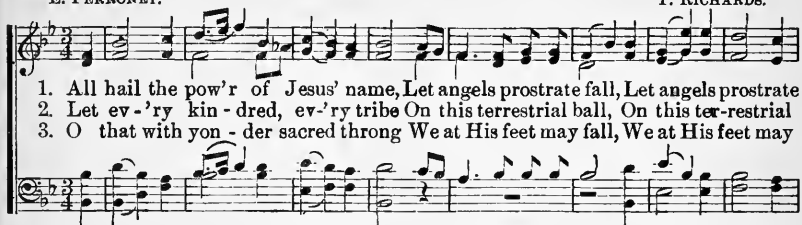
May the Sun which ev - er shin - eth Fill our souls with heavenly light.
 Fath - er, grant thine evening blessing, Fold us safe be - neath thy wing.

Chorus Selections

195 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

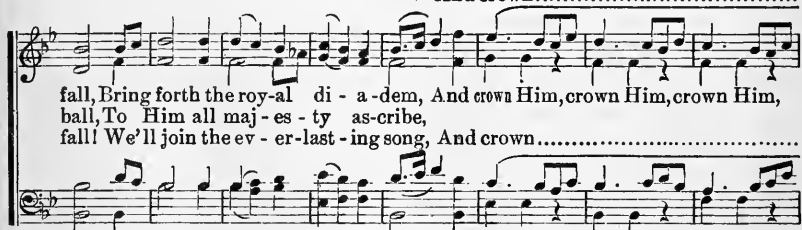
E. PERRONET.

T. RICHARDS.



1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate
 2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe On this terrestrial ball, On this ter-restrial
 3. O that with yon-der sacred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His feet may

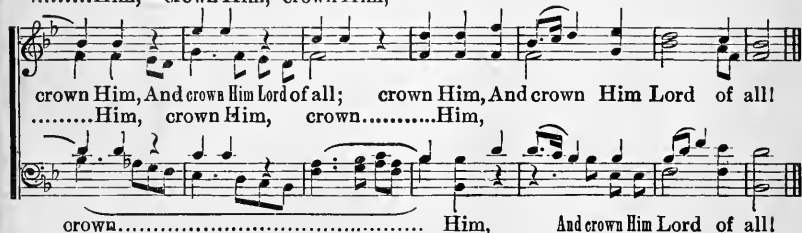
And crown.....



fall, Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
 ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe,
 fall! We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown.....

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

.....Him, crown Him, crown Him,



crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all; crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
Him, crown Him, crown.....Him,
 crown..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

(Second Tune.)

Coronation.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Long have I tried.. to still the rag - ing tide,....
 2. I would be - hold... the glo - ry of Thy face,....
 3. Some day, be - yond,.. my God shall sat - is - fy,.....

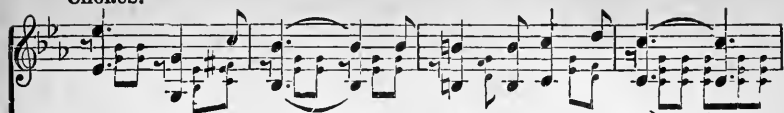
That o - ver-whelms my help - less soul,....
 Then shall Thy truth be found in me,.....
 Ev - 'ry de - sire to know my king,....

My will is weak,.. the good is swept a - side, I
 Fill all my be - - ing with Thy sav - ing grace, Bind
 Just why He left..... His throne for me to die, While

plead for Thee to take..... con - trol.....
 with Thy love my heart..... to Thee....
 all the glo - ry bells..... shall ring.....

Search Me, O God.

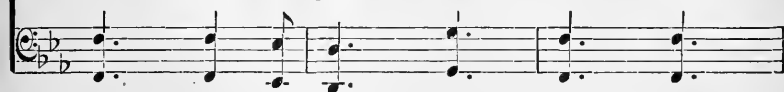
CHORUS.



Search me, O God,.... and know my se - cret tho't,....



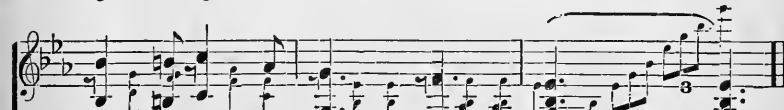
I would be pure with - - in, with-



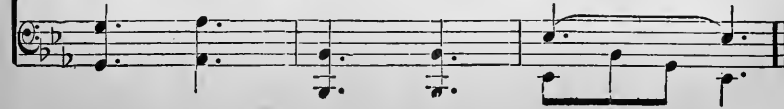
out,..... Re - move the guilt..... by



e - vil pur - pose wrought,.... Cleanse Thou my



heart from ev - 'ry stain of sin.....



Hallelujah for the Cross.

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HORATIUS BONAB.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! De-fy-ing
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Its triumph
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Our sins on

ev - 'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hallelujah! The winds of hell have blown, The
 let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah! hallelujah! The grace of God here shone, Thro'
 Je - sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing, Of

world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-verthrown, Hallelu-jah for the cross!
 Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our living King, Hallelujah for the cross!

* SOLO. SOP. OR TENOR, OR DUET.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

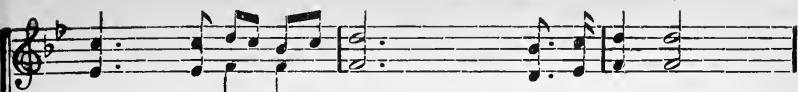
SOPRANO AND ALTO.

CHORUS. *mp* Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

TENOR AND BASS.

* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

Hallelujah for the Cross.



lu - jah for the cross,

Hal - le - lu - jah,



-lu-jah for the cross, hal-le-lu-jah for the cross,

Hal - le-lu-jah,

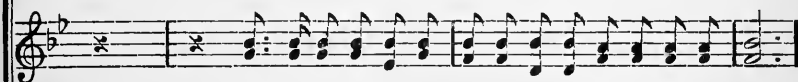


Hal - le - lu - jah,

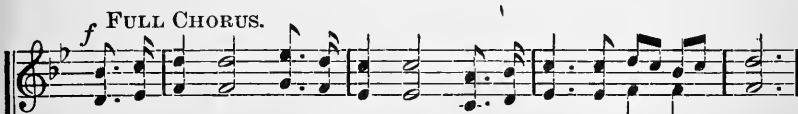
it shall nev-er

suf-fer

loss.

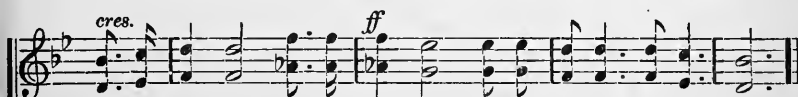
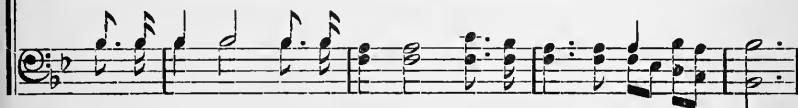


Hal - le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss.



FULL CHORUS.

* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss.



* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

198 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

H. R. P.

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H. R. PALMER.



1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;



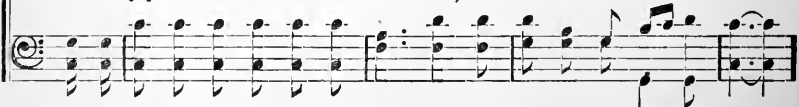
The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled—O, wak-en and save, I pray;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heaven's within my breast;



Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin - ger, O, bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;



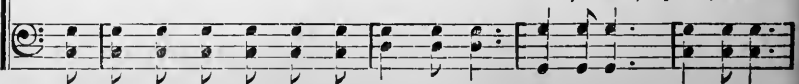
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter O hast-en, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



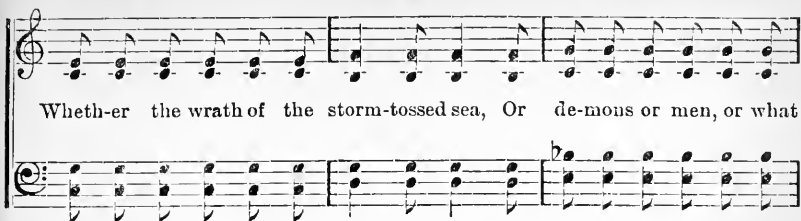
CHORUS.



The winds and the wavesshall o - bey Thy will, Peace... be still! . .
Peace, be still, peace, be still!



Master, the Tempest is Raging.



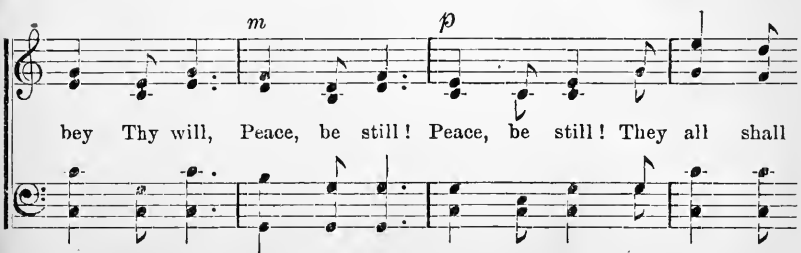
Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what



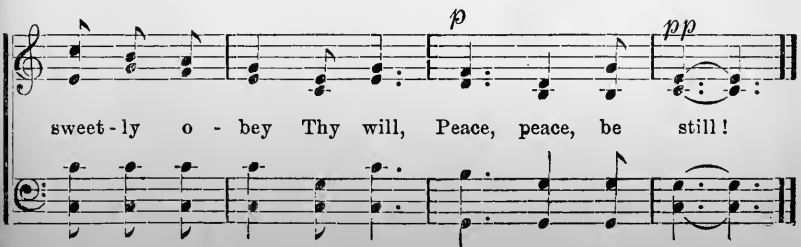
cres.
ev - er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The



ff *m*
Mas-ter of o-ocean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o -



m *p*
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

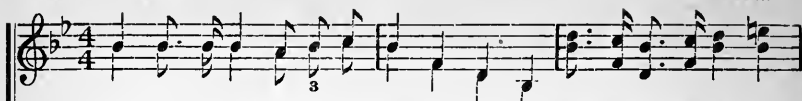


p *pp*
sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

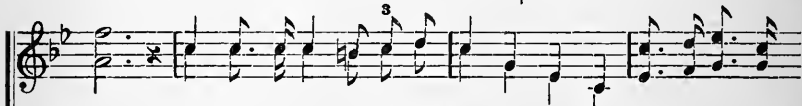
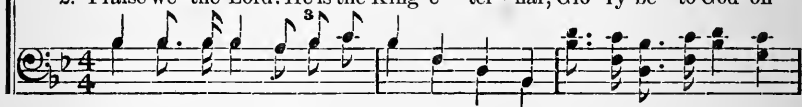
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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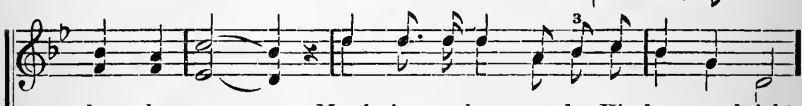
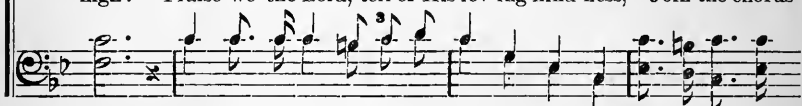
H. R. PALMER.



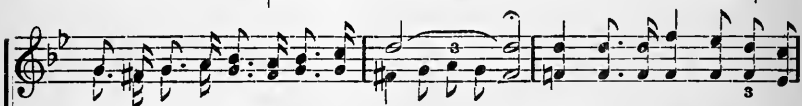
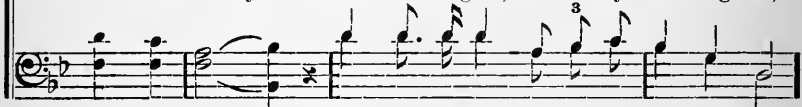
1. Praise ye the Lord! joyfully shout ho-san-na! Praise the Lord with glad ac-
 2. Praise we the Lord! He is the King e - ter - nal; Glo - ry be to God on



claim; Lift up your hearts unto His throne with gladness,—Magnify His
 high? Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov-ing kind-ness,—Join the chorus

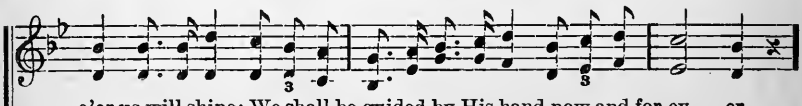
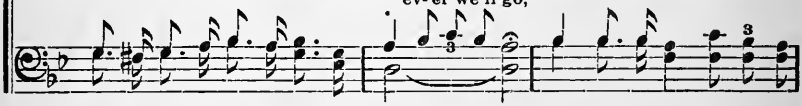


ho - ly name. March-ing a-long un-der His ban-ner bright,
 of the sky. Still march-ing on, cheer-i - ly march-ing on,

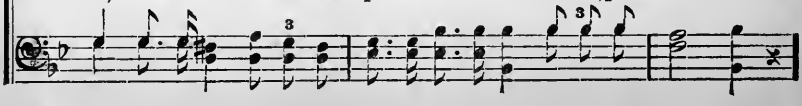


Trusting in His mercy as we go,..... His light divine ten-der-ly

In the ranks of Jesus we will go,..... Home to our rest, joyful-ly
 ev-er we'll go,



o'er us will shine; We shall be guided by His hand now and for-ev - er.
 home, where the blest Gather and praise the Saviour's name, praise Him forever.



Steadily Marching On.

CHORUS.

Steadi - ly marching on, With our banner waving o'er us, Steadi - ly marching
on, while we sing the joy-ful cho-rus, Stead-i - ly marching on, pillar and
cloud go-ing be-fore us, To the realms of glory, to our home on high.

200

Art Thou Weary.

Tr. T. M. NEALE.

REV. SIR HENRY BAKER.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis-tress'd?
2. Is there di - a - dem, as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?
3. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

"Come to me," saith One, "and com-ing, Be at rest."
"Yes, a crown in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns!"
"Many a sor - row, many a lab - or, Many a tear."
"Not till earth and not till heav - en Pass a - way."

Fling Wide the Gates!

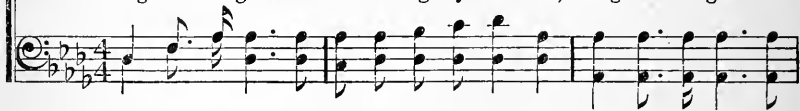
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E. B.

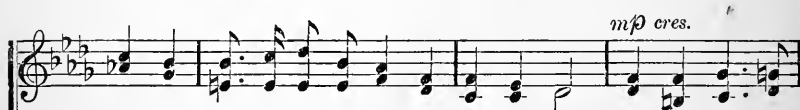
Commander EVANGELINE BOOTH.



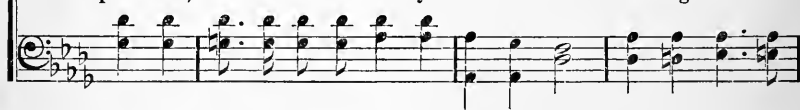
1. Fling wide the gates! I hear the an-gel-sing-ing, Fling wide the gates! I
2. Fling wide the gates! a life of war-fare end-ed; Fling wide the gates! a
3. Fling wide the gates! thro' Christ his work accomplished; Fling wide the gates! his
4. Fling wide the gates! with bursts of glory brill-iant; Fling wide the gates! his



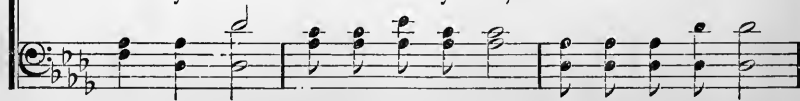
hear bright mu-sic ring-ing; A war-rior soul from this poor world is
sol-dier brave as-cend-ed; Life's bat-tle won, the cause of Christ de-
toils for oth-ers fin-ished; Laid down the sword, the cross for crown re-
en-try made a-bun-dant: Tri-umph-ant soul, with es-cort host re-



wing-ing T'ward the glo-ry of the gold-en strand. Toil and fear, a
fend-ed, More than conq'ror thro' the pow'r of God. With a bound at
linquished, Hal-le-lu-jahs fill the earth and sky. Struggling hard and
splen-dent, Stands be-fore the ho-ly throne of God. Burn-ing brand in



sol-dier's spear, Left be-hind the grave, prov'd His pow'r to save,
trum-pet sound, From its bond of clay, wing'd his soul a-way,
bat-tle scarred, Makes the gold-en shore, greets those gone be-fore,
ev-'ry land Blazed a ho-ly trail,—heav'n and earth do hail!



Fling Wide the Gates!

mf *f* *cres.* *ff* *rit.*

Hear the crown'd the anthem swell, "Conq'ror over death and hell." (death and hell.)

202 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth and
2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored; Christ the everlasting Lord; Late in time be-
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners reconciled! Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise,
hold Him come, Offspring of the Virgin's womb: Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
all He brings, Ris'n with healing in His wings. Mild He lays His glory by,

Join the triumph of the skies; With th'angelic hosts proclaim, Christ is born in
Hail th'incar-nate De-i-ty, Pleas'd as Man with men to dwell; Jesus, our Em-
Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth-le-hem! Hark! the herald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King.
man-u-ell! Hark! the herald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King.
sec-ond birth, Hark! the herald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King.


Organ pedal.

R. L.

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Slow.

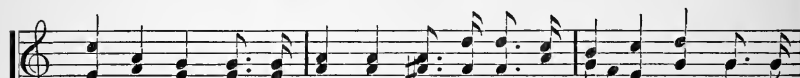

1. Low in the grave He lay—Je- sus, my Sav- iour! Wait- ing the coming day—
 2. Vainly they watch His bed—Jesus, my Sav- iour! Vain- ly they seal the dead—
 3. Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus, my Sav- iour! He tore the bars a- way—

CHORUS. *Faster.*


Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
 He a - rose,



might- y tri-umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
 He a - rose,



dark do-main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -



rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a - rose! He a - rose!

Praise and Magnify Our King.

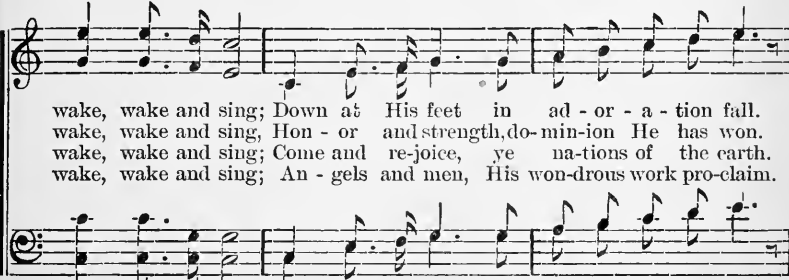
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LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Great is the Lord, who rul-eth o - ver all! Wake, wake and sing,
 2. Great is the Lord, who spake and it was done; Wake, wake and sing,
 3. Great is the Lord: oh, come with ho - ly mirth; Wake, wake and sing,
 4. Great is the Lord, and ho - ly is His name! Wake, wake and sing,



wake, wake and sing; Down at His feet in ad - or - a - tion fall.
 wake, wake and sing; Hon - or and strength, do - min - ion He has won.
 wake, wake and sing; Come and re - joice, ye na - tions of the earth.
 wake, wake and sing; An - gels and men, His won - drous work pro - claim.



CHORUS.

Praise and magni - fy our King. O ye redeemed above, Strike, strike your



harp of love, Hail the Bless - ed One, Hail the Might - y One, Sweet - ly His



won - ders tell, Loud - ly His glo - ry swell, Praise and magni - fy our King.

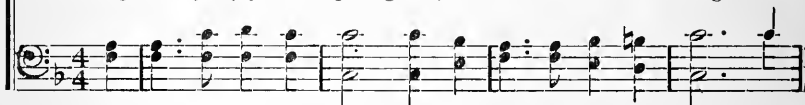
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CARRIE M. WILSON.

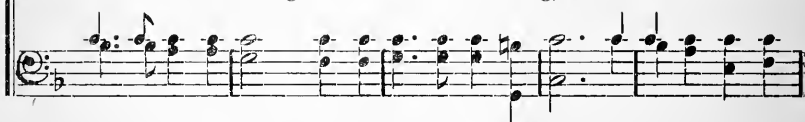
JNO. R. SWENEY.



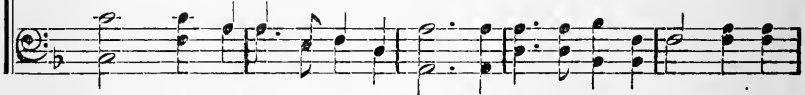
1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the moments long; My
2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay Let
3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long Till



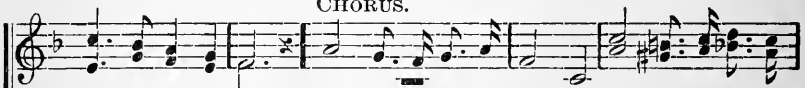
faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev'-ry tune-ful song; Lo! on the mount of
songs of home and Je - sus Be-guile each fleeting day; Sing on the grand old
in our Fa-ther's kingdom We swell a nobler song, Where those who love are



bles - sing, The glorious mount! I stand, And, looking ov-er Jor - dan, I
sto - ry Of His re-deeming love, — The ev - er-last-ing cho - rus That
wait - ing to greet us on the shore, We'll meet beyond the riv - er, Where



CHORUS.



see the promised land.
fills the realms a-bove. } Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev'ry note you
surg-es roll no more. }



Sing On.

raise My heart is fill'd with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise:

Sing on, oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise
Sing on; bliss-ful, bliss-ful mu - sic.

My heart is fill'd with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.

206

A Present Help.

J. G. WHITTIER.

(SERENITY. C. M.)

WM. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
3. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of childhood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What - e'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown,
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
The last low whis - pers of our dead Are burdened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
 2. Bear - ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemn'd He stood,
 3. Guilt - y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
 4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
 5. When He comes, our glor-ious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ru - ined sin - ners to re-claim! Hal-le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
 Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
 "Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
 Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal-le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
 Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal-le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties press'd?
 3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?
 4. Peace, per - fect peace, with loved ones far a - way?
 5. Peace, per - fect peace, our fu - ture all un - known?
 6. Peace, per - fect peace, death shad - owing us and ours?
 7. It is e - nough: earth's strug - gles soon shall cease,

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
 To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
 On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.
 In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.
 Je - sus we know, and He is on the throne.
 Je - sus has van - quished death and all its powers.
 And Je - sus call us to heaven's per - fect peace.

Male Quartet Selections

209 Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

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ADAM GEIBEL.

With much feeling.

1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all shatter'd seem to be;
2. I can-not tell the depth of love Which moves the Father's heart a - bove;
3. Tho' tri - als come thro' passing days, My life may still be fil'd with praise;

God's per-fect plan I can-not see, But some day I'll un-der-stand.
My faith to test, my love to prove, But some day I'll un-der-stand.
For God will lead thro' darken'd ways, But some day I'll un-der-stand.

CHORUS.

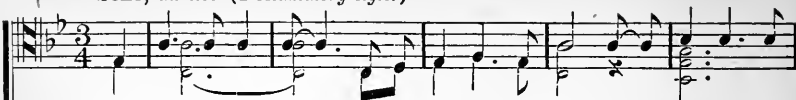
Some day He'll make it plain to me, Some day when I His face shall see;

Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un-der - stand.

C. L. ST. JOHN.

Copyright, 1884, by H. R. Palmer By per.

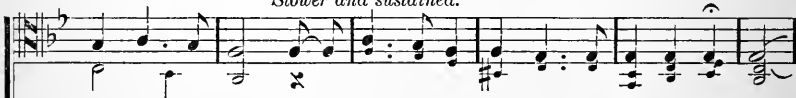
H. R. PALMER.

SOLO, *ad lib.* (Declamatory style.)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-gim a-
2. "Which way shall I take?" for the bright golden span That brid-ges the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil-ver-y lines, How they pencil the



wea-ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for a pal-ace, that
wa-ters so safe-ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hed-g-es and fruit-la-den vines—My fortune! my all! for

*Slower and sustained.*

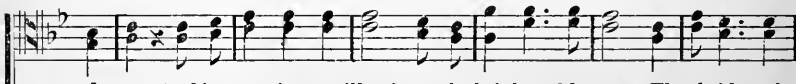
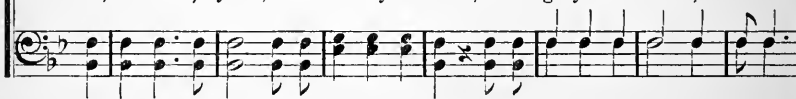
rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li-eth sul-len and chill.
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass-ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sits thro' the lil-ies, and wastes on the stream."



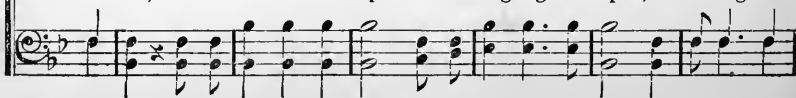
CHORUS.



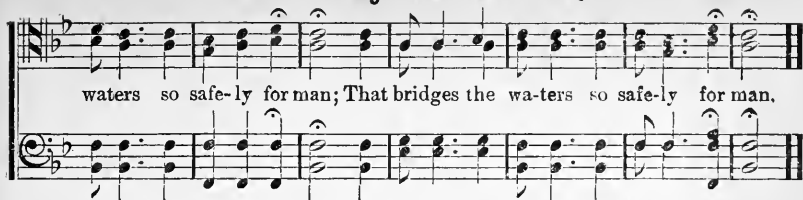
Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray friar cowl'd, in lichens



and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span, That bridges the



The Wayside Cross.



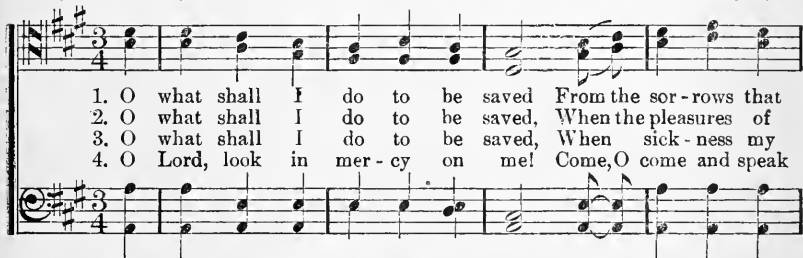
waters so safe-ly for man; That bridges the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.

211 What Shall I Do to Be Saved?

J. W. HOLLMAN.

By permission.

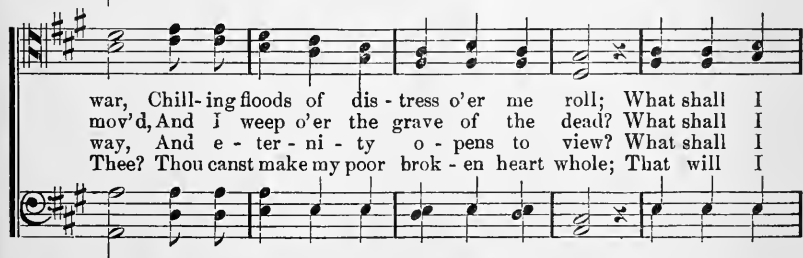
WM. B. BRADBURY.



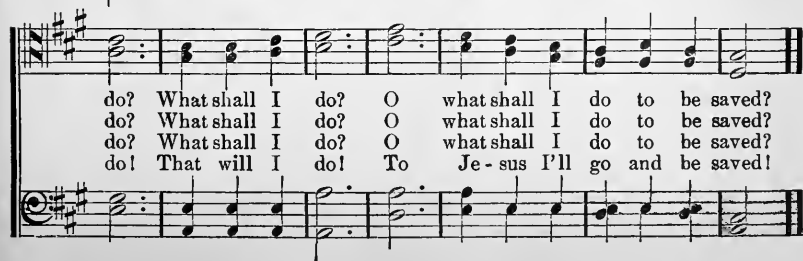
1. O what shall I do to be saved From the sor-rows that
2. O what shall I do to be saved, When the pleasures of
3. O what shall I do to be saved, When sick-ness my
4. O Lord, look in mer-cy on me! Come, O come and speak



bur-den my soul? Like the waves in a storm When the winds are at
youth are all fled, And the friends I have loved From the earth are re-
strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud rolls a-
peace to my soul; Un-to whom shall I flee, Dear-est Lord, but to



war, Chill-ing floods of dis-tress o'er me roll; What shall I
mov'd, And I weep o'er the grave of the dead? What shall I
way, And e-ter-ni-ty o-pens to view? What shall I
Thee? Thou canst make my poor brok-en heart whole; That will I



do? What shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?
do? What shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?
do? What shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?
do! That will I do! To Je-sus I'll go and be saved!

212 Cheer Up the Fellows You Know.

EDGAR PAGE.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Who has a bet-ter right to laugh and live, Who has so much to get, so
2. We need not weep a-long our homeward way, But praise aloud and sing as
3. Our earth seeks joy, then let our fac-es shine And arms of love a-bout the
4. Help 'of the helpless 'tis our work we know To show the straying ones the

much to give When joy comes in, in an-swer to our pray'r How glad we
well as pray. Who, then will care to fol-low us a - long If we've no
way - ward twine. When joy comes in then sin will fly a-way, Then let us
way to go. Joy will at-tract the wea-ry sin-ner in, Our praise will

CHORUS.

are to have an - oth - er share.
joy to sing a hap - py song.
love and lift each pass-ing day. } Cheer up the fellows you know, you know
fire his heart to laugh and win.

Help them a - long as they go, as they go—Tell them of Christ and His

love so true, Tell them of man-sions a - bove for you, so try it a -

Cheer Up the Fellows You Know.

while, 'Twill cause them to smile, And cheer up the fellows you know.
awhile, to smile,

213

Good-Bye.

N. B. T.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. We say it for an hour, or for long years, Good - bye;
2. We have no dear - er word for our heart's friend, Good - bye;
3. To lov'd ones gone be - fore, and friends who wait, Good - bye;

We say it smil - ing, say it chok'd with tears, Good - bye, We
For him who jour - neys to the world's far end, Good - bye, And
We say no more in part - ing at Life's Gate—Good - bye, To

say it cold - ly, say it with a kiss; And yet we have no
scars our soul with go - ing, thus we say, As un - to him who
him who pass - es on be - yond earth's sight We cry, as to the

Rit.

Dim.

pp

oth - er word than this—"Good - bye, Good - bye, Good - bye."
steps but o'er the way, "Good - bye, Good - bye, Good - bye."
wan-d'rer for a night, "Good - bye, Good - bye, Good - bye."

New arr. of words and music, copyright, 1913, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

W. S. P. AND E. E. H.

DR. WM. S. PITTS.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No lov-li-er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
3. It was there that the sto-ry of Je-sus First at-tract-ed my
4. It is close to the church in the val-ley That my loved ones so

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my childhood As the
clear ring- ing bell; Its tones so sweet- ly are call- ing, O
heart by its charms; And 'twas there God's mes- sen- ger taught me How to
peace- ful- ly rest; I shall see them a- gain in the homeland, Where we'll

lit- tle brown church in the vale.
 come to the church in the vale.
 come to His mer - ci - ful arms.
 join in the songs of the blest.

FINE.

CHORUS.

Come to the
 O come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit- tle brown church in the vale.

D.S.

church by the wild - wood, O come to the church in the vale.
come, come, Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come.

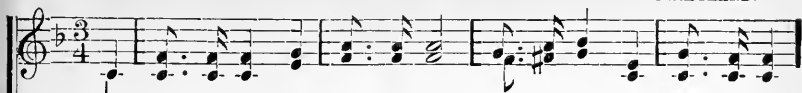
NOTE.—For male voices—1st tenor sing alto. 2d tenor or 1st bass sing the melody.

Touch Not, Taste Not.

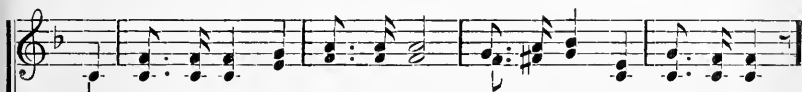
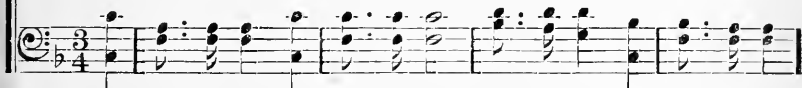
DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

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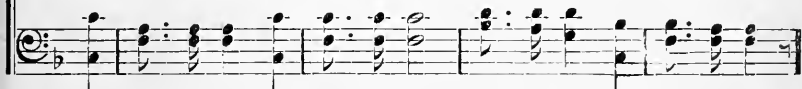
"MARYLAND."



1. There's dan-ger in the flow-ing bowl! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
2. "Strong drink is rag-ing," God hath said; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
3. Come, let us join each heart and hand, Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
4. Oh, has - ten, then, the hap - py time! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!



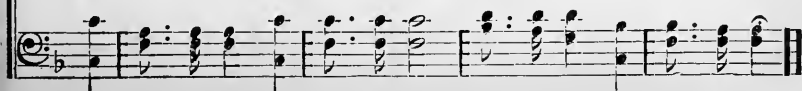
'Twill ru - in bod - y, ru - in soul! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 And thousands it hath cap - tive led! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 To drive the traf - fic from the land; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 When joy - ful bells the notes will chime; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!



'Twill rob the pock - et of its cash; 'Twill scourge thee with a cru - el lash;
 It leads the young, and strong, and brave; It leads them to a drunkard's grave;
 We need the strongest, brav - est hearts To foil the cru - el tempter's arts,
 Then raise the temp'rance flag on high, And lift your voi - ces to the sky—



And all thy hopes of pleasure dash—Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 It leads them where no arm can save—Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 And heal his fear - ful wounds and smarts—Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 Sing, glo - ry be to God on high—Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!



IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.
Moderately fast.

"Afton."

Louder.

1. Old Glo-ry, we love thee! our em-blem so true, The flag of our
 2. Old Glo-ry, we love thee! thro' tu-mults and wars Thou ledst us to
 3. Old Glo-ry, we love thee! thy col-ors shall be Em-blazoned with

Un-ion, the red, white, and blue; We hail thee, we bless thee, the
 vic-t'ry, with stripes and with stars; We laud thee, we praise thee, for
 splen-dor, from sea un-to sea; We'll keep thee, we'll hold thee, and

pride of our land, And loy-al for-ev-er to thee will we stand.
 long thou hast stood For all that is no-ble and hon-ored and good.
 ne'er let thee go, And wreathe thee with laurels, thy triumphs to show.

Old Glo-ry, we love thee! and blest is the breeze That waves thee in
 Old Glo-ry, we love thee! our hearts ev-er-more Shall thrill to be -
 Old Glo-ry, we love thee! wave proudly on high! Thro' thee will we

Louder. CHORUS.
 tri-umph o'er main-land and seas.
 hold thee on o-cean and shore. } Then here's to Old Glo-ry, and
 con-quer, yes, con-quer or die!

Old Glory, We Love Thee!

long may she wave, The sym-bol of freedom, the flag of the brave!

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America.

S. F. SMITH.

English.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To . Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

The Red, White and Blue.

1. O Co-lumbia! the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free;
 2. When war winged its wide desolation, And threatened the land to de-form,
 3. Then, sons of Columbia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;

The shrine of each patriot's de-votion, A world offers homage to thee.
 The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
 May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!

Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-erty's form stands in view;
 With her garlands of vict'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 May the service, u-ni-ted, ne'er sever, But they to their colors prove true!

Thy banners make tyran-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS. D.S.

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue;
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue;
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

JOS. HAYDN, ARR.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Jesus
 4. Onward, then, ye faithful—Join the happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ the Royal Mas - ter Leads against the foe,
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we;
 Constant will remain: Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King.

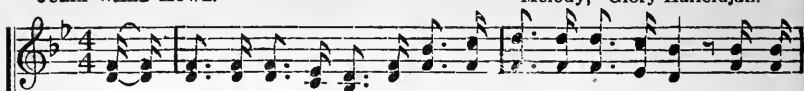
CHORUS.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 We have Christ's own promise And that cannot fail. } Onward, Christian soldiers,
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

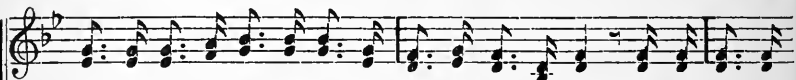
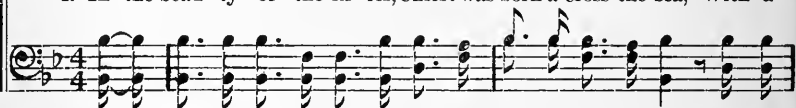
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

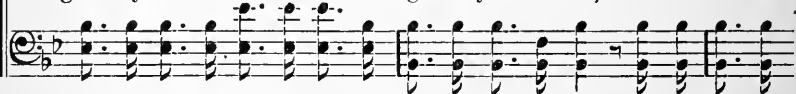
Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



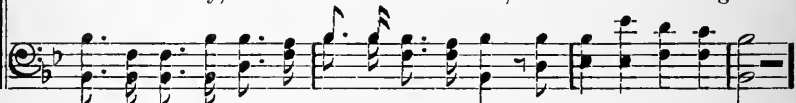
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call retreat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a



trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stor'd; He hath loos'd the
 build-ed Him an al - tar in the even-ing dew and damps; I can read His
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat, O beswift, my
 glo - ry in His bos-om that transfig-ures you and me; As He died to



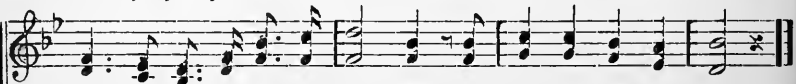
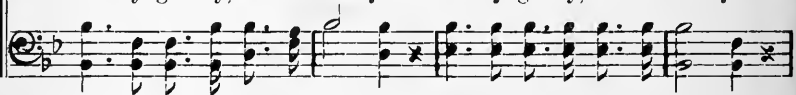
fate - ful lightning of His ter - rible swift sword: His truth is marching on.
 righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His day is marching on.
 soul, to answer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
 make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is marching on.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.
 Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His day is marching on.
 Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is marching on.
 Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! While God is marching on.



Invitation and Familiar Hymns

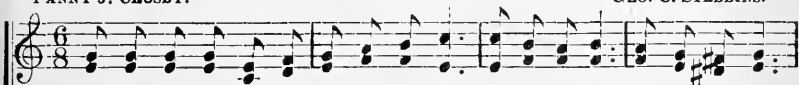
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Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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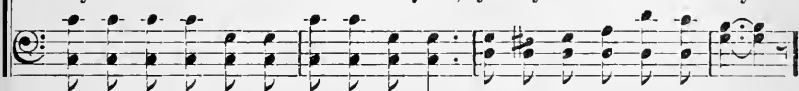
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home-Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest-Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now-Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice-Hear Him to-day, Hear Him to-day;



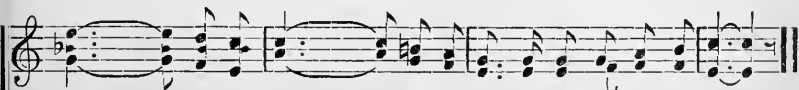
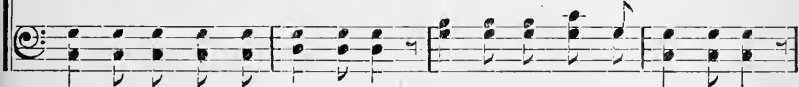
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice, Quickly a - rise and a - way.



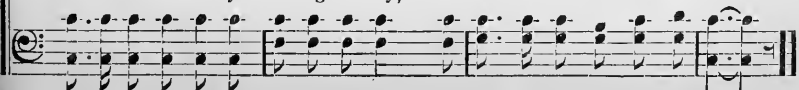
CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing, to - day, to-day!



Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,



Shall You? Shall I?

Copyright, 1915. by Addie McGranahan. Renewal.

Chas. M. Alexander, owner. By per.

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
 2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
 3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
 4. Some one will sing the tri - um - phant song By and by, by and by,

Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?
 Faith - ful, ap - proved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?
 Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?
 Join in the praise with the blood - bought throng, Shall you? shall I?


Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will
 Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
 Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the
 Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Lov'd ones of earth who have


there behold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold; Shall you? shall I?
 earth be free, Happy with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?
 door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?
 gone be - fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er - more: Shall you? shall I?

ISAAC WATTS.

Copyright, 1835, by R. E. Hudson. By per.

R. E. HUDSON.

- 
1. A - las and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd up-on the tree?
 3. We'll might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo-ries in,
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;




Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
 When Christ the mighty Mak - er died For man the creature's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart roll'd a-way, It was there by faith
 roll'd a-way,



I re-ceiv'd my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

By permission.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you
 2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is

tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to
 fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
 striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal -
 pass - ing a - way? Your Sav - iour is long - ing to

give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied through.
 Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
 va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
 bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Who'll Be the Next?

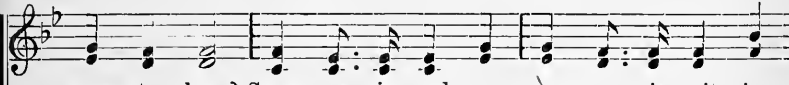
ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Copyright, 1899, by Mrs. Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. By per.


ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His
 2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus—Fol - low His wear - y
 3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to
 4. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus Down thro' the Jor - dan's



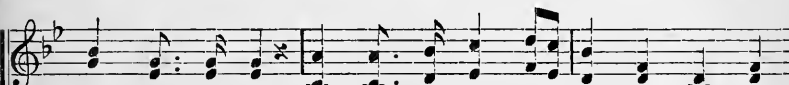
cross to bear? Some one is read - y, some one is wait - ing;
 bleed - ing feet? Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry bur - den
 praise His name? Who'll swell the cho - rus of free re-demp - tion,
 roll - ing tide? Who'll be the next to join with the ran - som'd



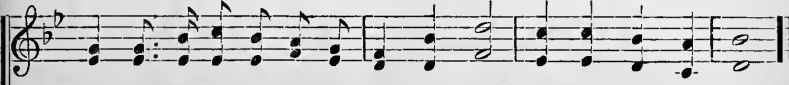
REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
 Down at the Fa - ther's mer - cy seat?
 Sing, hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lamb?
 Sing - ing up - on the oth - er side?

Who'll be the next?



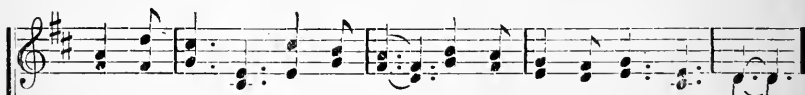
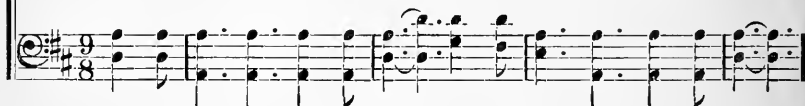
Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?



Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now?



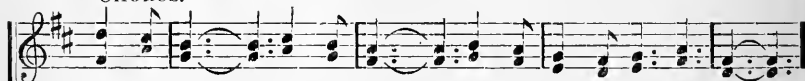
1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



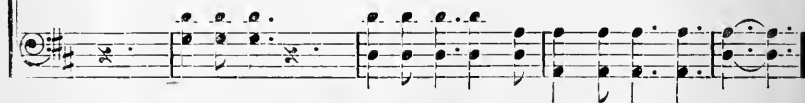
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?



Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

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WILL I. THOMPSON.

pp *Very slow.*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Prom - ised for

you and for me, See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies,
 you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sin'd, He has mer - cy and par - don,

CHORUS.

Watch - ing for you and for me.
 Mer - cies for you and for me.
 Com - ing for you and for me.
 Par - don for you and for me.

Come home, come home,

Come home, come home,

cres.

Ye who are wea - ry, come home,

Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly


rit.

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

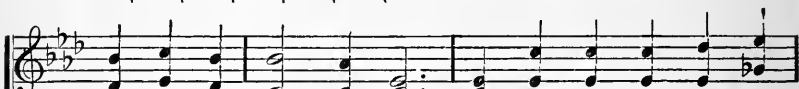
LIZZIE DEARMOND.

Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.




1. Je - sus is wait - ing to save your soul, He will re -
 2. Why do you lon - ger His Spir - it grieve? Trust - ing His
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing to set you free, By His re -



deem you and make you whole, Yield your - self free - ly to
 mer - cy, His love re - ceive, Cling to His prom - ise, in
 demp - tion on Cal - va - ry, Just now ac - cept Him, your

CHORUS.



His con - trol, Come to the Sav - iour now.
 faith be - lieve, Come to the Sav - iour now. } Come! come, precious
 all to be, Come to the Sav - iour now.



moments are fly - ing, Come! come, at His feet low - ly bow;



Come! come, on His mer - cy re - ly - ing, Come to the Sav - iour now.

There's a Great Day Coming.

By per. Hope Pub. Co., owners of copyright.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not." Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS. *m* *pp*

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

m *pp*

judg-ment day? Are you ready? Are you read-y? For the judgment day?

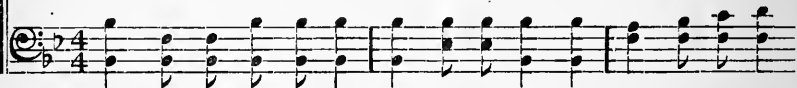
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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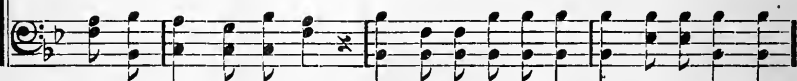
W. H. DOANE.



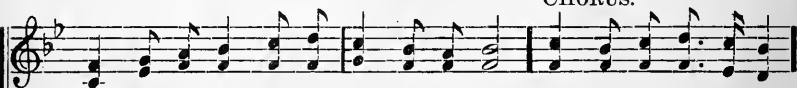
1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit -
2. Tho' they are slight - ing Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen -
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur -
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la -



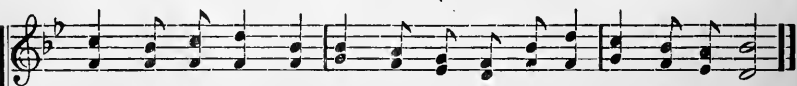
y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
i - tent child to receive; Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently,
ied that grace can re - store; Touch'd by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness,
bor the Lord will pro - vide; Back to the narrow way Pa - tient - ly win them;



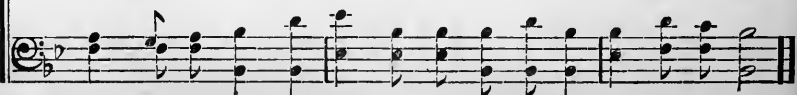
CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the night - y to save. }
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that were brok - en will vibrate once more. }
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - iour has died. }



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful Je - sus will save.

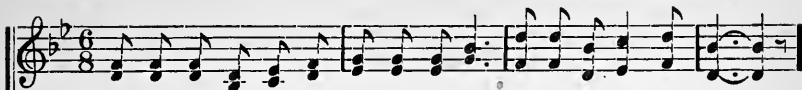


231 Is Thy Heart Right with God?

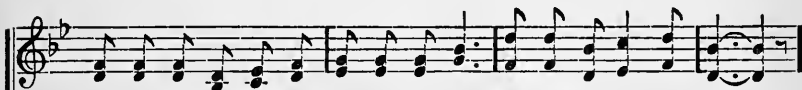
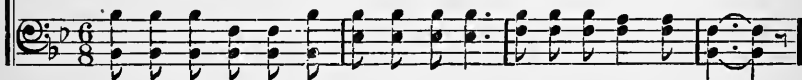
Used by per. of E. A. Hoffman, owner of Copyright.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?



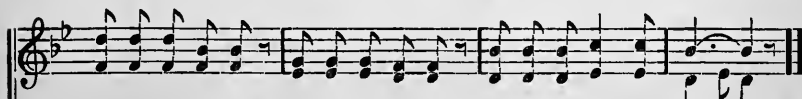
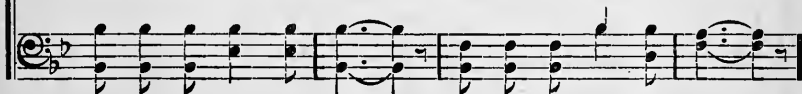
Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?



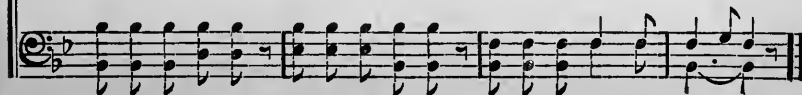
CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God? Wash'd in the crim-son flood,

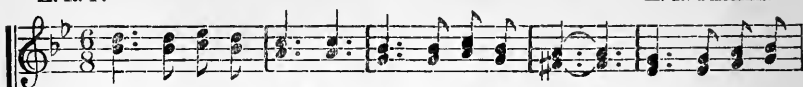


Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?



H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'ercom-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith weshall



help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be tho't-ful and earn-est,
con-quer, Tho' of-ten cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,



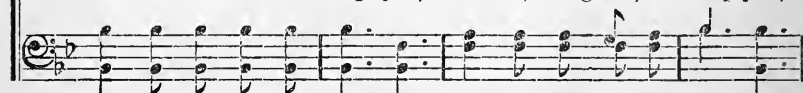
Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you thro'.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you thro'.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-'sus, He'll carry you thro'.



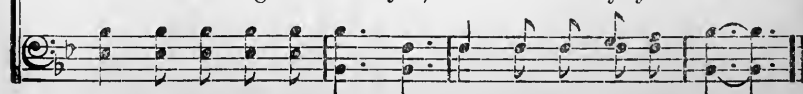
CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.



233 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder

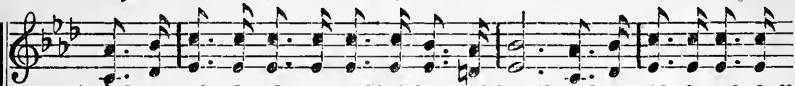
Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By per. of J. M. Black, owner.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun,



And the morning breaks, eternal bright and fair; When the sav'd of earth shall
And the glo - ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; When His chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is



gath - er o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is call'd up yon-der,
gath - er to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is call'd up yon-der,
o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the roll is call'd up yon-der,



D.S.—roll is call'd up yon-der,

FINE. CHORUS.



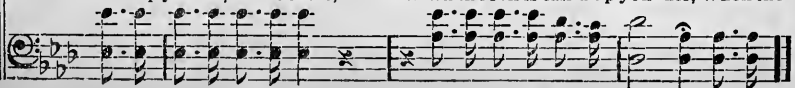
I'll be there. When the roll . . is call'd up yon - der, When the roll . . is
When the roll is call'd up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is



I'll be there.



call'd up yon - der, When the roll is call'd up yonder, When the
call'd up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is call'd up yon-der, When the

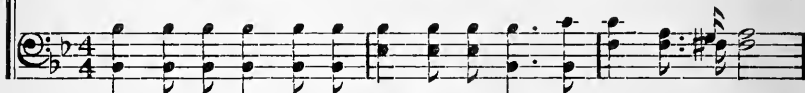


L. E. J.

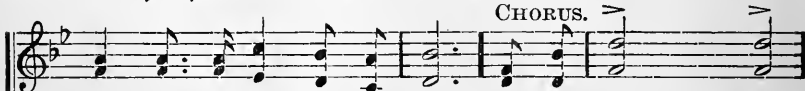
L. E. JONES.



1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your pas - sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whiter—much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood;

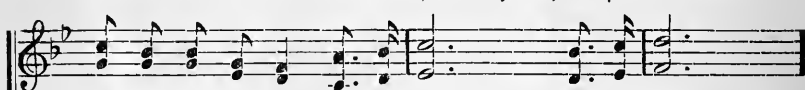
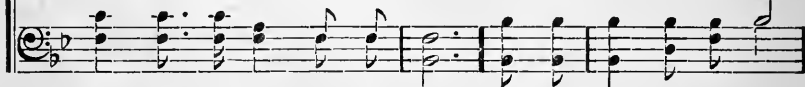


pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er - e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide, There's
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow, There's
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing, There's

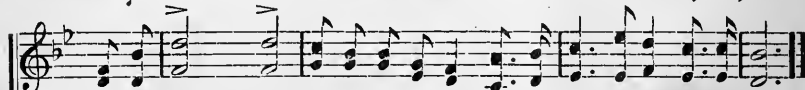


CHORUS.

won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 there is pow'r,



won - der - work - ing pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb;
 in the blood of the Lamb;



There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder - work - ing pow'r, In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.
 there is pow'r,

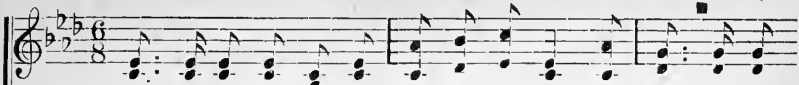



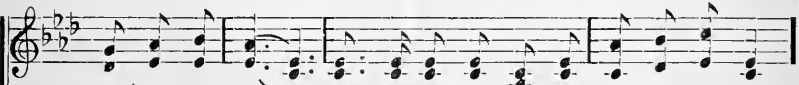
235 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.


Copyright, 1908, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


- 
1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
 2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
 3. If there's a temp-est your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come
 4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come
- 





in - to your heart; If you de-sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow-ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en-ter the mansions of rest,



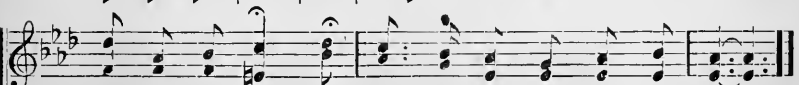
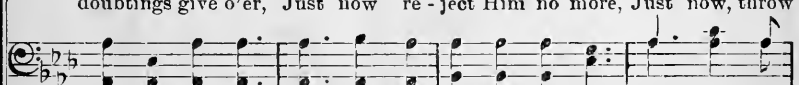
CHORUS.



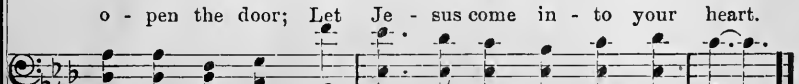
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now your



doubtings give o'er; Just now re-ject Him no more, Just now, throw



o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.



R. M. MCCHEYNE.

Copyright property of Mrs. H. R. Palmer. By per.

H. R. PALMER.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God; I knew not my
 2. Like tears from the daughters of Zi - on that roll, I wept when the
 3. When free grace a - woke me, by light from on high, Then le - gal fears
 4. My ter - rors all van-ish-ed be - fore the sweet name; My guilt - y fears

dan - ger, I felt not my load; Tho' friends spoke in rap - ture of
 wa - ters went o - ver His soul; Yet thought not that my sins had
 shook me, I trem-bled to die; No ref - uge nor safe - ty in
 ban-ish-ed, with bold - ness I came To drink at the fount-ain, life-

Christ on the tree: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus was noth-ing to me.
 nail'd to the tree, Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus 'twas noth-ing to me.
 self could I see: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus my Sav-iour must be.
 giv - ing and free: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus was all things to me.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

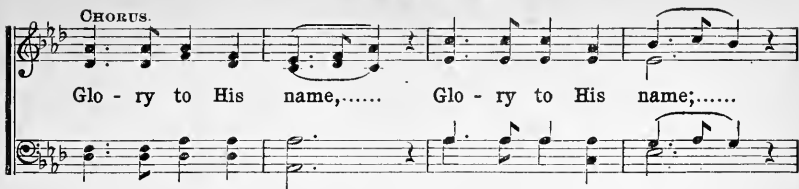
REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so wondrous - ly saved from sin, Je sus so sweet-ly a -
 3. Oh, pre-cious fountain, that saves from sin! I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

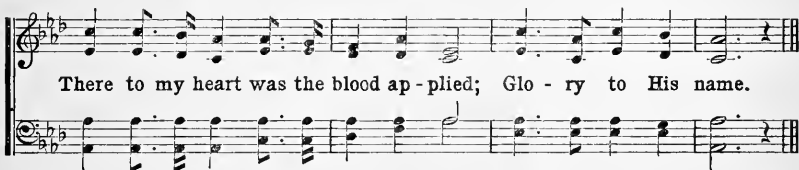
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His name.
 bides within; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His name.
 en - tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name.
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His name.

Glory to His Name.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry to His name;..... Glo - ry to His name;.....



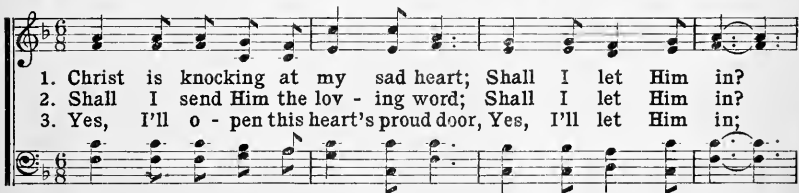
There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His name.

238 Shall I Let Him In?

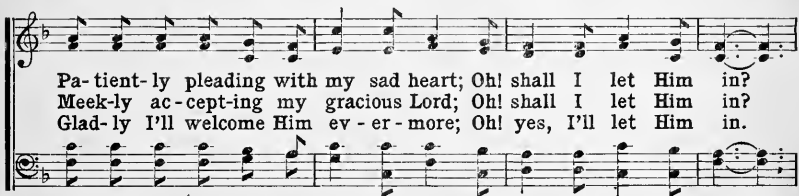
H. R. P.

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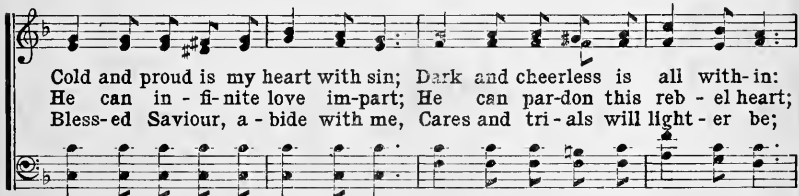
H. R. PALMER.



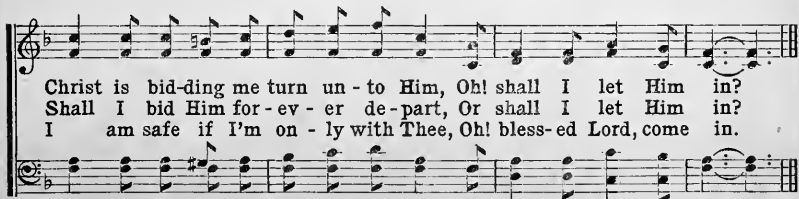
1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?
2. Shall I send Him the lov - ing word; Shall I let Him in?
3. Yes, I'll o - pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let Him in;



Pa - tient - ly pleading with my sad heart; Oh! shall I let Him in?
Meek - ly ac - cept - ing my gracious Lord; Oh! shall I let Him in?
Glad - ly I'll welcome Him ev - er - more; Oh! yes, I'll let Him in.



Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is all with - in:
He can in - fi - nite love im - part; He can par - don this reb - el heart;
Bless - ed Saviour, a - bide with me, Cares and tri - als will light - er be;



Christ is bid - ding me turn un - to Him, Oh! shall I let Him in?
Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de - part, Or shall I let Him in?
I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, Oh! bless - ed Lord, come in.

Mrs. H. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength in-deed is small, Child of
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can
 3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll
 4. And when, be-fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je-sus

CHORUS.

weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
 change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. } Je-sus paid it all,
 died my soul to save," My lips shall still repeat.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

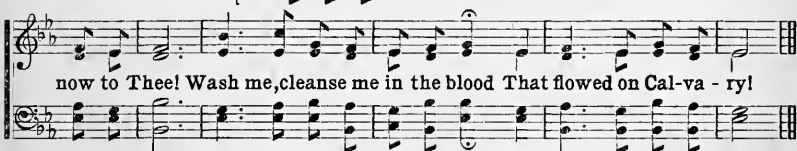
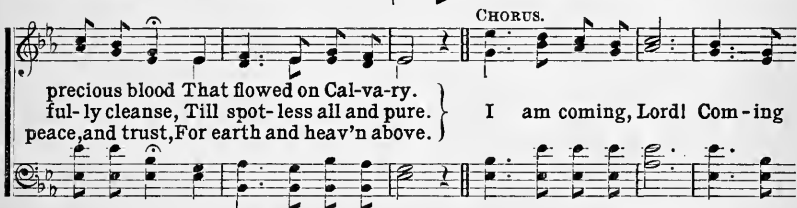
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Fight-ing and fears within, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

L. H.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

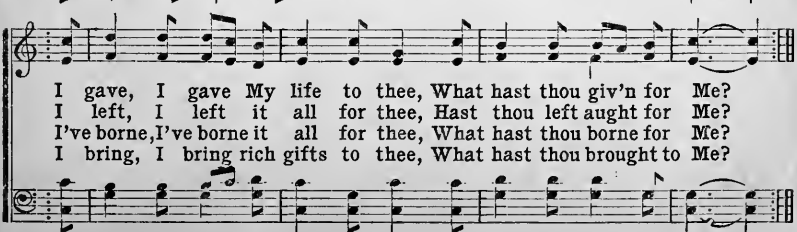
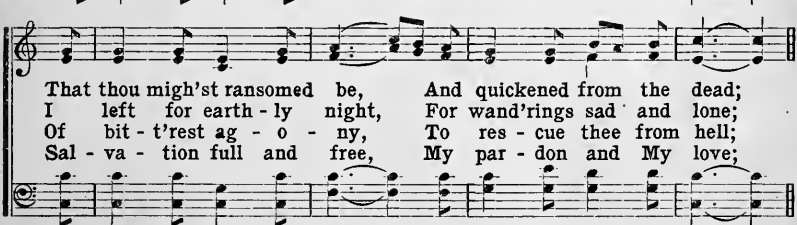
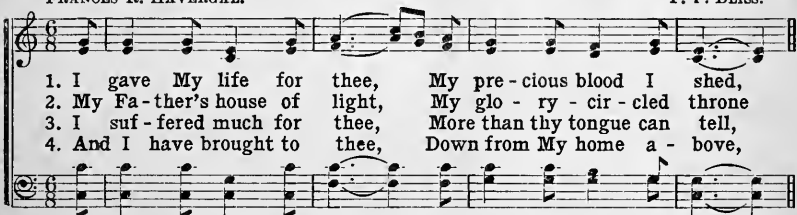


CHORUS.



FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS.



W. J. K.

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of
 2. I've wast-ed man-y pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home; I now re-
 3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength re-
 5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home; That Je - sus
 6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home; O wash me

CHORUS.

sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
 pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 love, believe Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
 new, my hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
 died, and died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
 whit-er than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

Coming home, coming home,

Nev-ermore to roam; Open wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(C. M.)

Arranged.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
 2. On Thy dear Son I now be - lieve, O let me feel Thy pow'r;
 3. Au - thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes.

Cho.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me,

If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
 And all my va - ried wants re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
 O let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

And that He shed His pre-cious blood From sin to set me free.

ELIJA H. HAMILTON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me I must die;
 2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
 3. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
 4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new,

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

CHORUS.

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;.....
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

246 I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

WM. McDONALD.

By permission.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;

Cho.-I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

247 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL. E. WITTER.

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H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav-y la-den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-

praying for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

248 "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B.

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P. P. BLISS.

1. "Who-so-ev-er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed ti-dings
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is se-secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for-

all the world a-round; Tell the joy-ful news wher-ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev - er-more:

CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will;"

"Whosoever Will."

send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing

Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so-ev-er will may come."

249

Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON.

JOHN WYETH.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
2. Here I'll raise my Eb-e-nez-er, Hith-er by Thy help I'll come;
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!


Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home:
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;

Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
Je-sussought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love:


Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

KNOWLES SHAW.


GEORGE A. MINOR.




1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing nei-ther
3. Go then, ev - er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-



noon - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest
clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest
tained, our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver,

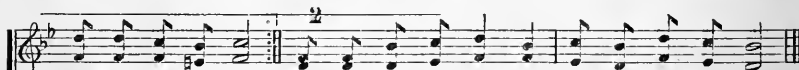


and the time of reap-ing, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.



CHORUS.


Bring-ing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic-ing,



bringing in the sheaves. We shall come re - joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and

Revive Us Again.

REFRAIN.



died and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - iour and scattered our night.
 sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le -
 sought us, and guid - ed our ways.

lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

252

Hold the Fort.

P. P. B.

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P. P. BLISS.



1. Ho, my com - rades! see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky!
 2. See the might - y host ad - vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on;
 3. See the glo - rious ban - ner wav - ing! Hear the trum - pet blow!
 4. Fierce and long the bat - tle ra - ges, But our help is near;

Re - in - force - ments now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh.
 Might - y men a - round us fall - ing, Cour - age al - most gone.
 In our Lead - er's name we'll tri - umph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
 On - ward comes our great Com - mand - er, Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

CHORUS.

"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still;

Wave the an - swer back to heav - en, "By Thy grace we will."

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sav-iour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care, }
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare, }
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guar-dian of our way; }
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray, }

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray;

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse and power to free;
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill;
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

Ad lib. *D. C. for Chorus.*
 I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

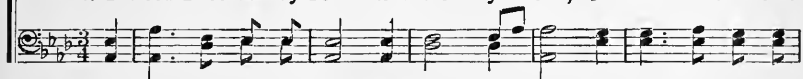
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ANNIE R. HAWKS.

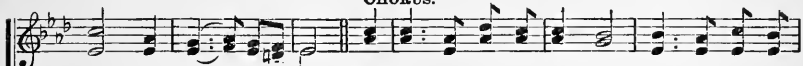
ROBERT LOWRY.



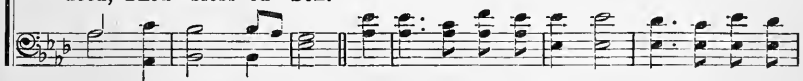
1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour Stay Thou near by; Temp-tations lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich promis-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-



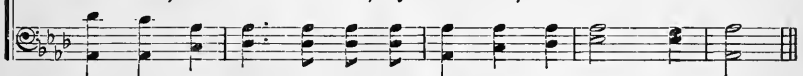
CHORUS.



Thine Can peace af-ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 es In me ful-fill. } I need Thee, O I need Thee! Ev-'ry hour I
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son!



need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav-iour, I come to Thee!



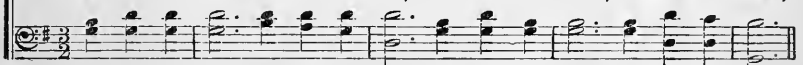
I'm Going Home.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

WM. MILLER.



1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can en-ter there;
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky;
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;

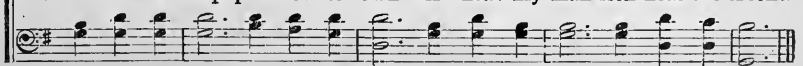


CHO.-I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more,



D. C for Chorus.

Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine.
 When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That heav'nly man-sion mine shall be.
 Be mine a hap-pier lot to own A heav'nly man-sion near the throne.



To die no more, to die no more; I'm go-ing home to die no more.

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W. D. LONGSTAFF.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide; And run not be-
 4. Take time to be ho - ly; Be calm in thy soul; Each tho't and each

al - ways, And feed on His Word, Make friends of God's chil - dren;
 se - cret With Je - sus a - lone— By look - ing to Je - sus,
 fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row,
 mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol; Thus led by His Spir - it

Help those who are weak; For - get - ting in nothing His blessing to seek.
 Like Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His likeness shall see.
 Still fol - low thy Lord, And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
 To fountains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For ser - vice a - bove.

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Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully.

1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re -
 2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wan - d'rer
 3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels swell the

D.C.—'Tis th' ran - somed ar - my, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the

FINE.

turn - ing from the wild; See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way,
 now is re - con - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way,
 glad triumphant strain, Tell the joy - ful tid - ings! bear it far a - way,
 an - them of the free.

Ring the Bells of Heaven.

CHORUS.

Wel-com-ing His wea-ry wand'ring child.
And is born a-new a ransomed child. } Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the
For a pre-cious soul is born a-gain. }

D. C.

an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring,

and

259 Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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W. H. DOANE.

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come;
2. I have no place, no shel-ter from the night, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come;
3. My path is lone and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn con-trition's broken sigh, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come;

My soul bowed down is long-ing now for Thee, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.
Mine eyes look up Thy lov-ing smile to meet, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.
Re-gard my prayer and hear my humble cry, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.

CHORUS.

I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home;

O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.

260 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

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Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

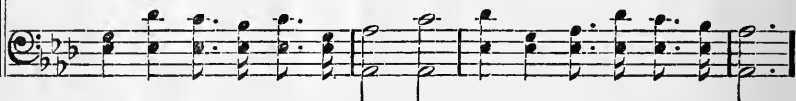
W. H. DOANE.



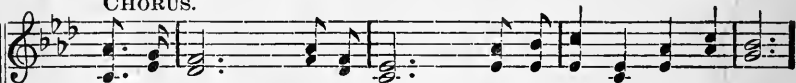
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe,
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,



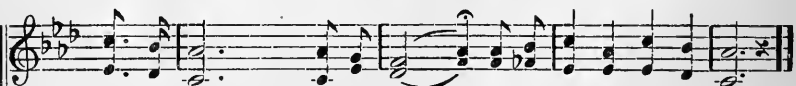
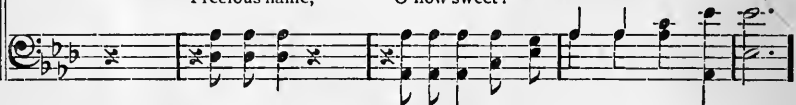
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When His lov - ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is com-plete.



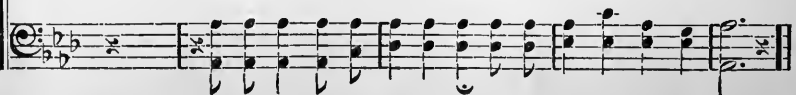
CHORUS.



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet!



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

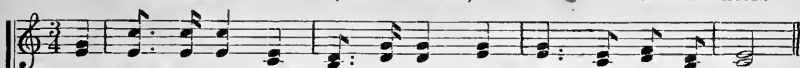


Awake, Ye Saints.

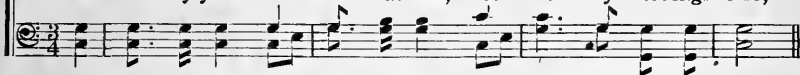
PHILIP DODDIDGE.

(ZERAH. O. M.)

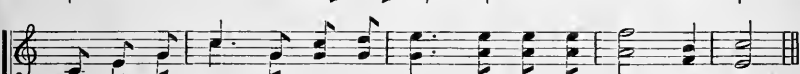
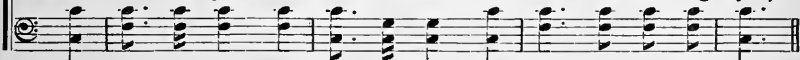
LOWELL MASON.



1. A - wake, ye saints, and lift your eyes, And raise your voices high;
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each moment brings it near;
3. Not many years their round shall run, Not many mornings rise,



A - wake, and praise the sov'reign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh;
Then wel - come each de - clin - ing day, Wel - come each clos - ing year;
Ere all its glo - ries stand revealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes,



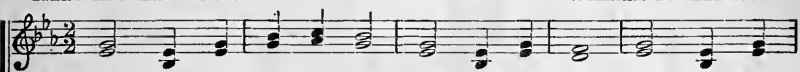
A - wake, and praise the sov'reign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh.
Then welcome each de - clin - ing day, Welcome each clos - ing year.
Ere all its glo - ries stand re - vealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes.



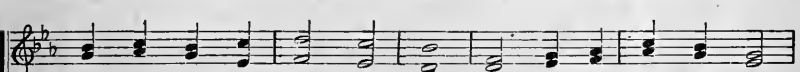
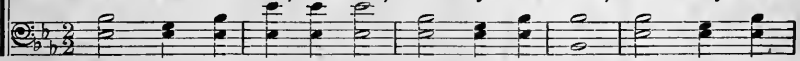
Break Thou the Bread.

MARY ANN LATHBURY.

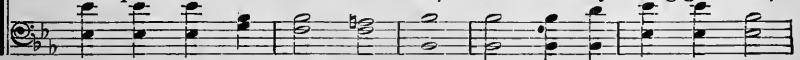
WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis -



break the loaves Be - side the sea. Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shalt all bond - age cease,
ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee, Then all my strug - gles o'er,



I seek, Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, vic - t'ry won, I shall be - hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.



1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Sweet is thy noon - tide calm,
 2. O - ver the heart of the mourn - er Shin - eth the gold - en day,
 3. There is the home of my Sav - iour, There with the blood - wash'd throng,

O - ver the hearts of the wear - y, Breath - ing thy waves of balm.
 Wait - ing the songs of the an - gels, Down from the far a - way.
 O - ver the highlands of glo - ry, Roll - eth the great new song.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, ...
 the pure and blest.

rit.
 How oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest.

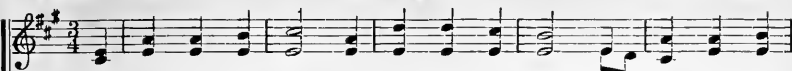
1. To - day the Sav - iour calls; Ye wan - d'ers, come;
 2. To - day the Sav - iour calls; Oh, hear Him now;
 3. To - day the Sav - iour calls; For ref - uge fly,
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day, Yield to His pow'r,

O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
 With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
 The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
 Oh, grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

ROBERT GRANT.

(LYONS. 10s. 11s.)

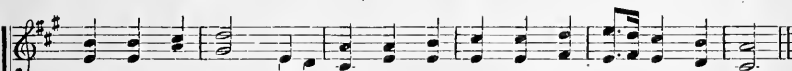
F. J. HAYDN.



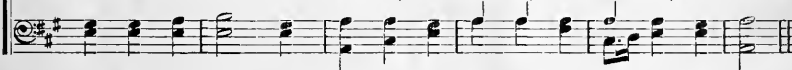
1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
 2. O tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
 light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies, how ten - der! how



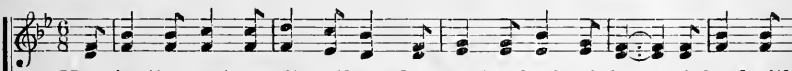
An - cient of Days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
 thun-der clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
 firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.



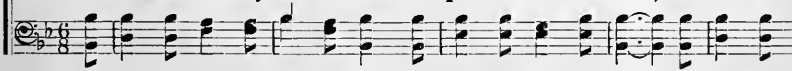
266 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

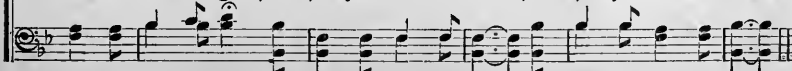
THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
 2. No mor - tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me
 5. Since from His bounty I re - ceive Such proof of love di - vine, Had I a




ra - dant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
 He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 bore the shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
 tri - umph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.
 thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

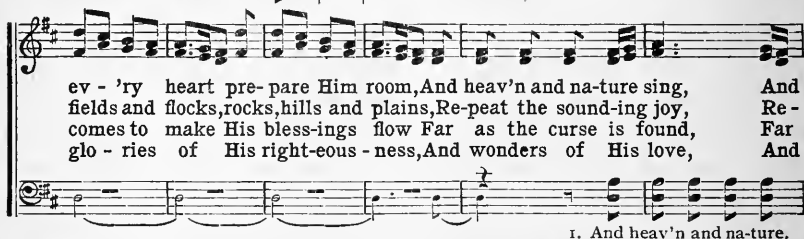


I. WATTS.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King, Let
 2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
 3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The



ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
 fields and flocks, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
 comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
 glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And wonders of His love, And

r. And heav'n and na-ture.

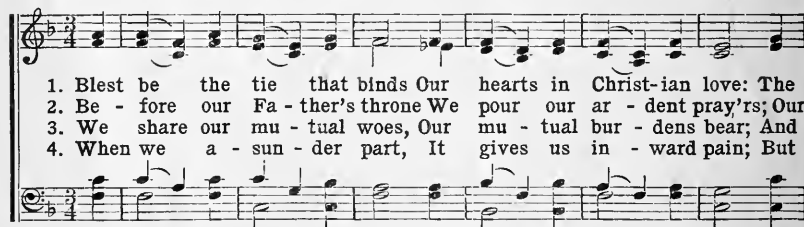


heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
 as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 won - ders of His love, And won - ders, wonders of His love.
 Sing,

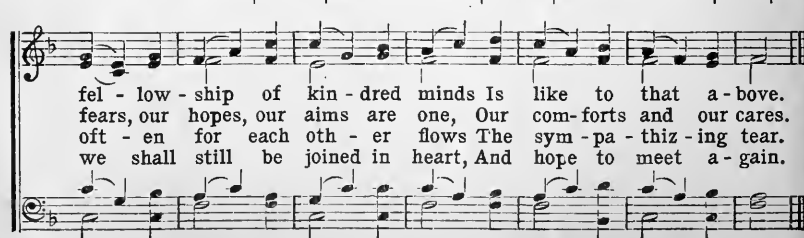
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

REV. JOHN FAWCETT.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by LOWELL MASON.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ-ian love: The
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But



fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

Even Me, Even Me.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-iour, Let me live and cling to Thee;
 4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;

Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er; Let Thy mer-cy light on me;
 I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless Mag-ni-fy them all in me;

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

A Closer Walk.

COWPER.

(MANOAH. O. M.)

HAYDN.

1. O for a clos-er walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame,
 2. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove! re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest;
 3. What peaceful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their mem'ry still!
 4. The dear-est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drive Thee from my breast.
 But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor-ship on - ly Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

FINE.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
 Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D.C. for Chorus.

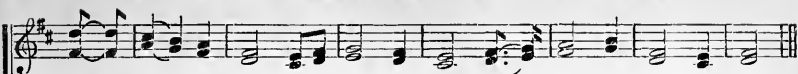
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

272 Beneath Moriah's Rocky Side.

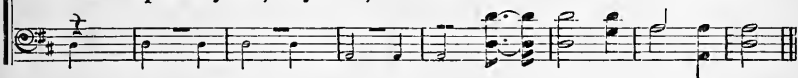
I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Be - neath Mo - ri - ah's rock - y side A gen - tle fountain springs:
 2. The thirst - y A - rab stoops to drink Of the cool and qui - et wave—
 3. Si - lo - am is the fountain's name: It means One sent of God;
 4. Oh, grant that I, like this sweet well, May Je - sus' im - age bear,

Beneath Moriah's Rocky Side.



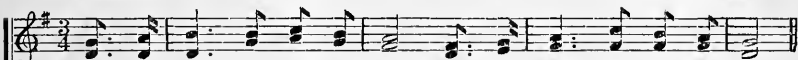
Si - lent and soft its wa-ters glide, Like the peace the Spir - it brings.
And the thirst-y spir - it stops to think, Of Him who came to save.
And thus the ho - ly Saviour's name It gent - ly spreads a-broad.
And spend my life, my all, to tell How full His mer - cies are.



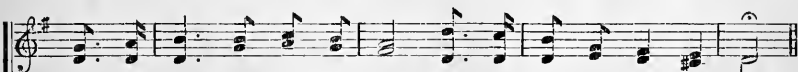
273 Safely Through Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON.

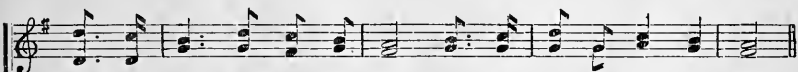
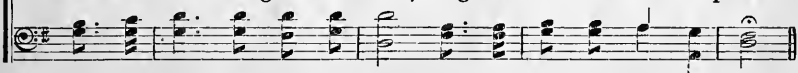
LOWELL MASON.



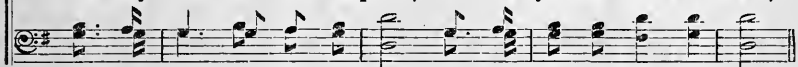
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name;
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near:
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;



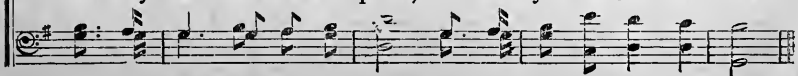
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in the courts to - day:
Show Thy re - con - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo - ries meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all complaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em - ble - m of e - ter - nal rest,
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove,



Day of all the week the best, Em - ble - m of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.



H. F. LYTE.

(EVENTIDE. 10s.)

1. A - bid with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter-ness; Where is death's sting? where
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morn-ing breaks, and

fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a-bide with me!
 all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not a-bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!
 grave, Thy vic-to-ry? I tri-umph still, if Thou a-bide with me!
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

ANNE STEELE.

(NAOMI. C. M.)

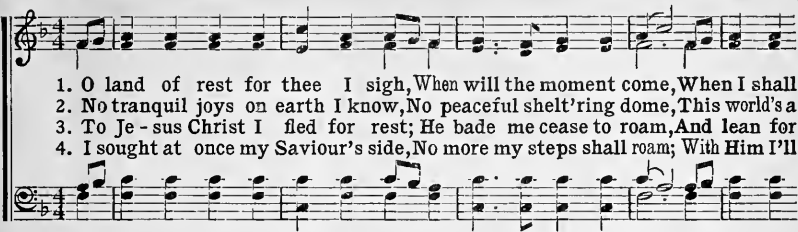
1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,
 2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at-tend;

Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe-ti-tion rise.
 The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
 Thy presence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end.

276 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

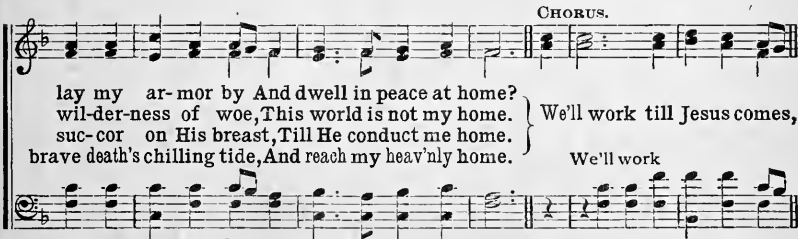
MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Dr. WM. MILLER.

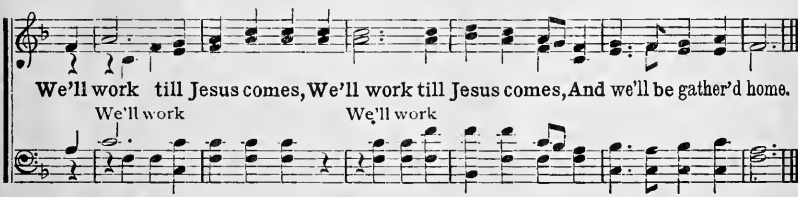


1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome, This world's a
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll

CHORUS.



lay my ar - mor by And dwell in peace at home?
wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home. } We'll work till Jesus comes,
suc - cor on His breast, Till He conduct me home. }
brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home. We'll work

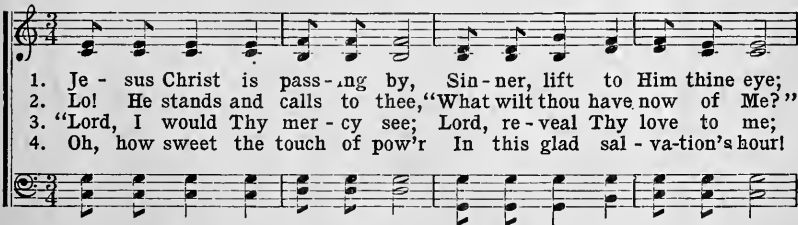


We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.
We'll work We'll work

277 Jesus Christ is Passing By.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou have now of Me?"
3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
4. Oh, how sweet the touch of pow'r In this glad sal - va - tion's hour!

Rit.



As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry "Be mer - ci - ful to me."
Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."
Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease: "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
 2. Thro' this changing world be-long, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
 3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
 Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

D.S.—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

REFRAIN. D.S.
 Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
 Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

ISAAC WATTS.

ASA HULL.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, Whilst His dear cross ap-pears,
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

CHO.—Help me, dear Sav-iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith-ful be;

D. C. for Chorus.
 Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree.
 When Christ, the might-y Mak-er died For man, the creature's sin.
 Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way; 'Tis all that I can do.

And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord re-mem-ber me.

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-iour, so
 2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off-'ring to
 3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin with its fol-lies, I
 4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my

prec-ious Thou art; F ld me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
 Je - sus, my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
 glad - ly re-sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
 an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my

safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
 cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
 Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
 Sav-iour, still near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee.

281 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH.

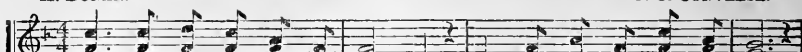
LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise; The
 2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re -
 3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down: The
 4. Thine ar-mor is di-vine, Thy feet with vic-t'ry shod, And

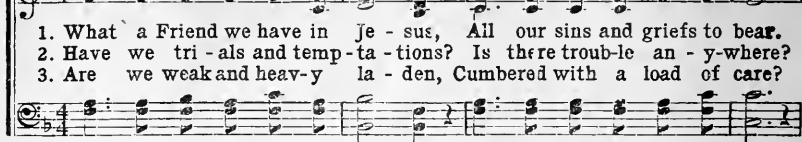
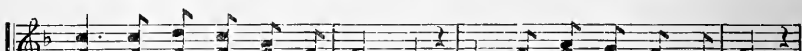
hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
 new it bold-ly ev-ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
 work of faith will not be done Till thou ob-tain the crown.
 on thy head shall quick-ly shine The di-a-dem of God.

H. BONAR.

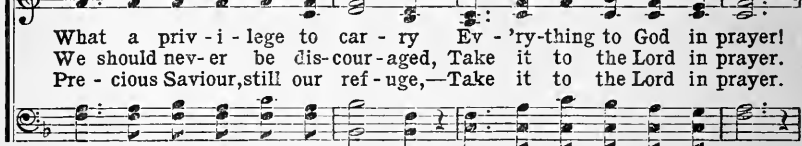

C. O. CONVERSE.



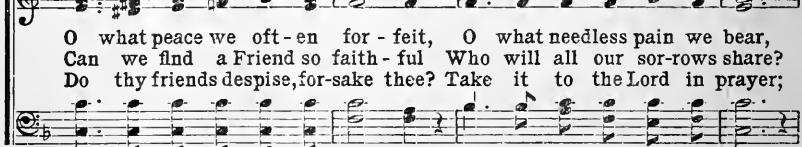

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear.
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

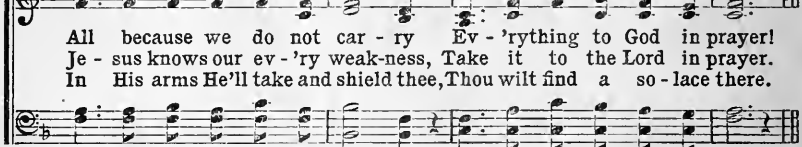
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.


O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a Friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

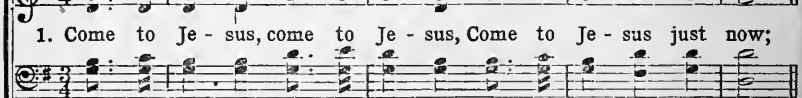
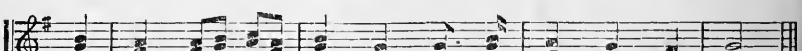
All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.



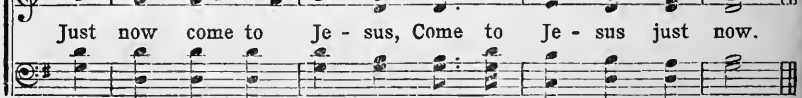
Unknown.



1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.



2 He is able.

5 He will hear you.

8 He'll renew you.

3 He is willing.

6 He'll forgive you.

9 Jesus loves you.

4 He will save you.

7 He will cleanse you.

10 Only trust Him.

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul had tried
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

Old Time Religion.

CHO. 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
 1. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,
 2. It has saved our moth - ers, It has saved our moth - ers,

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me.
 Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, And it's good e - nough for me.
 It has saved our moth - ers, And it's good e - nough for me.

- 3 It has saved our fathers.
 4 Makes me love the good old Bible.
 5 It will lead me to Jesus.
 6 It was good for the prophet Daniel.

- 7 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
 8 It was good for Paul and Silas.
 9 It will do when I am dying.
 10 It will take us all to heaven.

J. H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O bles-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine,
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 Con-tent, whatev-er lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

CHORUS.

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful follow'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

287 Thus Far the Lord Has Led Me On.

I. WATTS.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far His pow'r prolonys my days,
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
 3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head:

And ev-'ry ev-ning shall make known Some sh inemo-rial of His grace.
 But He forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

O. WESLEY.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. Thrice ho - ly Three in One, On earth Thy will be done

Help us to praise. Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend. Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Rule now in
 From shore to shore. Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 Word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

One There Is.

(WILMOT. 8s. & 7s.)

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers Well deserves the name of Friend;
 2. Which of all our friends to save us Could or would have shed his blood?
 3. When He lived on earth, a - bas - ed, Friend of Sin - ners was His name;
 4. Oh, for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us, Lord! at length to love;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
 But this Sav - iour died, to have us Rec - on - ciled in Him to God.
 Now, a - bove all glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joic - es in the same.
 We a - las! for - get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

REGINALD HEBER.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

291 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day! that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God; }
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }
 2. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine; }
 { He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charm'd to confess the voice di - vine. }
 3. { Now rest, my long di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest; }
 { Nor ev - er from thy Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed. }

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

Just As I Am.

(WILDMERE. L. M.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just as I am with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 6. Just as I am,—Thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - 'ry barrier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

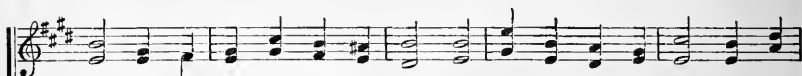
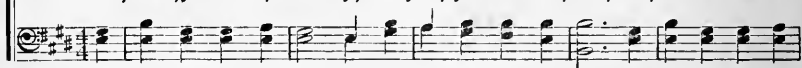
294 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER.

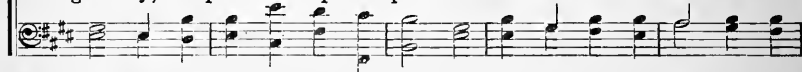
LOWELL MASON.



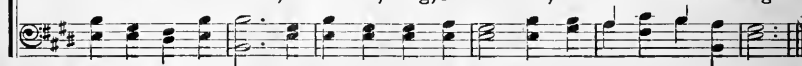
1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand Where Afric's sunny
2. What tho' the spi - cy breezes, Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Tho' ev'ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a sea of



fount-ains, Roll down their golden sand; From many an an-cient riv - er, From
pleas-es, And on - ly man is vile? In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The
night-ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va-tion! O sal - va-tion! The
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The



many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liver Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown, The heathen in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
joy-ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learn'd Messiah's name.
Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss returns to reign.

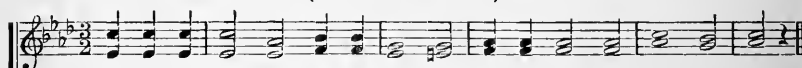


295

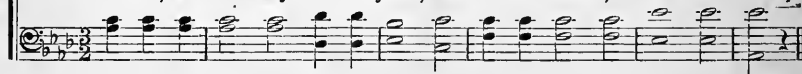
Go, Labor On.

H. BONAR.

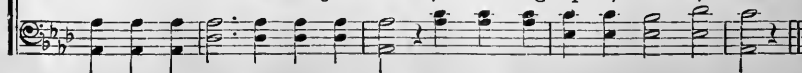
(MISSIONARY CHANT.)



1. Go, la-bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Father's will;
2. Go, la-bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heav'n-ly gain;
3. Go, labor on; your hands are weak; Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
4. Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray! Be wise the erring soul to win;
5. Toil on, and in thy toil re-joice; For toil comes rest, for ex - ile home;



It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the servant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love, thee, praise thee not; The Master praises,—what are men?
Yet fal-ter not; the prize you seek Is near,—a king-dom and a crown!
Go forth in - to the world's highway; Compel the wanderer to come in.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"



ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

By permission.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
 3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

OLD MELODY.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
 2. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev'-ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
 3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come away; Why will you doubting stand?

Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our
 Love can-not die. On, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and
 Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and

Sav-iour King," Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye! -
 king-dom won; And bright, a - bove the sun, Reign ev - er-more.
 sor - row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev - er-more

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar-ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
 an-gel fac-es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

MARGARET MACKAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
 2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
 3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
 4. A-sleep in Je-sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be!

A calm and un-disturbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
 With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing, That death has lost his venom'd sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.
 Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.

Requiem.

Copyright property of Mrs. H. R. Palmer. By per.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Gone, gone, gone from our home, God hath re-called thee
 2. Gone, gone, gone to thy tomb; But 'tis not cheer-less,
 3. Gone, gone, gone to the blest; Earth had its pleas-ures,

{ In thy youth - ful bloom.
 { In thy manhood's bloom.
 { In thy life's bright noon. }
 Hope dis - pels its gloom, While we are weep - ing O'er the
 But 'twas not thy rest; Sin and temp - ta - tion Were thy

rit. *pp*
 on thee now; Our fond gaze lin - gers On thy pal - lid brow.
 hallow'd ground, Thou art but sleep - ing Till the trump shall sound.
 sor - row here, Then full sal - va - tion Is thy por - tion there.

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEPLER.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

HENRY MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bid with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
 4. Watch by the sick; en - rich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Be ev - 'ry mourner's sleep to-night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light
 Till in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heaven a - bove

C. D. T.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. They were in an up-per cham-ber, They were all with one ac-cord,
 2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descend-ed With the sound of rush-ing wind;
 3. Yes, the "old time" pow'r was giv-en To our fa-thers who were true;

When the Ho-ly Ghost de-scend-ed, As was promised by our Lord.
 Tongues of fire came down up-on them, As the Lord said He would send.
 This is prom-ised to be-liev-ers, And we all may have it, too.

CHORUS.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now; And baptize ev'ry one.

303 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, }
 { While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high. }

D.C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

{ Hide me, O, my Saviour hide, }
 { Till the storm of life is past. }

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

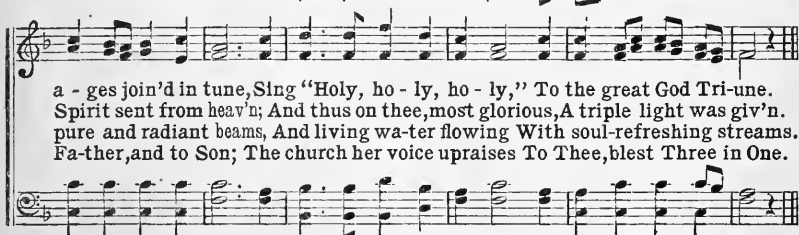
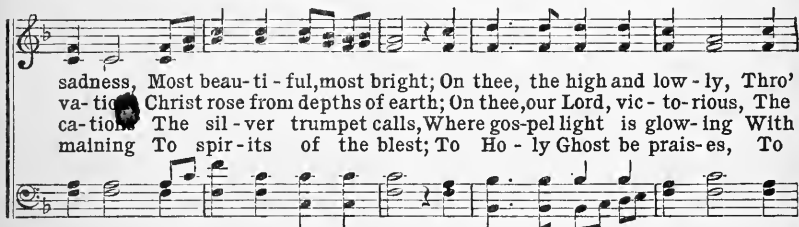
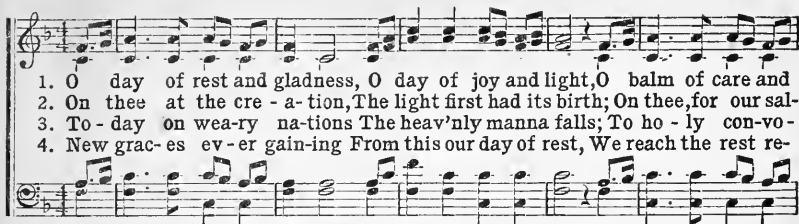
3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
 More than all in Thee, I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy Name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound:
 Make me, keep me, pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

304 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

WORDSWORTH.

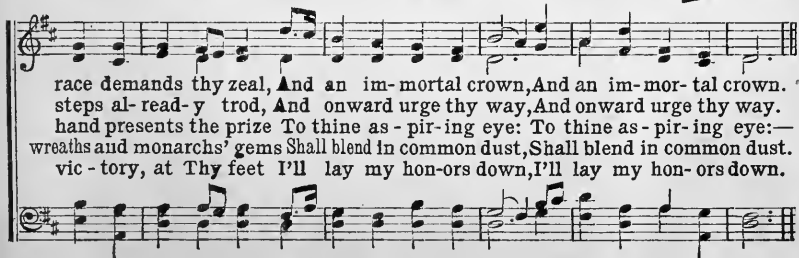
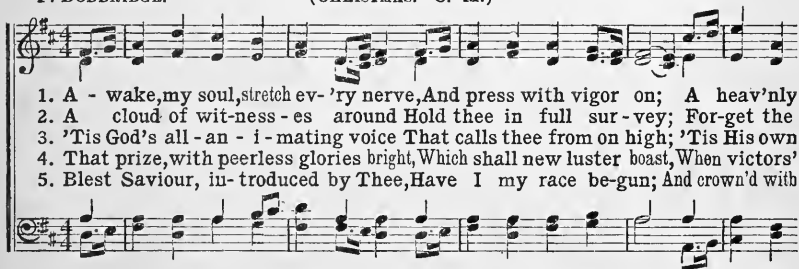
LOWELL MASON.



305 Awake, My Soul.

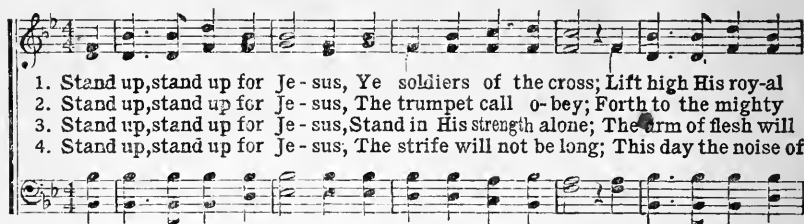
P. DODDRIDGE.

(CHRISTMAS. O. M.)

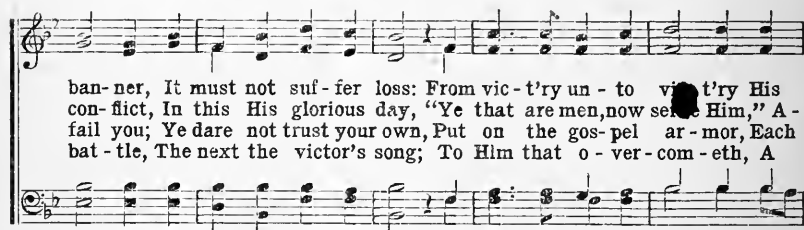


GEORGE DUFFIELD.

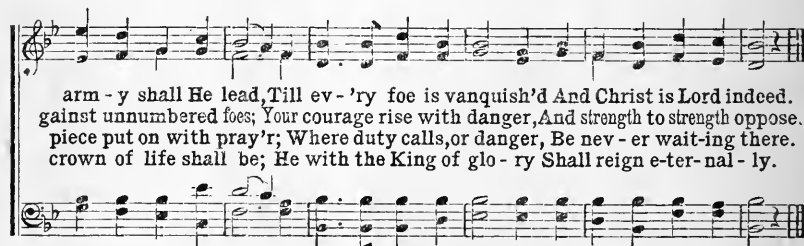
G. J. WEBB.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
 con - flict, In this His glorious day, "Ye that are men, now seek Him," A -
 fail you; Ye dare not trust your own, Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
 bat - tle, The next the victor's song; To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A

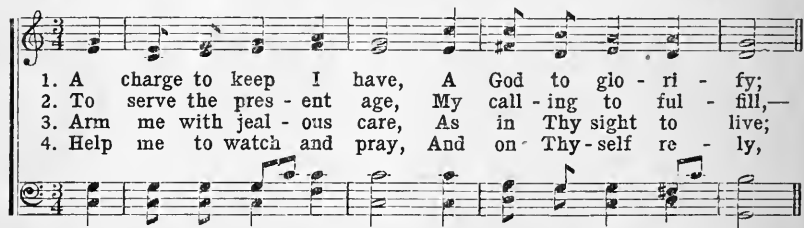


arm - y shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd And Christ is Lord indeed.
 gainst unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
 piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls, or danger, Be nev - er wait - ing there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

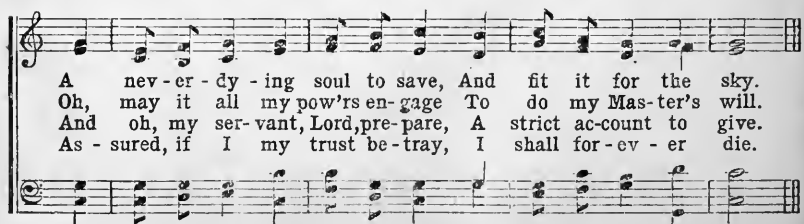
CHARLES WESLEY.

(BOYLSTON. O. M.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,—
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,



A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 Oh, may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
 And oh, my ser - vant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.
 As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

He is Calling.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea:
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won-der - ful and kind.
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to Thee.

My Saviour Knows.

Copyright, 1913, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

'Anon.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. He knows the bit-ter, wea-ry way, The end-less striv-ing day by day,
 2. He knows when faint and worn we sing, How deep the pain, how near the brink
 3. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
 4. He knows! O tho't so full of bliss, For tho' on earth, our joy we miss,
 5. He knows! O heart, take up thy cross, And know earth's treasures are but dross,

The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows, my Saviour knows.
 Of dark de-spair we pause and shrink, He knows, my Saviour knows.
 The wounds the world has nev - er seen, He knows, my Saviour knows.
 We still can bear it, feel-ing this: He knows, my Saviour knows.
 And all will prove as gain, not loss, He knows, my Saviour knows.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

(EWING. 7s. & 6s. D.)

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy con-tem-
 2. There is the throne of Da-vid, And there, from care release, The song of them that
 3. O sweet and blessed coun-try, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and blessed

pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, O I know not What
 triumph, The shout of them that feast; And they who with their Leader, Have
 coun-try, That ea - ger hearts ex-pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To

ho - ly joys are there; What radian-cy of glo - ry, what bliss beyond compare.
 conquer in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 that dear land of rest; Who art with God the Father, And Spirit ev - er blest.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

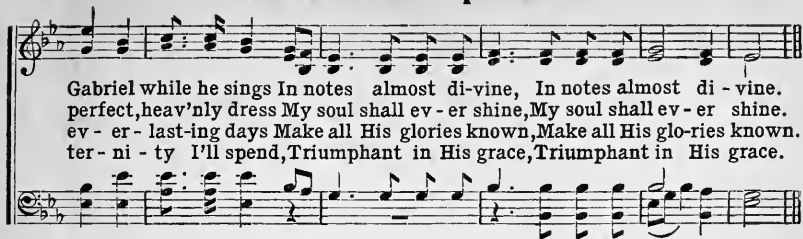
(ARIEL. O. P. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth
 2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dreadful guilt
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will take me home

Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
 Of sin and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all
 Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
 And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e -

O Could I Speak.

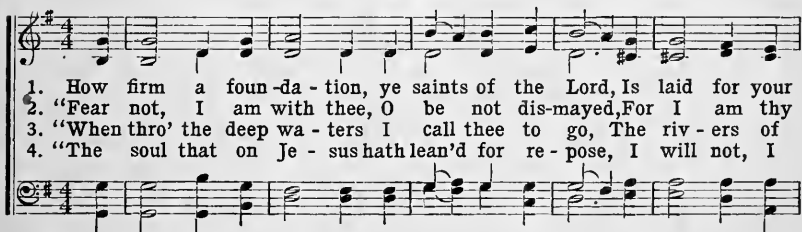


Gabriel while he sings In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di-vine.
perfect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
ev-er-last-ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glo-ries known.
ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

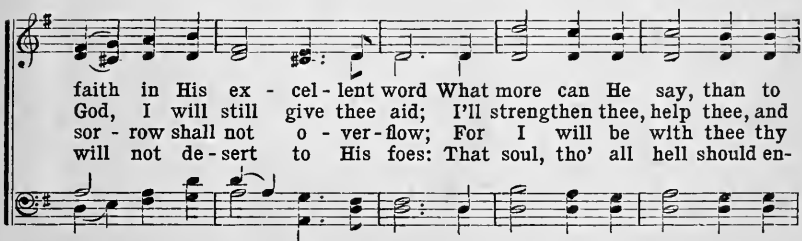
312

How Firm a Foundation.

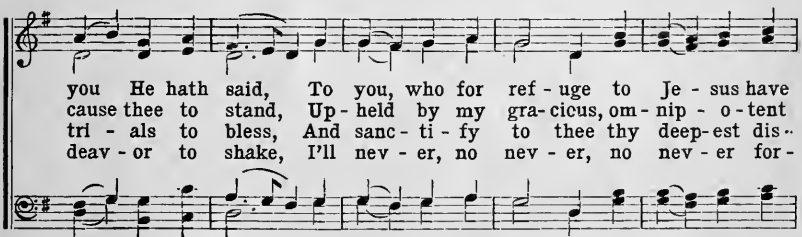
(PORTUGUESE HYMN.)



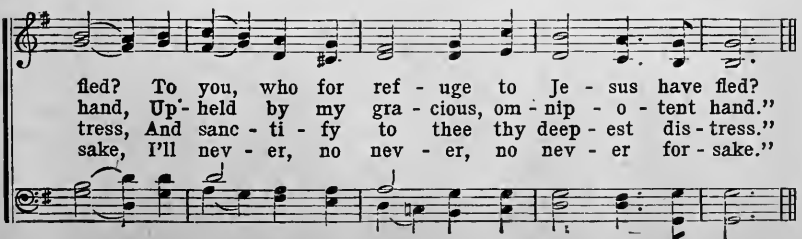
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath lean'd for re-pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex-cel-lent word What more can He say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
will not de-sert to His foes: That soul, tho' all hell should en-



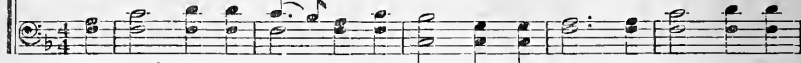
you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent
tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-



fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand."
tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress."
sake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake."



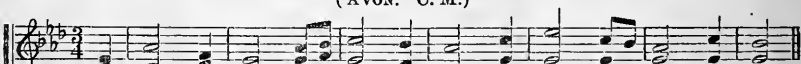
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-






fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
 par-don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



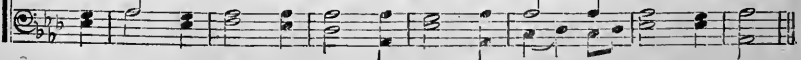

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry cum-b'ring care,
 2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,
 3. I love to think of mer - cies past, And fut - ure good im - plore,
 4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heav'n;
 5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May it's de - part - ing ray

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.
 And all His prom - is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.
 And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
 The pros - pect does my strength re - new While here by tem - pests driv'n.
 Be calm as this im - pres - sive hour, And lead to end - less day.



O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

WILLIAM W. HOW.

JUSTIN H. KNECHT.

1. O Jesus, Thou art standing Outside the fast-clos'd door, In low-ly patience
 2. O Jesus, Thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is sear'd, And thorns Thy brow en-
 3. O Jesus, Thou art pleading In accents meek and low, "I died for you, my

waiting To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Christians, His name and
 circle, And tears Thy face have marr'd: Oh, love that passeth knowledge, So patient-
 children, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow We o-pen

sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep Him standing there.
 ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 now the door: Dear Saviour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

316 Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be.

C. WESLEY.

(FEDERAL STREET. L. M.)

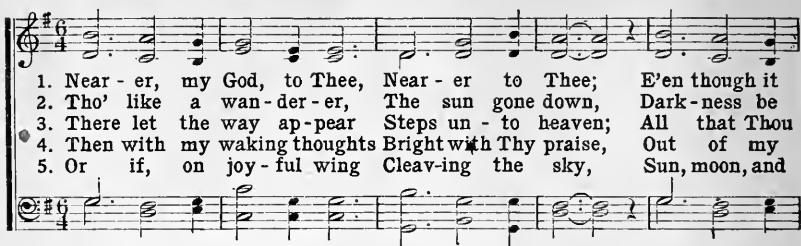
H. K. OLIVER.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
 2. Ashamed of Je - sus, that dear friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
 3. Ashamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
 4. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—Till then I boast a Saviour slain;

Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
 No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 And oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

L. MASON.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou
 4. Then with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and



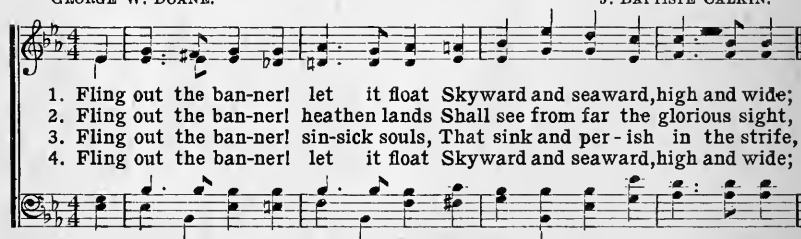
be 'a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send - est me In mer - cy given, An - gels to beck - on me
 sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,



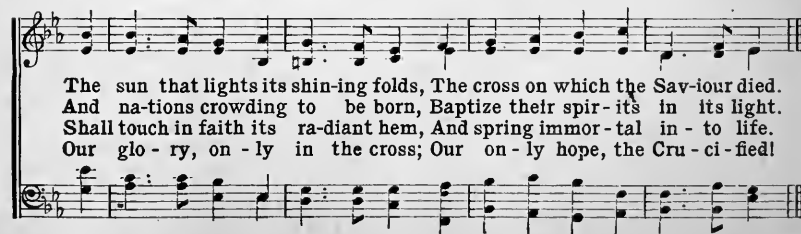
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
 2. Fling out the ban - ner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 3. Fling out the ban - ner! sin - sick souls, That sink and per - ish in the strife,
 4. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;



The sun that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - iour died.
 And na - tions crowding to be born, Baptize their spir - its in its light.
 Shall touch in faith its ra - diant hem, And spring immor - tal in - to life.
 Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied!

319 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

(VARINA. C. M. D.)

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign; }
 { In - a - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain. }

There ev - er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with'ring flow'rs;

Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.

- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea;
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbeclouded eyes:
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore.

320 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

(ZION.)

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-hovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land: } Bread of heaven,
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'ful hand: }

Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all the journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever sing to Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
 2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spir-it In - to ev-'ry trou-bled breast!
 3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy grace re-ceive;
 4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown;
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find the promised rest.
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ple leave:
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee:

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
 Take a-way the love of sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
 Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing; Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,
 Chang'd from glory in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart!
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty!
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love!
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love and praise.

The Lord Bless Thee.

(For closing, or other service, in the absence of a minister.)

Numbers 6: 24-26.

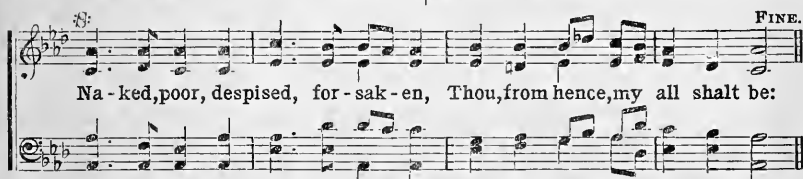
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious

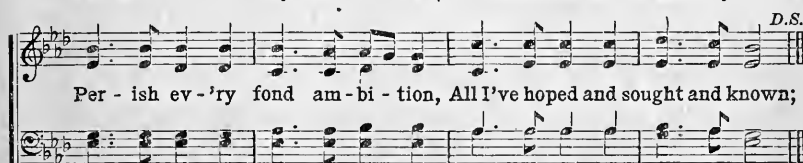
unto thee: The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. A - men.

323 Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE.



D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own.

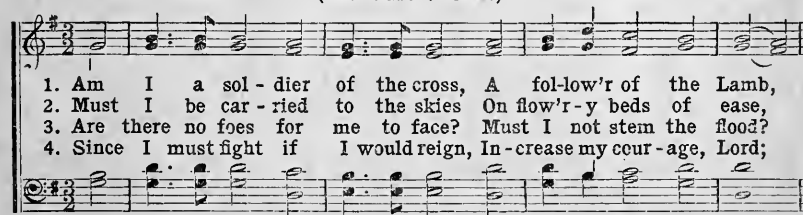


2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

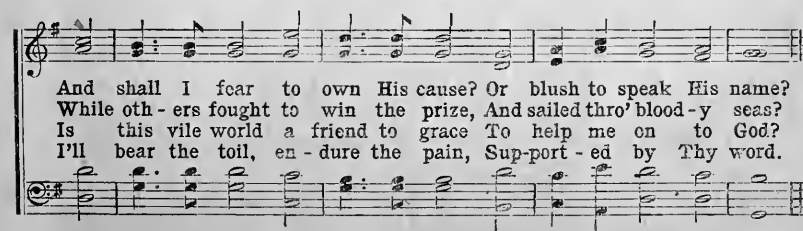
3 Haste Thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

324 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

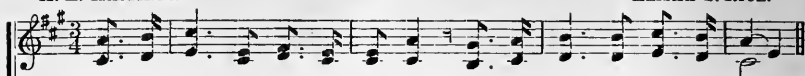


2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r - y beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;



H. L. HASTINGS.

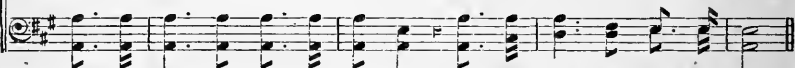
ELISHA S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?



Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work-man-ship di - vine?
 Shall we know His bless-ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

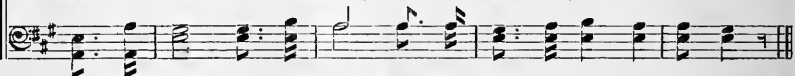


D.S.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

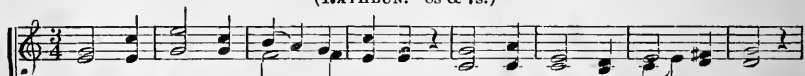
CHORUS.



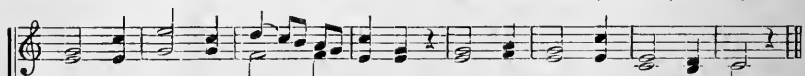
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?



(RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.)



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy;
3. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
4. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;



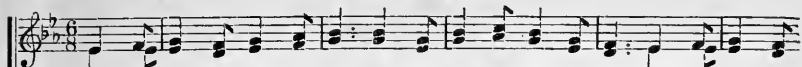
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
 All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.



327 Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

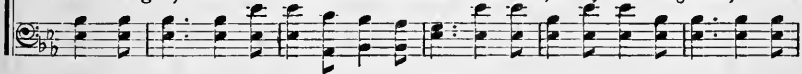
(WATCHMAN. 7s D.)



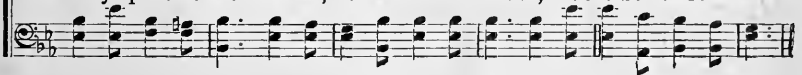
1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Trav'ler, o'er yon
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends. Trav'ler, blessed-
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn, Trav'ler, darkness



mountain's height See that glo-ry-beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of
ness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends! Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the
takes its flight; Doubt and terror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease; Hie thee



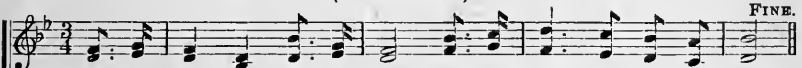
hope or joy fore-tell? Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.
spot that gave them birth? Trav'ler, ages are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
to thy quiet home! Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.



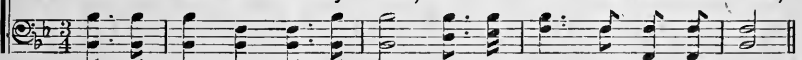
328

Rock of Ages.

(TOPLADY. 7s.)



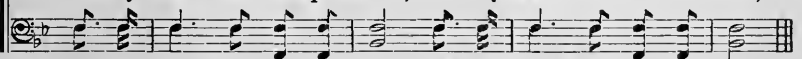
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful - fill the law's de - mands;



D.C. - Be of sin the doub - le cure, - Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
D.C. - All for sin could not a - tone, - Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.



Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,

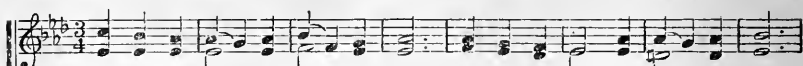


3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace, -
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

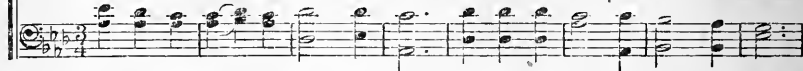
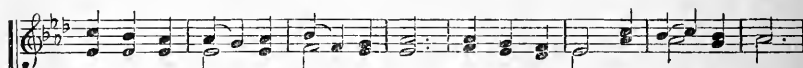
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne, -
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

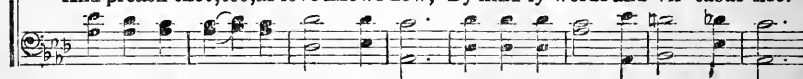

H. F. HEMY. adpt.



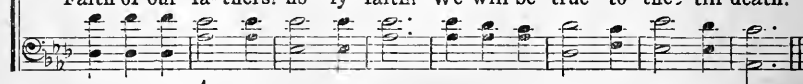
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
 2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
 4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glo - rious word:
 How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

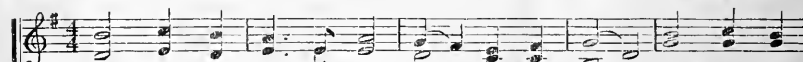
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.



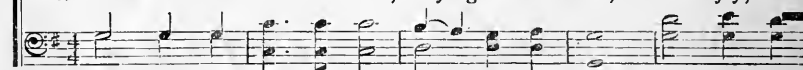
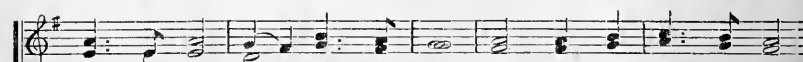
Copyright, 1899, by Robert Lowry. Renewal. Used by per.

S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

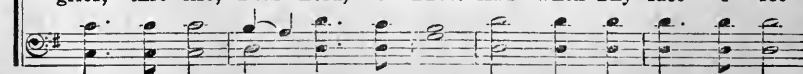
ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



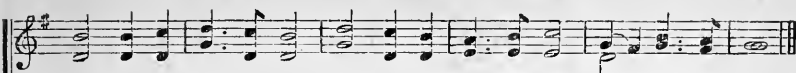
1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
 2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, — Like - ness to Thee, — That each de -
 4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, — In joy, in

ought with - hold; Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
 part - ing day Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
 grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see



Something for Jesus.



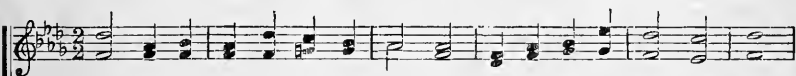
My heart ful - fill it's vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.



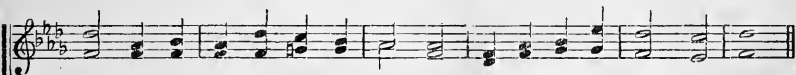
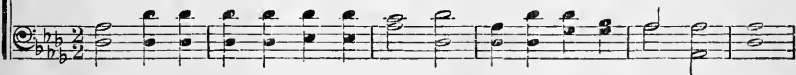
331

What Did He Do?

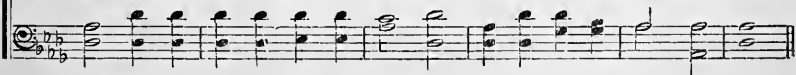
W. OWEN.



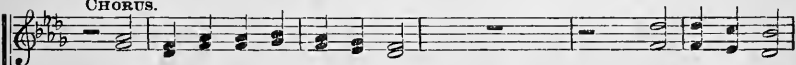
1. O lis - ten to our wondrous sto - ry, Counted once a - mong the lost;
2. No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
3. Will you sur - ren - der to this Sav - iour? To His sceptre hum - bly bow?



Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God - head three!
You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now.



CHORUS.

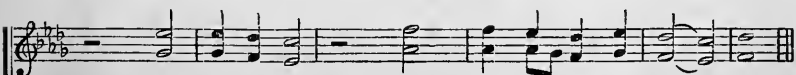
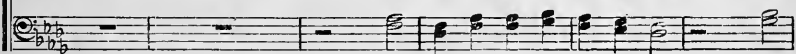


Who saved us from e - ter - nal loss?

What did He do?

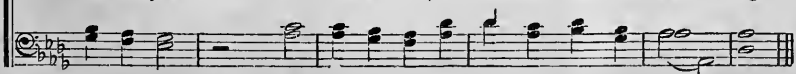
Who but God's Son up - on the cross?

He



Where is He now?
died for you?

In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!
Be - lieve it thou, In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!



S. FILLMORE-BENNETT

Used by permission.

JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far;
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel-o - di-ous songs of the blest,
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of - fer our trib-ute of praise.

For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwelling-place there.
 And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
 For the glo - ri-ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore,

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

A. H. A.

Copyright, 1915. by A. H. Ackley. Used by per

ALFRED H. ACKLEY.

1. In the morn-ing, Lord, I come For Thy dai - ly bless - ing;
 2. May my pray'r for grace di-vine, Breath'd in deep con - tri - tion,
 3. Where the poor and lone - ly dwell. In Thy foot-steps lead me;
 4. Seal my life with pure in - tent, Vain de - sire sup-press - ing;

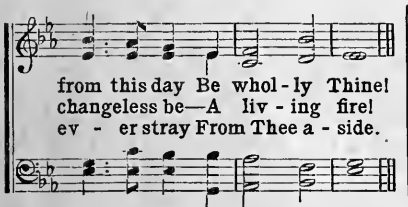
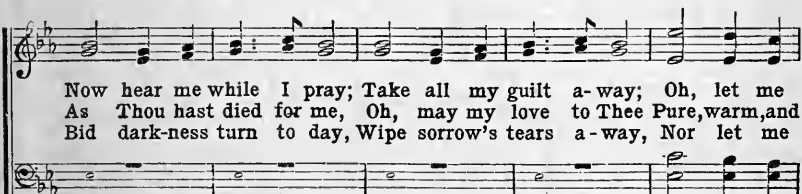
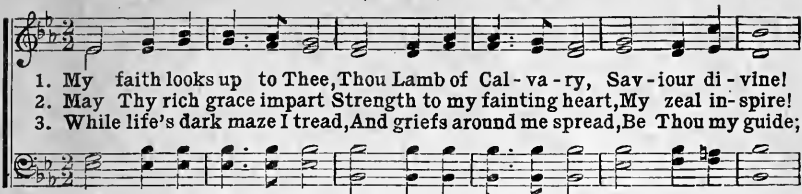
Let my soul be filled with love, Naught but Thee pos - sess - ing.
 Sanc - ti - fy my heart a - new To life's ho - ly mis - sion.
 I would strive this day to win Way-ward souls that need Thee.
 Crown the la - bor of to - day With Thy rich - est bless - ing.

334 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET.)

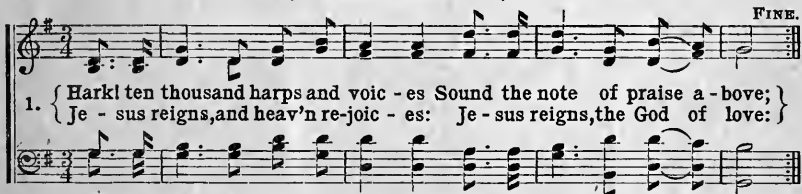
LOWELL MASON.



- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 Oh, bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul!

335 Hark! Ten Thousand.

(HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.)



D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.



- 2 King of glory! reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.

- 3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then, with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King!"

THOMAS MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
 2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
 throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
 ten-der-ly say-ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
 come, ev-er know-ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

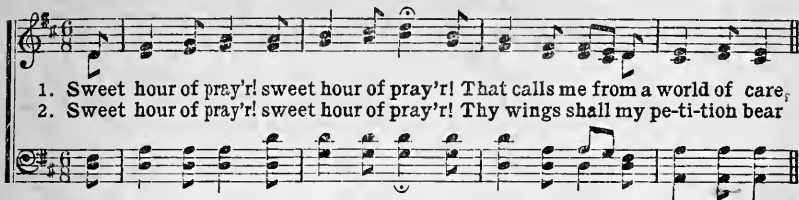
(DOERNANOE. 8s & 7s.)

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,—
 2. Here I'll sit for-ev-er view-ing Mer-cy's streams in streams of blood,
 3. Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,—
 4. Here it is I find my heav-en, While up-on the cross I gaze;
 5. Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears His feet I bathe;

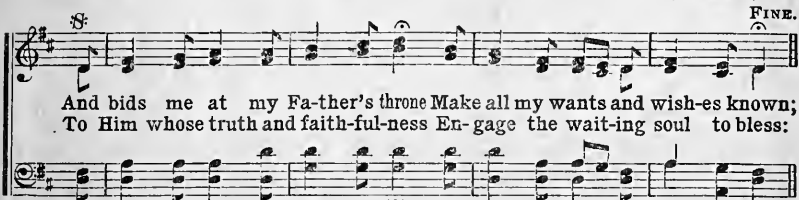
Life and health, and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ners dy-ing Friend.
 Pre-cious drops, my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
 While I see di-vine com-pas-sion Floating in His lan-guid eye.
 Love I much? I'm much for-giv-en,—I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.
 Con-stant still in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from His death.

Rev. WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



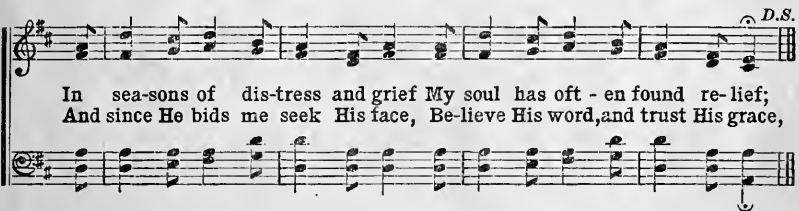
1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
 2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear



FINE.

And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known;
 To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:

D.S.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.



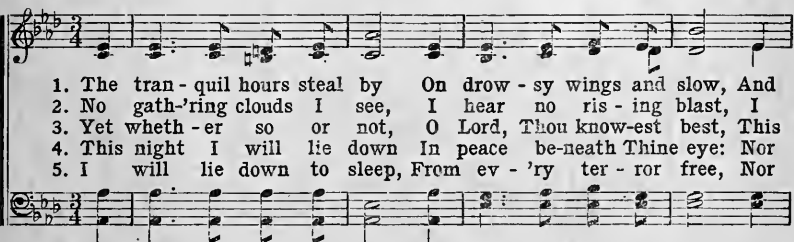
D.S.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re-lief;
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,

Mrs. J. O. YULE.

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JNO. B. SWENEY.

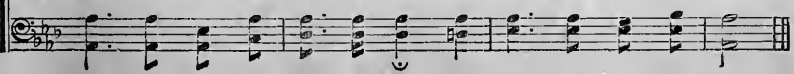


1. The tran- qu'il hours steal by On drow - sy wings and slow, And
 2. No gath- ring clouds I see, I hear no ris - ing blast, I
 3. Yet wheth - er so or not, O Lord, Thou know-est best, This
 4. This night I will lie down In peace be-neath Thine eye: Nor
 5. I will lie down to sleep, From ev - 'ry ter - ror free, Nor



ad lib.

o - ver all the peace-ful sky The stars of eve - ning glow.
 fold - my tired hands rest - ful - ly, As though all storms were past.
 night let ev - 'ry anx - ious tho't And tremb - ling fear have rest.
 heed what ills un - seen may frown, Since Thou art ev - er nigh.
 wake to trem - ble or to weep, Se - cure, O Lord, in Thee!



MEDLEY.

(LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.)

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all;
 3. Thro' might-y hosts of cru - el foes, Where earth and hell my way op - pose,
 4. When trouble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how free!
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how great!
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how strong!
 He near my soul has al - ways stood, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how good!

Lov - ing-kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how free.
 Lov - ing-kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
 Lov - ing-kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!
 Lov - ing-kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

W. F. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea,
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store;
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease;
 4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, make us hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low Me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Christian, love Me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures, That we love Him more than these.
 Give our hearts to Thine o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright property of W. H. Doane. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me; Whom have

oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
wounded, brok-en spir-it, Save me by Thy grace. } Sav-iour, Sav-iour,
I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

Amazing Grace.

(WARWICK. O. M.)

1. A - maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read-y come;
4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
I shall pos-sess with-in the vail A life of joy and peace.

WM. COWPER.

American Melody.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 2. O Lamb of God! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r.
 3. For since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 4. And when this lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 Then, in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more;
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die:
 I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save:

345 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Used by permission.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-

last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the
 last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the
 last-ing arms; I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

CHORUS.

ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from
 Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Lean - ing on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus,

346 Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith - er sil - ver nor gold; I would
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
 3. Oh, that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man - sions of light, With its

make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of Thy
 blood, O my Sav - iour, Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom - ise is
 glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing

king - dom, With its pag - es so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour,
 writ - ten In bright let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
 com - eth To de - spoil what is fair; Where the an - gels are watch - ing,

D S.—In the book of Thy king - dom,

FINE. *REFRAIN.* *D.S.*

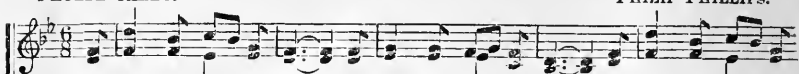
Is my name written there?
 I will make them like snow." } Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?
 Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

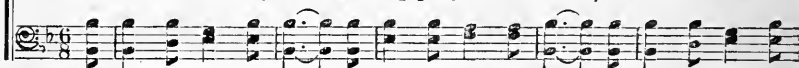
347 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE OAREY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



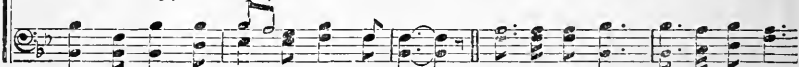
1. One sweet-ly sol-emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm near-er home to
2. Near-er my Father's house, Where many mansions be; Near-er the great white
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Nearer to leave the
4. Be near me when my feet Are slipping o'er the brink; For I am near-er



CHORUS.



day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.
throne to-day, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
cross to-day, And near-er to the crown. } Nearer my home, Nearer my home,
home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.



Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

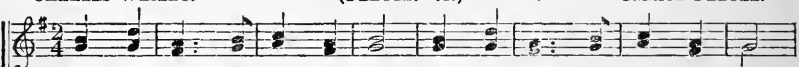


348 Depth of Mercy!

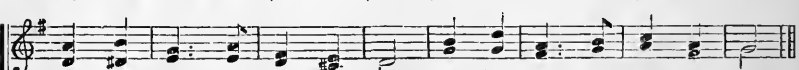
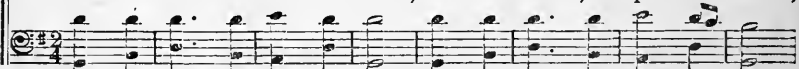
CHARLES WESLEY.

(PLEYEL. 7s.)

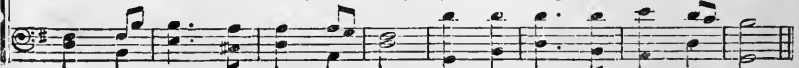
IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. Depth of mer-cy can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Now in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment;
4. Kin-dled His re-lent-ings are; Me He now de-lights to spare;
5. There for me the Sav-iour stands, Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;



Can my God His wrath for-bear,—Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
Would not heark-en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.
Cries, 'how can I give thee up?' Lets the lift-ed thun-der drop.
God is love! I know, I feel; Je-sus weeps, and loves me still.



Come, My Soul.

JOHN NEWTON.

(HENDON. 7s.)

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to
 2. Lord, I come to Thee for rest; Take pos - ses - sion
 3. While I am a pil - grim here, Let Thy love my
 4. Show me what I have to do; Ev - 'ry hour my

an - swer pray'r; He Him - self in - vites thee near, Bids thee
 of my breast; There Thy blood-bought right main - tain, And with -
 spir - it cheer; As my guide, my guard, my friend, Leads me
 strength re - new; Let me live a life of faith, Let me

ask Him, waits to hear, Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
 out a ri - val reign, And with - out a ri - val reign.
 to my jour - ney's end, Leads me to my jour - ney's end.
 die Thy peo - ple's death, Let me die Thy peo - ple's death.

Jesus Shall Reign.

I. WATTS.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

J. HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc - cessive journeys run;
 2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue, Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
 4. Blessings a - bound where'er He reigns; The pris - ner leaps to burst his chains,
 5. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ours to our King;

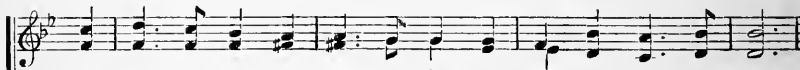
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His Name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 And in - fant voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on, His Name.
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

REGINALD HEBER.

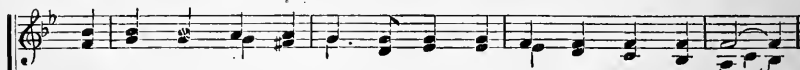
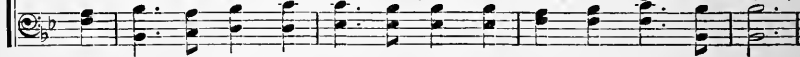
Dr. H. S. OUTLER



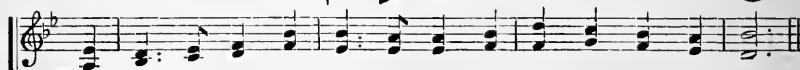
1. The Son of God goes forth to war A king-ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
 3. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,



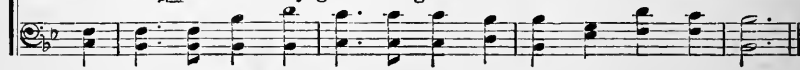
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far, Who fol-low in His train?
 Who saw His Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 A-round the Saviour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed;



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain;
 Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
 They climb'd the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil and pain:

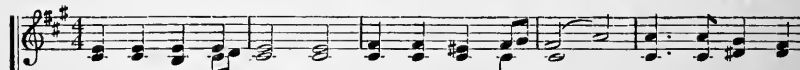


Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train!



REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

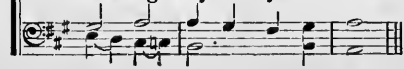
J. BARNBY.



1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad-ows of the
 2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re- pose; With Thy tend' rest



eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.
 bless-ing May our eye-lids close.



- 3 Through the long night-watches,
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.
 4 When the morning wakens
 Then may I arise,
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

353 Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

L. MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the
 2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest
 3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies; While their bright

dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows brighter,
 hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - 'ry fly-ing min-ute,
 tints are glow-ing, Work for day-light flies, Work till the last beam fad-eth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
 Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

354 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.


HANDEL.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode;
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend:
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

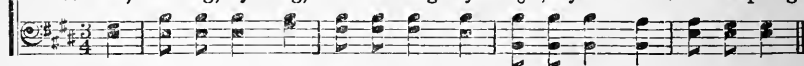

The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mu-nion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

DORA GREENWELL.

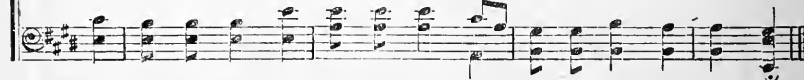
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am not skill'd to understand, What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
 2. I take Him at His word indeed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
 3. That He should leave His place on high, And come for sin - ful man to die,
 4. And O that He ful-filled may see The tra-vail of His soul in me,
 5. Yea, liv-ing, dy-ing, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring.


I on-ly know at His right hand Is One who is my Sav-iour!
 For in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Sav-iour!
 You count it strange?—so once did I, Be-fore I knew my Sav-iour!
 And with His work con-tent-ed be, As I with my dear Sav-iour!
 That He who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-iour!




N. TATE.

(CHRISTMAS, O. M.)

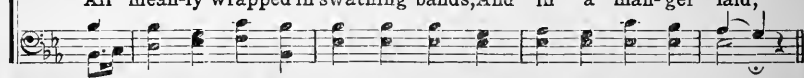
G. F. HANDEL.



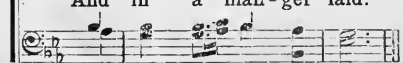
1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night All seated on the ground,
 2. "Fear not," said he,—for might-y dread Had seized their troubled mind,—
 3. "To you, in Da-vid's town this day, Is born of Da-vid's line,
 4. "The heav-n-ly babe you there shall find, To hu-man view dis-played,



The an-gel of the Lord came down And glo-ry shone a-round,
 "Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind,
 The Sav-iour, who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign;—
 All mean-ly wrapped in swathing bands, And in a man-ger laid,



And glo-ry shone a-round.
 To you and all man-kind.
 And this shall be the sign,
 And in a man-ger laid."



5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song.—
 6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin, and never cease!"

F. J. CROSBY.

Used by permission.

Anon.

rit......

1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy-seat Hum-bly I fall; Plead-ing Thy
 2. Tears of re-pent - ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my
 3. Still at Thy mer - cy-seat Sav - iour, I fall; Trust-ing Thy

rit......

prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be - gin,
 un - be - lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee!
 prom - ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;

rit......

Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev-'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
 'Tis all my hope and plea: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
 This all my song shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

358 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

(ROCKINGHAM. L. M.)

WEBBE.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 4. His dy - ing crim-son, like a robe, Spreads o'er His bod-y on the tree;
 5. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an of-fering far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Then I am dead to all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen, Amen.

360

Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

{ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; }
{ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A-men. }

361

Doxology.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

362 All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

PSALM 100.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth; His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.</p> <p>2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.</p> | <p>3 O enter then His gates with joy;
Within His courts His praise proclaim.
Let thankful songs your tongues employ;
O bless and magnify His name.</p> <p>4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.</p> |
|---|---|

Order of Worship

No. 1.

SIGNAL FOR SILENCE.

INVOCATION.

HYMN No. 15 (Faithful Unto Death).

PRAYER (Closing with Lord's Prayer).

HYMN No. 3 (Tell Somebody).

RESPONSIVE READING (Psalm 24).

SUPERINTENDENT.—The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.

For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Women and Girls.—Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

Men and Boys.—He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

SUPERINTENDENT.—He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

School.—This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

PASTOR (or Assistant Superintendent).—Who is this King of glory?

School.—The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

PASTOR (or Assistant Superintendent).—Who is this King of glory?

School.—The Lord of hosts. He is the King of glory.

NOTICES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

TEN MINUTES OF SONG (Using Nos. 26, 96, 100, 195, 219).

BIBLE SHOWING.

TIME OF LESSON.

GOLDEN TEXT.

READING OF LESSON.

LESSON STUDY.

CALL TO ORDER.

HYMN No. 67 (Near the Cross).

REPORT OF SECRETARY.

HYMN No. 11 (When Jesus Comes In to Stay).

CLOSING PRAYER OR BENEDICTION.

No. 2.

FIRST BELL—Preparation.

SECOND BELL—Perfect silence.

HYMN No. 6 (Have you Prayed it Through).

SILENT PRAYER.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Have respect, therefore, to the prayer of thy servant, and to his supplication, O Lord, my God. (2 Chron. 6: 19).

School.—That thine eyes may be open upon this house day and night, upon the place whereof thou hast said that thou wouldest put thy name there. (2 Chron. 6: 20).

SUPERINTENDENT.—But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? (2 Chron. 6: 18).

School.—Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them. (Rev. 21: 3).

SUPERINTENDENT.—For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place. (Isa. 57: 15).

School.—With him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit. (Isa. 57: 15).

SUPERINTENDENT.—If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. (1 John 1: 9).

School.—All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to

ORDER OF WORSHIP.

his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. (Isa. 53: 6).

SUPERINTENDENT.—The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. (Psalm 103: 8).

School.—I will sing of mercy and judgment; unto thee, O Lord, will I sing. (Psalm 101: 1).

HYMN No. 7 (He Will Abundantly Pardon).

PRAYER.

NOTICES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

HYMN No. 23 (Jesus Saves).

BIBLE SHOWING.

READING OF LESSON.

LESSON STUDY.

HYMN No. 45 (Draw Me Nearer).

REPORT OF SECRETARY.

HYMN No. 81 (Jesus is All the World to Me).

SILENT PRAYER.

No. 3.

FIRST BELL.—Five minutes' signal.

SECOND BELL.—Perfect silence.

SILENT PRAYER.

HYMN No. 104 (There's a Song in My Heart).

SUPERINTENDENT.—How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! (Psalm 84: 1).

School.—My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. (Psalm 84: 2).

SUPERINTENDENT.—Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God. (Psalm 84: 3).

School.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee. (Psalm 84: 4).

SUPERINTENDENT.—Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them; who, pass-

ing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools. (Psalm 84: 5-6).

School.—They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God. (Psalm 84: 7).

PRAYER (Closing with Lord's Prayer).

NOTICES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

HYMN No. 24 (He Will Hide Me).

BIBLE SHOWING.

STATE TITLE OF LESSON.

GIVE BOOK, CHAPTER, VERSE.

GOLDEN TEXT.

CLASS STUDIES.

REVIEW BY PASTOR OR SUPERINTENDENT.

CLOSING HYMN No. 102 (Never Alone).

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

No. 4 Twenty-third Psalm

FIRST BELL.—Five minutes' signal.

SECOND BELL.—Perfect silence.

HYMN No. 64 (Stand up, Stand up for Jesus).

SUPERINTENDENT.—O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise. (Psalm 51: 15).

School.—My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips. (Psalm 63: 5).

PRAYER (Closing with Lord's Prayer).

NOTICES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

HYMN No. 78 (He is Mine).

PSALM 23 (In concert).

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

ORDER OF WORSHIP.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou annointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

HYMN No. 91 (His Yoke is Easy).

LESSON STUDY.

HYMN No. 96 (Dearer Than All).

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

CLOSING.—Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts: And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. (Psalm 139: 23-24).

BENEDICTION (or Silent Prayer).

No. 5 For Rainy Sunday

CALL TO ORDER.

HYMN No. 2 (Showers of Blessing).

PRAYER (Closing with Lord's Prayer).

HYMN No. 47 (Sunshine in the Soul).

RESPONSIVE READING.—I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.

As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.

The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

My beloved is like a roe or a young hart; behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. (Song of Solomon, Chap. 2).

NOTICES.

HYMN No. 4 (A Silver Lining).

LESSON STUDY.

HYMN No. 70 (Sweeter as the Years Roll By).

REPORT OF SECRETARY.

CLOSING HYMN No. 40 (Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining).

MIZPAH BENEDICTION.—The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another.

No. 6 Christmas Service

CHRISTMAS GREETING FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT.

SILENT PRAYER.

HYMN No. 267 (Joy to the World).

SUPERINTENDENT.—And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.

School.—Him hath God exalted with His right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.

HYMN No. 181 (Holy Night).

SUPERINTENDENT.—God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

PRAYER (Closing with Lord's Prayer).

HYMN No. 202 (Hark the Herald Angels Sing).

EXAMINATION ON THE LESSON.

TITLE OF LESSON.

GOLDEN TEXT.

HYMN No. 350—(Jesus Shall Reign).

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

ATTENDANCE AND OFFERING.

CLOSING HYMN No. 204 (Praise and Magnify Our King).

ORDER OF WORSHIP.

No. 7 Easter Service

FIRST BELL.—Five minutes' signal.

SECOND BELL.—Perfect silence.

HYMN No. 150 (Calvary).

SUPERINTENDENT.—I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

School.—God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise up us by His own power.

HYMN No. 203 (Christ Arose).

SUPERINTENDENT.—And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

School.—He is not here; for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: He is risen; he is not here: Behold the place where they laid Him.

School.—He is not here, but is risen; remember how He spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto Him, Rabboni; which is to say Master.

School.—Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father, and to my God, and your God.

HYMN No. 107 (In the Garden).

SUPERINTENDENT LEADS IN PRAYER.

SHORT EASTER ADDRESS BY PASTOR OR SUPERINTENDENT.

NOTICES.

HYMN No. 74 (My Redeemer).

LESSON STUDY.

HYMN No. 100 (I Shall See the King).

CLOSING PRAYER (OR BENEDICTION).

No. 8 Patriotic Service.

(Memorial or Independence Day)

SUPERINTENDENT'S GREETING.

SILENT PRAYER (Ending with Lord's Prayer).

HYMN No. 217 (America).

SUPERINTENDENT.—The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble: He sitteth between the cherubims; let the earth be moved.

Girls.—The Lord is great in Zion, and He is high above all the people.

Boys.—Let them praise thy great and terrible name; for it is holy.

Everybody.—The king's strength also loveth judgment; thou dost establish equity, thou executest judgment and righteousness in Jacob.

HYMN No. 216 (Old Glory, We Love Thee).

BIBLE SHOWING.

LESSON QUESTIONS.

HYMN No. 220 (Battle Hymn of the Republic).

READING OF THE LESSON.

SUPERINTENDENT'S PART.

HYMN No. 288 (Come, Thou Almighty King).

SUPERINTENDENT.—Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at His footstool; for He is holy.

School.—Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among them that call upon His name: they called upon the Lord, and He answered them.

PASTOR OR SUPERINTENDENT.—He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar: they kept His testimonies, and the ordinance that He gave them.

School.—Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at His holy hill; for the Lord, our God, is holy.

HYMN No. 218 (Red, White and Blue).

NOTICES.

LESSON PRAYER.

LESSON.

HYMN No. 219 (Onward, Christian Soldiers).

CLOSING PRAYER OR BENEDICTION.

*For Adult Bible Classes.

- 2.15—SINGING—(one hymn, or more if desired)
- 2.20—PRAYER—(2 or 3 brief prayers by members of class)
- 2.25—SINGING—(May have special music here, e. g., class quartette or solo)
OFFERING
- 2.30—ANNOUNCEMENTS AND REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.
- (a) MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE.
Introduction and reception of new members.
Report on sick and absent members.
Welcome to visitors.
- (b) SOCIAL COMMITTEE.
(Announcement of next social event, etc.)
- (c) DEVOTIONAL—MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.
(Announcement of any special activities)
- 2.45—RESPONSIVE READING OF SCRIPTURE LESSON
STUDY OF LESSON
- 3.25—SECRETARIES' REPORTS
- (a) Enrollment and Financial Secretary.
(A two-minute report of attendance and finances for the day.)
- (b) Recording Secretary.
(A two-minute record of last Sunday's Session)
- 3.30—DISMISS—(song or prayer)

*This is a suggestive form of service for a large Adult Bible class whose sessions are held in the church auditorium, or in any other room aside from the other classes of the Sunday School. Such adult classes are rapidly on the increase, which creates the demand for a simple and practical form of service. The presentation of this page is a humble attempt to partially supply that demand. *The main purpose* of the Sunday session of a Bible Class of course is *Bible Study*, hence the greater portion of the entire period should be devoted to lesson study. This service outlines a period of one hour and fifteen minutes, the average length of an Adult Class session, forty minutes of which should be devoted to lesson study. If only one hour is allowed for the session, then the other parts of the service should be so curtailed as to allow thirty-five minutes for lesson study. The other parts of the service here outlined, mainly, the "Announcements and Reports of Committees," should be included as indicating the expressional activities of the class. Three to five minutes should be the time limit for any Committee at a Sunday session, as exhaustive reports are made at monthly business meetings.

With the prayer and hope that this may contribute in the making of adult classes more efficient in Bible Study and Christian Service, we send this outline forth upon its mission.

GEORGE G. DOWEY
GENERAL SECRETARY

Philadelphia County Sunday School Association

Responsive Readings

Prayer

(Matt. 6: 5-15; 7: 7-11.)

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou has shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you:

But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?

Praise

(Psalm 100.)

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness:

Come before His presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord He is God;

It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.

We are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.

And into His courts with praise:

Be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.

For the Lord is good;

His mercy is everlasting.

And His truth endureth to all generations.

The Christian Life

(Matt. 5: 3-16.)

Blessed are the poor in spirit:

For their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn:

For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek:

For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:

For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful:

For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart:

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For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers :

For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake :

For their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you.

And shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven :

For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth : but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted ?

It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candle-stick.

And it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Invitation

(Isaiah 55: 1-13.)

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ;

Come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread ?

And your labor for that which satisfieth not ?

Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good.

And let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me : hear, and your soul shall live ;

And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

Behold I have given him for a witness to the people,

A leader and commander to the people.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not,

And nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee

Because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel ;

For he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found,

Call ye upon Him while He is near :

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts :

And let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him ;

And to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts,

Neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth,

So are my ways higher than your ways.

And my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth,

And maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater ;

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth :

It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please.

And it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace :

The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,

And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,

And instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree:

And it shall be to the Lord for a name.

For an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

The Flesh and the Spirit

(Gal. 5: 16-26.)

This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh.

For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.

But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law.

Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness.

Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies.

Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in the time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.

Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

Let us not be desirous of vainglory, provoking one another, envying one another.

The Christian Armor

(Ephesians 6: 11-17.)

Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day; and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace:

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

Love

(1 Cor. 13: 1-12.)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind: charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

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Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

Word and Work of God

(Psalm 19: 1-14.)

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth His handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth,

And their words to the end of the world.

In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber.

And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven,

And his circuit unto the ends of it:

And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever:

The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors?

Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.

Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins;

Let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be upright,

And I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth,

And the meditation of my heart,

Be acceptable in Thy sight,

O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Giving

Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first-fruits of all thine increase.—Prov. 3: 9.

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings.—Mal. 3: 8.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Mal. 3: 10.

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich,

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yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. 8: 9.

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.—1 Cor. 16: 2.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9: 7.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20: 35.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.—Ps. 41: 1.

He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.—Prov. 19: 17.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:

That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.—Matt. 6: 1-4.

Call to Youth.

(Eccl. 12: 1-7; Amos 4: 12; Eccl. 11: 8.)

Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few; and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low.

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shalt the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Prepare to meet thy God.

But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many.

Consecration and Service.

(Romans 12: 1-8.)

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

For I say, though the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering, or he that teacheth, on teaching,

Or he that exhorteth on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Selected Psalms

PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM 6.

1 O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

2 Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak: O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.

3 My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O Lord, how long?

4 Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.

5 For in death there is no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?

6 I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.

7 Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.

8 Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.

9 The Lord hath heard my supplication: the Lord will receive my prayer.

10 Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return and be ashamed suddenly.

PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM 14.

1 The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good.

2 The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.

3 They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

4 Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon the Lord.

5 There were they in great fear: for God is in the generation of the righteous.

6 Ye have shamed the counsel of the poor, because the Lord is his refuge.

7 Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! when the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

SELECTED PSALMS.

PSALM 15.

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

7 Shew thy marvellous loving-kindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them.

8 Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings.

9 From the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about.

PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green

pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

SELECTED PSALMS.

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

PSALM 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place: thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

9 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

SELECTED PSALMS.

PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto Thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

PSALM 63.

1 O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

PSALM 64.

1 Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer, preserve my life from fear of the enemy.

2 Hide me from the secret counsel of the wicked; from the insurrection of the workers of iniquity:

3 Who whet their tongue like a sword, and bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words:

4 That they may shoot in secret at the perfect: suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not.

5 They encourage themselves in an evil matter: they commune of laying snares privily; they say, Who shall see them?

6 They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search: both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart, is deep.

7 But God shall shoot at them with an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded.

8 So they shall make their own tongue to fall upon themselves: all that see them shall flee away.

9 And all men shall fear, and shall declare the work of God; for they shall wisely consider of his doing.

10 The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in him; and all the upright in heart shall glory.

PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

SELECTED PSALMS.

5. Let the people praise thee, O God ; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase ; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us ; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

PSALM 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts !

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house : they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee ; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well : the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer : give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield : the Lord will give grace and glory : no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my

refuge and my fortress : my God ; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust : his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night ; nor for the arrow that flieth by day ;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness : nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand ; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder ; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him : I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him : I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and honour him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord ; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

SELECTED PSALMS.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

PSALM 98.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things; his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth; make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

PSALM 119.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

SELECTED PSALMS.

PSALM 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy
gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is
compact together.

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes
of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel,
to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judg-
ment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and pros-
perity within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions'
sakes, I will now say, Peace be within
thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord
our God I will seek thy good.

PSALM 138.

1 I will praise thee with my whole
heart; before the gods will I sing praise
unto thee.

2 I will worship toward thy holy tem-
ple, and praise thy name for thy loving-
kindness and for thy truth; for thou
hast magnified thy word above all thy
name.

3 In the day when I cried thou an-
sweredst me, and strengthenedst me with
strength in my soul.

4 All the kings of the earth shall praise
thee, O Lord, when they hear the words
of thy mouth.

5 Yea, they shall sing in the way of
the Lord: for great is the glory of the
Lord.

6 Though the Lord be high, yet hath
he respect unto the lowly; but the proud
he knoweth afar off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trou-
ble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt
stretch forth thine hand against the
wrath of mine enemies, and thy right
hand shall save me.

8 The Lord will perfect that which
concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, en-
dureth for ever: forsake not the works
of thine own hands.

PSALM 145.

1 I will extol thee, my God, O King;
and I will bless thy name for ever and
ever.

2 Every day will I bless thee; and I
will praise thy name for ever and ever.

3 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be
praised; and his greatness is unsearch-
able.

4 One generation shall praise thy
works to another, and shall declare thy
mighty acts.

5 I will speak of the glorious honor
of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous
works.

6 And men shall speak of the might of
thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy
greatness.

7 They shall abundantly utter the
memory of thy great goodness, and shall
sing of thy righteousness.

8 The Lord is gracious, and full of
compassion; slow to anger, and of great
mercy.

9 The Lord is good to all: and his
tender mercies are over all his works.

PSALM 149.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the
Lord a new song, and his praise in the
congregation of saints.

2 Let Israel rejoice in him that made
him: let the children of Zion be joyful
in their King.

3 Let them praise his name in the
dance: let them sing praises unto him
with the timbrel and harp.

4 For the Lord taketh pleasure in his
people: he will beautify the meek with
salvation.

5 Let the saints be joyful in glory: let
them sing aloud upon their beds.

6 Let the high praises of God be in
their mouth, and a two-edged sword in
their hand:

7 To execute vengeance upon the
heathen, and punishments upon the
people.

8 To bind their kings with chains, and
their nobles with fetters of iron;

9 To execute upon them the judgment
written: this honor have all his saints.
Praise ye the Lord.

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